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Collier's

MAY 12, 1945 TEN CENTS

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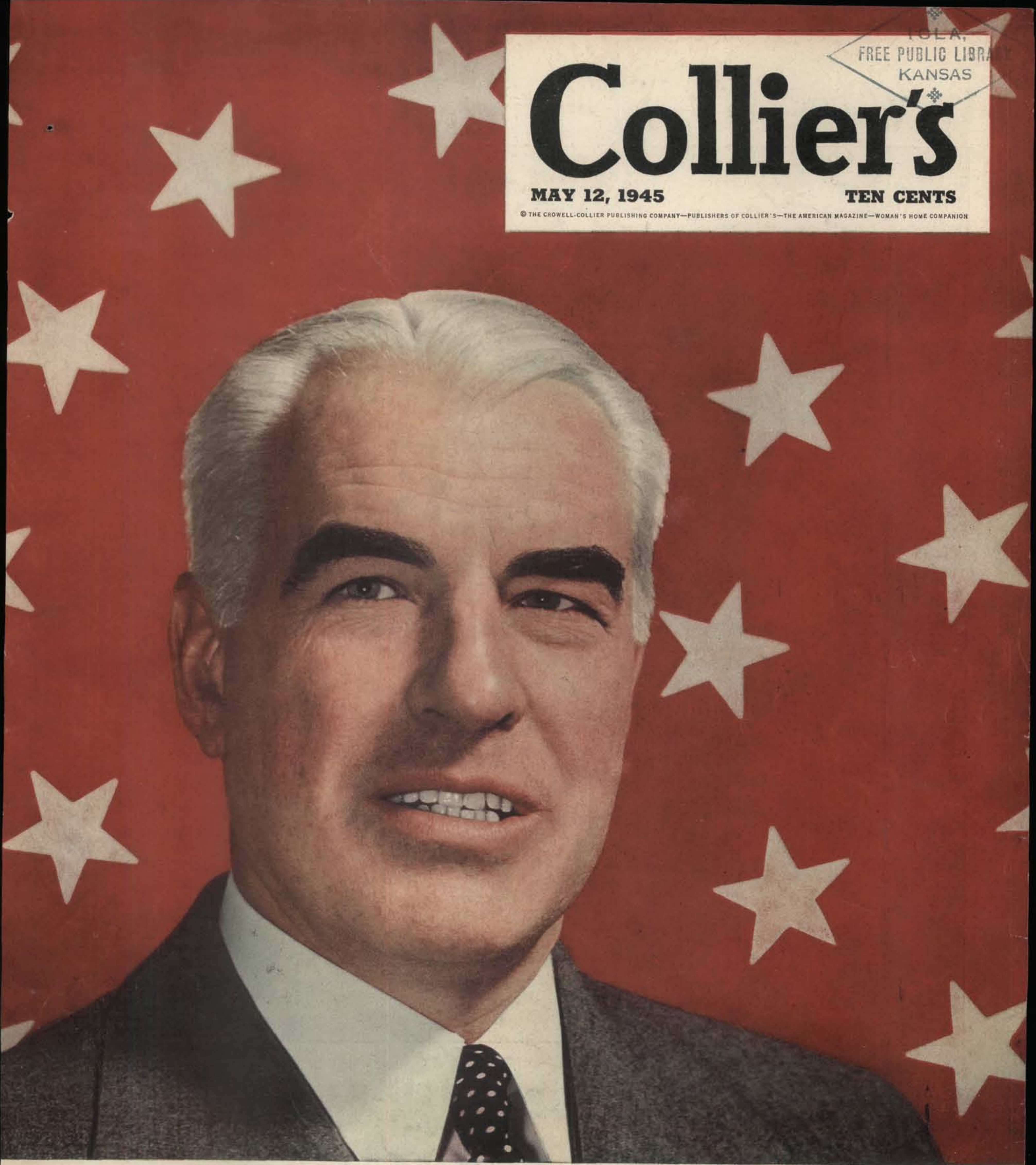

★ Secretary of State EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JR., Chief of U. S. Delegation to the United Nations Conference. Photograph by Bob Leavitt ★

BEGINNING—

SENTIMENTAL WEEK END

BY ELIZABETH DUNN

★

WHY YOU DON'T GET MEAT

BY W. B. C

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May, 12, 1945

Choice of a lifetime…

Golden Wedding
Golden Wedding
Blended Whiskey
Bottled by Jos. S. Finch & Co. Inc. Schenley, Pa.
Golden Wedding

Enjoy the milder, lighter flavor of the finest whiskey ever to bear the grand old name *Golden Wedding.* With men who know their whiskey, it is truly the "choice of a lifetime."

Golden Wedding
WHISKEY

Has had no peers for fifty years

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • COPR. 1945 JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA

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In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

He learned this in school

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich war-time service

"JUST a few lines to let you know I am still kicking and fixing tires. I can say one thing, the training I got at your school was the most important training I have had in all the time I have been in the Army. It sure comes in handy over here.

"The only gripe I have is that I can't get enough hot patches. The shrapnel tears hell out of tubes. I have put as many as 18 patches on one tube. We just have to do it. New tubes are practically impossible to get. I have some German synthetic gum rubber. I fill the holes with cement and this German rubber, then put a thin patch over that and a boot. So far it has been working out quite well. Of course, I try not to put them on the front wheels. Sometimes that is impossible, too. We just have to get by the best way we can." (Letter from a graduate of the army training school established by B. F. Goodrich less than one month after Pearl Harbor to teach army instructors more about tire service and conservation.)

As long as the war lasts the tire shortage will be critical. On one European supply line alone they used up 5000 tires a day. So here at home millions who need tires won't be able to buy them. Cars may be laid up. Our transportation system is still in danger.

Now is the time when all of us should read and *reread* the rules of tire conservation. Here are the most important ones: (1) Always keep correct air pressure. (2) Shift tires from wheel to wheel every 5000 miles. (3) Whenever a tire is changed, air pressure should be checked after a few miles of service. (4) Don't take corners at high speeds. (5) Don't slam on brakes. (6) Have wheel alignment checked occasionally. (7) Drive slowly. (8) Start up slowly. (9) Avoid bumping curbs. Let's keep on applying these rules. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

Picture OF THE MONTH

"SON OF LASSIE"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
starring
PETER LAWFORD · DONALD CRISP
with JUNE LOCKHART, NIGEL BRUCE, WILLIAM "BILLY" SEVERN, LEON AMES, DONALD CURTIS, NILS ASTHER, ROBERT LEWIS

LASSIE AND LADDIE
Photographed in Technicolor

Story and Screen Play by Jeanne Bartlett
Based on some Characters from the book "Lassie Come Home" by Eric Knight

Directed by . . . . S. SYLVAN SIMON
Produced by . . . . SAMUEL MARX

The lion is going to the dogs. The lion is Leo, well-known symbol of M-G-M; the dogs are Lassie and Laddie, Hollywood's most famous canines. The picture is "Son of Lassie", filmed in breath-taking Technicolor.

Those who loved "Lassie Come Home" will respond to this one. "Son of Lassie", written and adapted for the screen by Jeanne Bartlett, directed by S. Sylvan Simon, and produced by Samuel Marx, is based on some of the late Eric Knight's unforgettable characters.

This absorbing story is enacted by a distinguished cast. Peter Lawford and Donald Crisp have starring roles. With them are June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce, William "Billy" Severn, Leon Ames, Donald Curtis, Nils Asther, and Robert Lewis.

But the great star of the picture is that most exciting of all collies—the beautiful, the adorable, the perfect Lassie.

FAMOUS PAINTING—We were so taken with Lassie that we arranged with M-G-M to offer her attractive portrait to those who write to Lassie, c/o M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. The portrait, 8 by 10 inches, was painted in full color by America's foremost painter of dogs—Paul Bransom.

To cover mailing costs, please send fifteen cents with your request. We suggest that you write fast, for the prints are limited. You'll love a Lassie more than ever when you get yours.

CURRENT HITS—M-G-M continues to be the outstanding producer of motion pictures. We hope you've seen "National Velvet" and "Meet Me in St. Louis", "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Without Love". And we hope you'll see the many more great ones on the way.

FUTURE GREATS—Watch for "The Valley of Decision" and these three outstanding musicals in Technicolor: "Ziegfeld Follies", "Anchors Aweigh", and "Thrill of a Romance". They're all in the M-G-M tradition.

Collier's
FOR MAY 12, 1945

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FRANK GERVASI	Mediterranean	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington	HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	DONALD CONGDON	Fiction

this week

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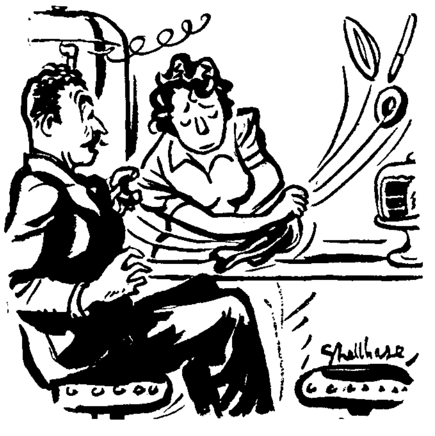
any week

ARTIST JEFFERSON MACHAMER is having lunch-counter trouble again. This time he was in a Santa Monica coffee and doughnut bar and had just finished his second bite out of a doughnut when the girl swooshed a cloth along the counter and caused the cruller to crash to the floor. "Hey," Jeff yelled, "I had only two bites out of that sinker!" Without batting a false eyelash the gal got a new doughnut, took two bites of it and put the rest on Jeff's plate.



MR. MACHAMER reports, too, that his watch stopped one day and he knocked on the next office door to find out what time it was. The man who told him turned out to be an income tax consultant. "It is twenty minutes to twelve," he revealed, "but my watch is approximately ten per cent off the hour; therefore, it is roughly twenty-*six* minutes to twelve. That, of course, is War Time and you *might* be permitted an hour's deduction to Standard Time which would make it twenty minutes to *eleven*, although I don't think the government would allow it."

MR. FRANCIS JOSEPH GORE, of Jamestown, New York, doesn't like what's going on and says he's confused. Collier's is to blame. "First," he writes, "you send my Walter Davenport away and his substitute goes and picks on my friend Phil Toomer. Then you run a piece about something that turns a refrigerator inside out and burns us with icicles. The last straw is this 3,000-mile-an-hour robot bomb. The only way I can figure it is, you got to fire the damned thing tomorrow to shoot a guy yesterday. If they were to launch one west from Jamestown at 9 A.M. it would arrive in Omaha at 8:20 A.M. and be back here before it started. If you birds don't calm down you can cancel my subscription."

THAT'S not confusion, however, compared to a bit of WPB business forwarded by Mr. Fred Peel of Detroit. He copied it

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Vol. 115, No. 19. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1945, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President, Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years, in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Subscription Department, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and the new addresses.

When Japanese searchlights sweep the sea, our PT boats lay a protecting smoke screen. Here, as on every front, quick communication is vital. These Patrol Torpedo boats are the mighty midgets of the U. S. Navy, matching their speed and maneuverability against the power of big guns, and their sting is deadly.

The telephone is in the thick of it

Wherever our men fight, there is telephone equipment — the best and plenty of it.

The needs of war are still big and our telephone manufacturing plants are continuing to meet those needs.

If you're waiting for a home telephone, it helps a little to know the reason. And to know that we are doing everything we can to make your wait as short as possible.

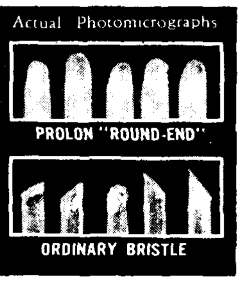
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LISTEN TO **"THE TELEPHONE HOUR"** EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER NBC

I'D LIKE A MAGIC POTION TO MAKE MY BRISTLES AS GOOD AS PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY
PROLON

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Actual Photomicrographs



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

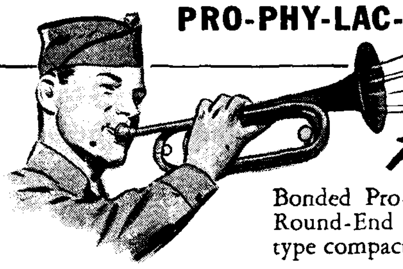
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

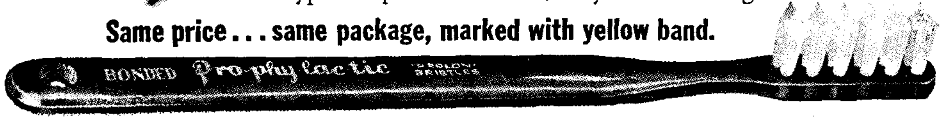
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



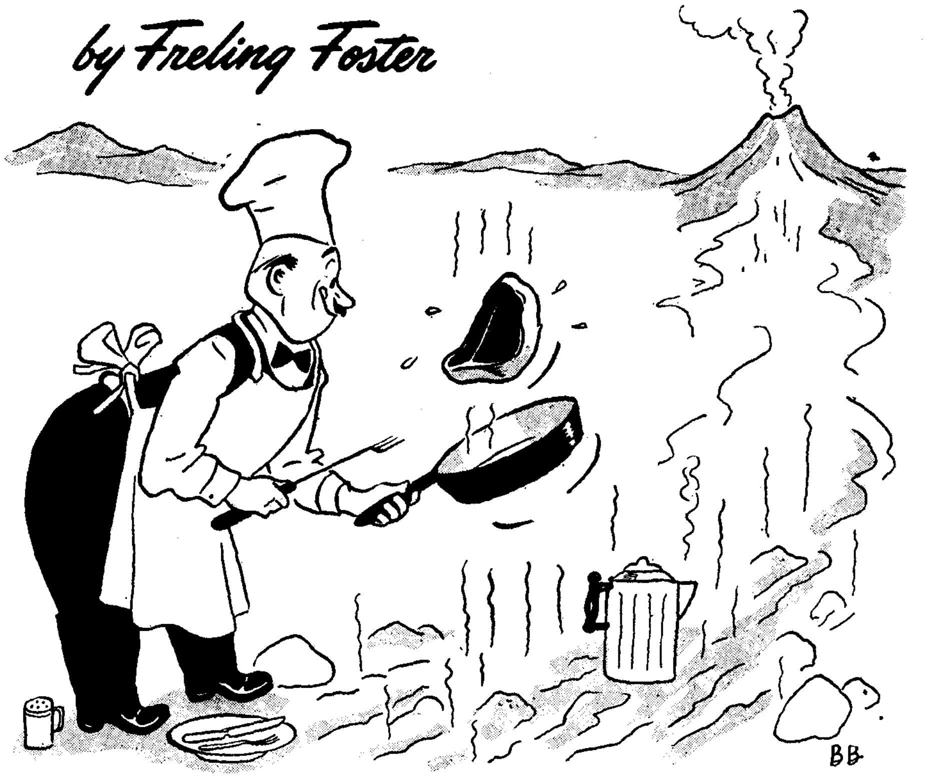
Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.



by Freling Foster



BO BROWN

Keep up with the world

Lava is sometimes ejected from a volcano at such a high temperature that, after cooling a year, it is still hot enough to fry steaks.

Red Square in Moscow has resounded for many weeks to heavy artillery fire celebrating important victories of the Russian army. In one recent ten-day period, as many as 33,500 shots were fired to keep pace with the successes in Poland.

A unique record is held by the single tree standing beside the Lincoln Highway on Sherman Hill between Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyoming. It was directly in the path of the original tracks of the Union Pacific, which were laid across that country in 1867. But wishing to spare the lone little pine, the company built the roadbed around it.

One competition held during the annual literary congress in Wales is believed to be the last relic of those ancient contests in which heroes fought with their wits instead of weapons. A poet attempts to sing a pennill, or improvised verse, to a tune played by a harpist, who introduces unique variations to confuse the singer and also frequently ends the music unexpectedly to catch him in the middle of a sentence.

Unlike other banana plants which produce their fruit in bunches of from 50 to 150, a banana plant cultivated in the Far East produces only one fruit. But this banana is as long and thick as a man's arm and contains sufficient food to make an adequate meal for three hungry persons.

Newest German submarine invention is a small captive helicopter for lifting a man as high as 1,000 feet in the air to make long-distance observations. It consists of a seat, steering gear and an overhead rotor whose revolving blades obtain their power from the forward movement of the U-boat, to which the machine is connected by a wire rope.

As virtually all standard broadcasting frequencies in this country are now in use, and the only way to obtain one is to purchase a licensed station, these wave lengths have developed values far in excess of the stations themselves. For example, 27 stations sold in 1944 had an average value of only $81,000 apiece in tangible assets and good will, yet they brought an average price of $252,000, the additional sum of $171,000 being given for the possession of the wave length in which, incidentally, there is no property right.

As each American soldier in England boarded his invasion craft on June 6, 1944, he was handed a sealed letter from General Eisenhower informing him that it was not another rehearsal but D-Day at last.

When Britain was experimenting recently with its new 10-ton, delayed-action "Volcano" bomb, one filled with ballast was dropped from an operational height to determine how deep it would penetrate the earth. To dig it out required the labor of 18 men, 12 hours a day, for nine days, a total of 1,944 man-hours.

The Maharaja of Gwalior, India, owns one of the costliest yet most useful miniature railroad trains in existence. Made of silver and operated by electricity, it travels slowly around the great dining table in the royal palace during meals with its dozen trucks loaded with fruits, nuts, condiments and wines, automatically stopping and starting every few feet so its dishes and decanters may be removed or replaced.

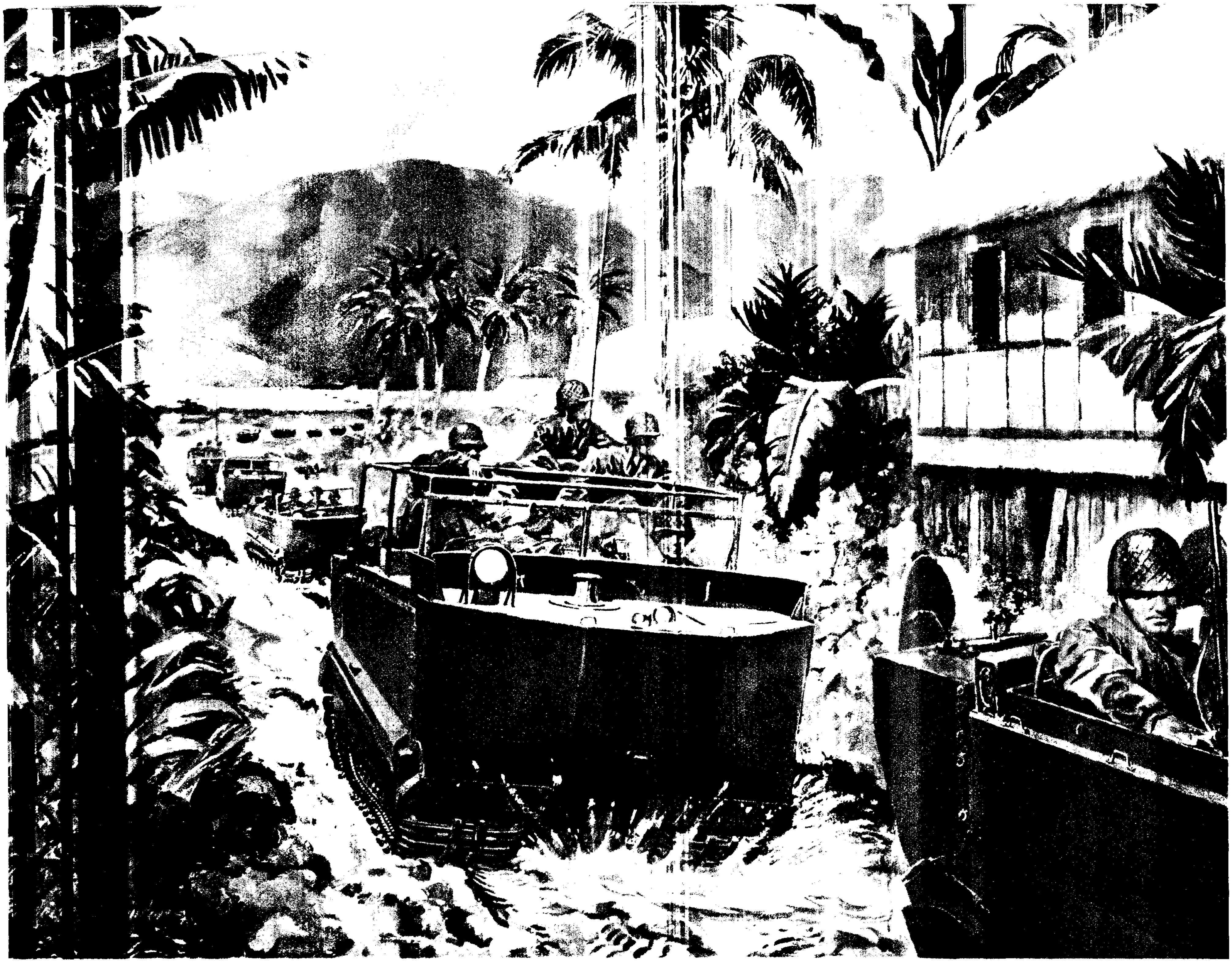
Selling spiritualistic accessories to amateurs wishing to become mediums is such big business today that one firm has to issue a 500-page catalog to list its thousands of items, which range in price up to $60.

The greatest annual event in Egypt for the past 5,500 years has been the ceremony of measuring the flood of the Nile, upon whose overflowing waters the fertility of the country is dependent. This ceremony, for which a holiday is declared, requires five hours and takes place in Cairo in early October.

Among the 150 methods of fishing, the oddest employs a remora, a little 12-inch fish found in tropical seas. Secured by a line fastened to its tail, the remora catches sharks and other large fish for its "master" by attaching itself to them by means of a sucking disc on the top of its head.—*By H. L. Gaskill, Newfane, N. Y.*

In all theaters of war, the Medical Corps of the U.S. Army uses the electrocardiograph to determine whether a soldier is dead or alive because this instrument records movements of the heart that are too faint to be detected by any other method.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission



© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker Weasels help pace the drive to Tokyo

LET'S read what they said about this amazing new personnel and cargo carrier not so long ago, in a Philippines dispatch to "Yank," the Army weekly. Here's the quotation:

"The Weasel is still getting to the front in this tough sector after every other type of vehicle has bogged down in the rice paddies and swamps . . . To the infantrymen stretching one day's rations to three, the sight of these little jobs, churning through the bog past swamped trucks, is a fine and heart-warming spectacle."

Designed by Studebaker engineers and built in the Studebaker factories, the Weasel finds footing on all kinds of terrain—sand, snow, mud, swamp or solid ground. It clambers up and down steep, slippery banks and takes to deep water like a boat—propelled from shore to shore by the movement of its wide, flexible, rubber-padded tracks.

Power plant of the Weasel is the brilliantly responsive 6-cylinder engine of the famous Studebaker Champion motor car—the automobile engine of advanced design that has provided civilian Champion drivers with astonishing gasoline mileage under peace as well as war conditions.

Studebaker proudly adds this versatile new Weasel personnel and cargo carrier to a list of Studebaker-built war equipment for our valiant fighting forces that includes heavy-duty Studebaker Military trucks and Wright Cyclone engines for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress.

Awarded To All Studebaker Plants

Studebaker

PEACETIME BUILDER
OF FINE CARS AND TRUCKS

Wartime builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks—Weasel personnel and cargo carriers

Your bonds help pay for every Flying Fortress flight

Don't let up in buying War Bonds—they're your link with every man and woman in uniform—your promise that our America must and will stay strong.

TODAY . . . See Sonja Henie in her latest and best INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

"It's a Pleasure"

TOMORROW . . . You'll be saying it's a pleasure to own an Admiral Dual-Temp Refrigerator. A built-in home freezer will quick-freeze or store nearly two bushels of frozen foods for months. Huge purified moist cold compartment *never needs defrosting* . . . keeps foods fresh and moist in uncovered dishes. Actually two refrigerators in one, the Admiral Dual-Temp is a definite promise of pleasure to come!

Admiral Corporation
CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

HOME FREEZER!
NO DEFROSTING!
UNCOVERED DISHES!

Admiral Radio-Phonograph
Admiral Electric Range
Admiral Home Freezer

TUNE IN
CBS, 2:30 P.M., EWT
for Admiral
"World News Today"

It's a postwar Promise ... *from*

Admiral

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

Brought ashore at a Marshall Island base by pontoon barge, an "embalmed" Vought Corsair fighter is hoisted to a dock and towed to assembly line

IF OUTFITS like Task Force 58 are to stay at sea and keep on slugging for more than a month at a time, airplane losses must be anticipated and replaced. An Essex-type carrier houses 80-some planes, all marked for combat, and there is no space to carry 80 replacements.

But these big carriers can stay at sea for weeks at a time and still have a fighting force of Hellcats, Corsairs, Helldivers and Avengers because of the Acorn. The Acorn is an advanced airfield, packaged and ready to follow landing forces into enemy territory. It's a dry-land flat-top.

Westward through the central Pacific, northward from New Guinea, up into the Philippines, can be found the Acorns. On each of the islands wrenched from the enemy are complete air bases that sprang from Acorns which were bulled ashore under heavy enemy fire.

Through this network of air bases flow the thousands of new warplanes that the carrier fleets must have.

The Acorn's core is the CASU (Carrier Aircraft Service Unit). It is a shore-based unit of 66 officers and 1,600 men who are maintenance, repair and ordnance experts. They prepare new planes for combat and keep them ready, without moving them back over many hundreds of miles to major overhaul bases.

AN ACORN has material and equipment to lay down two 6,000-foot runways of pierced plank landing mats. Besides servicing planes, the men operate air-warning and field-lighting systems, transportation and medical facilities, and they maintain berthing and mess facilities for the support units and aircraft crews. Packed for shipment, an Acorn weighs 13,979 long tons.

That is cold, functional stuff, but it is the stuff out of which many of the most thrilling stories of the Jap war have risen. In December, 1943, an order went out that an Acorn would be needed on a Pacific island a little less than six months later. The island, of course, was still in Jap hands and it was not scheduled to be captured until a few days before the Acorn was called upon to be on that island and have an air strip operating. This Acorn was commissioned in March, 1944, and trained on an island where it encountered everything it was expected to encounter later, except Japs.

Then it shoved in close behind the assault waves, and it took all the obstacles in stride.

The men who conceived the Acorn idea and planned it into being have this to say: The success of the whole thing developed, not from the idea or the plan, but from the boys in the bell-bottomed trousers with the snug seat. These are the guys who brought the Acorn idea to its peak, with their ability to make something out of nothing, to improvise, to improve. They roam the dumps, crawl through mazes of twisted iron and steel, and come out with enough stuff to build a hand truck or an overhead trolley for lifting out aircraft engines.

ALWAYS working with a minimum of equipment consistent with the combat operation, the Acorn men hustle in on the shirttail of the combat wave, clean up, bulldoze the air strip into something that can be used immediately and which becomes an aircraft-servicing activity a week or two later. They labor from the first crack of dawn until they can't see their hands in front of them. Then they drop, often where they are, for a few hours rest till the light comes again.

Next job is to lay the permanent air strip. This the Seabees do. Then the CASU arrives to base itself on the Acorn. Now comes the shipments of new planes for assignment to the fast carriers, far at sea, smashing at the enemy hundreds of miles nearer the Jap homeland. These planes must be "disembalmed," freed of the substances with which they have been anointed to resist tropical climates in shipment. Then they must be assembled and put in condition to fly away and fight.

At Majuro in the Marshall Islands, a Jap seaplane base was quickly turned into a naval aircraft assembly line and became a fleet staging area for the next major amphibious operation. The carriers, which made many sorties before the invasion, were instructed to get their planes at Majuro.

Every plane required 160 man-hours of work, and all hands became grease monkeys as escort aircraft carriers delivered load after load of embalmed aircraft from Pearl Harbor. Barges brought the cargoes ashore. From the dock the planes were towed to the aircraft pool across a causeway that had been built by Seabees.

Trained technicians swarmed over them. As fast as inspection crews gave a thumbs up on every plane, test flights began. The okay sign had to be given again, after test hops, before they could fly away to join the carriers. The Majuro CASU got 80 planes off the field that day. . . . LEON W. SHLOSS

AND WE'LL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

"I know it will be just the way your letters describe it to me . . . the life we'll live in the house we'll build when you come home . . .

"A bright, sunny house that's a blend of old and new, with a white-shuttered door and a picket fence around a world all our own . . .

"A garden where you can dig while sunshine warms you through and through . . . and you're alive right down to your fingertips to the sound and touch and scent of Spring . . .

"And a kitchen for me that's *full* of magical things. A wonderful new electric range (the kind they're planning now) that starts coffee perking and biscuits browning before we wake up . . . and cooks our dinners while we're away.

"A refrigerator that's big and roomy with a zone of cold for every kind of food we keep . . . with glistening shelves full of good things to eat . . . thick lamb chops and ice cold milk, all kinds of cheese, butter and eggs and greens, spangled with dew behind crystal doors.

"And still another fabulous chest will make our kitchen complete . . . a home freezer we'll dip into all winter for peaches, cherries, juicy asparagus, ice cream and all kinds of meat . . .

"Oh, it's easy to see how happy we'll be . . . when our days are filled with the peace of being together in our very own home . . . forever and ever."

• • •

Here, at Kelvinator, we pledge you this. When our war job is done—all our strength, all our new skills born of war, will be turned to production for peace.

That means that Kelvinator will build more and finer refrigerators, electric ranges, home freezers and electric water heaters to make the kitchens of America the truly enchanted places they can be.

This will be our part in the building of a greater, a happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it, a strong, vital and growing America—where all men and women will have the chance to make their dreams come true.

This booklet, "Kelvinator in the Home of Your Dreams," with pictures and floor plans for six modern low-cost homes, together with details of their exciting new postwar kitchens designed for easy living, is offered to home planners without cost. See your Kelvinator retailer or drop a post card to Dept. 7-B, Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Michigan.

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HEART of your postwar kitchen . . . the Kelvinator electrical appliances: the new Kelvinator Refrigerator . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Range . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Water Heater . . . and the new Kelvinator Home Freezer that keeps foods at flavor peak indefinitely!

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SUNDAYS 4:30 P. M. E. W. T. BLUE NETWORK

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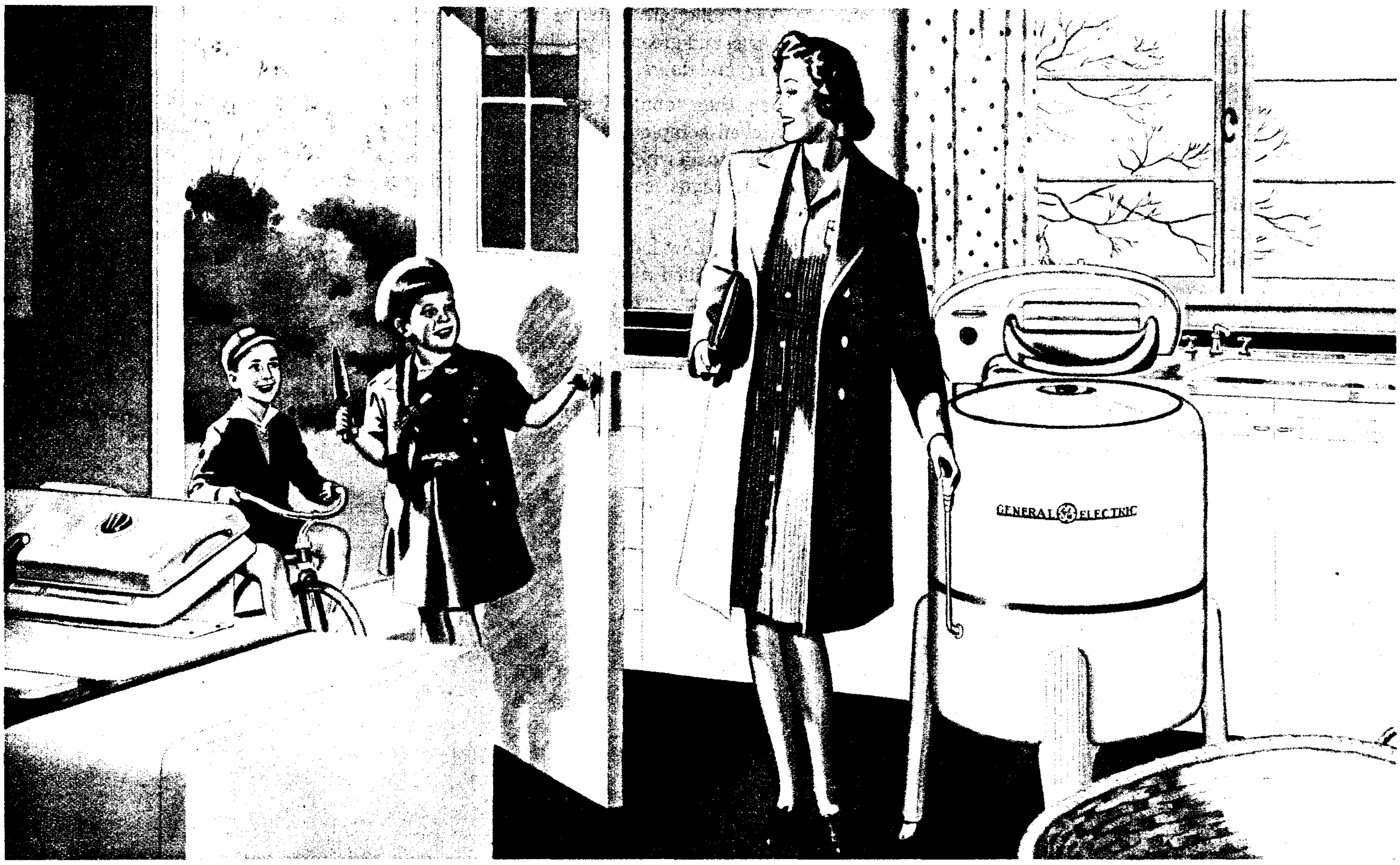
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

You'll get a brand-new feeling about Washday

...when a G-E *All-Electric* Laundry does the hard work for you!



WOULDN'T YOU like to think of doing the family wash as no more bother than getting a meal? You can, some day!

For when war demands permit, you can have a new General Electric *all-electric* Laundry in your home. With a shining, back-saving G-E Washer that does the rub-a-dubbing *for* you. Offers modern features that take the hard work right out of Washday!

No Other Washer Has *All* these Wonderful G-E Features!

Activator Action

... the gentlest, most thorough washing action you ever saw! Just push a lever, and G-E "Activator Action" goes to work ... gets the grimiest clothes clean, *really* clean. But does it oh so smoothly.

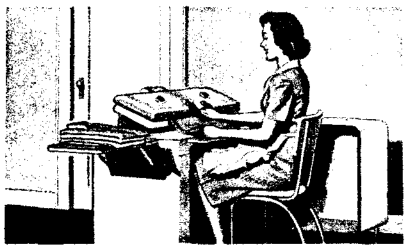
One-Control Wringer

Safer, because one control starts, reverses, releases. Adjusts to correct pressure for every fabric, and keeps it constantly *even*, whether clothes are bulky or light.

Permadrive Mechanism

Only 4 moving parts. Quiet. Rust-free. Never needs oiling. In fact, every last part of this gleaming G-E Washer ... from the porcelain enamel tub down to the easy-rolling, non-marring casters ... is made to a *quality* pattern!

And after victory, watch for the new G-E Automatic Washer. *You turn a switch ... it does the rest. Washes, rinses, damp-dries, then shuts itself off!* General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



G-E Flatplate Ironer . . . Makes Ironing So Simple! Only General Electric offers this marvelously easy way to iron. You'll SIT DOWN, and simply pull a handle toward you. The G-E Flatplate Ironer does the rest. Turns out *everything* ... linens, dresses, shirts ... fast and beautifully. 300-square-inch surface ... irons two handkerchiefs or two guest towels at once. *Automatically controlled* heat for every kind of fabric.

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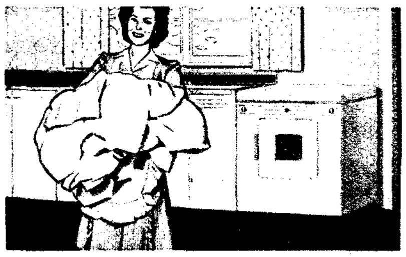


TUNE IN: *"The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.*

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

All-Electric Laundry

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 12, 1945

WHY YOU DON'T GET MEAT

BY W. B. COURTNEY

There is more meat—on the hoof and in refrigerators—in the United States right now than ever before. Then why can't we buy it? Collier's examines the national meat crisis. The first of two parts

THE big Texan—in the manner Texans have of shooting both their glances and their words clean through you like bullets—pawed and snorted at me across the table like one of his own prize bulls. "Look!" he exploded, drawing graphs on our gravy-spotted napkins to prove it. "If this here thing was managed right, if they'd only let us alone, we could raise and fatten in this here country not as much beef as our own folks could possibly chaw and at prices they could afford, but enough for 75 million furriners besides!"

He is an honest, experienced, patriotic old cattleman—if somewhat violent in all three qualities—that Texas friend of mine; as wise and well-informed about beef-cattle production as any man living. His class, the raisers, have suffered least from price ceilings, but have yelled loudest and (probably because of that) attracted most attention. Voices grow strong and frank in the wide open spaces of the Southwest.

Further, an outsider listening to cattlemen in San Angelo, say, gets the notion that they, feeling isolated and far away, are shouting over his head in the hope of being heard all over the nation. You gather that what they are shouting about—apart from an inborn frontier taste for noise and declamation—is not poverty, but injured patriotism. They candidly say that right now they get better prices, own more head and sell more head than ever before.

The largest packers—each a great industry in itself—are doing all right, too. One, at least, reported for 1944 the largest dollars sales in its history, and paid 2½ million dollars more dividends than in 1943. This condition, however, is not necessarily general among the nation's 1,600 packers. What saves the big ones, despite losses in beef and pork departments, is that, besides slaughtering, they pack and process meat and deal in its numerous by-products. Feeders—third of the three great segments of the meat-production industry, and the poor fellows who are caught in the middle—have both said and profited least.

The cattlemen's lament is that a government-inspired misunderstanding has led the public to believe the meat shortage is their fault, that they are unpatriotically taking advantage of the war situation to "hold back," whereas actually their production has reached unprecedented numbers. They say that OPA either doesn't understand, or has deliberately left unclear in order to hide its own blunders, the basic fact that "cattle" is not "beef." Of this, more later.

But wherever the yelps come from, and whatever their merits, in this greatest controversy in the history of America's food supply, they high-light a prospect that for you, the consumer, is unpleasant. There will be less meat on your Wedgwoods this summer than at any time within your memory. Sirloins and porterhouses and even hamburgers will be things you talk about nostalgically, like Ann Pennington's knees and Republican Presidents—if, that is, you are one of the majority of citizens whose sole contact with sources is legitimately through retail butchers. Wise guys will continue to secure meat more or less amply, for the time being at least, through black markets.

Freezers Are a Big Help

Many other thousands of people, especially those who live in small towns and either own "deep freezers" or have rented locker space in butcher or community freezers, will for a while have as much meat as they want. Some of this may be truly gifts from farmers who slaughter privately for their friends. But if money is passed, and no ration coupons, it is black market.

It is known that an astonishing number of farsighted householders, in the early days of the war, set themselves up with deep-freeze facilities—and measures for stocking them. This, in the opinion of thoughtful beef men, not only is one of the factors that diminish the current flow of meat to normal markets, but likewise indicates a trend (a vast decentralization, not alone in meat but in nearly all perishable foods) that will sweep American homeowners in the immediate postwar years and revolutionize our marketing patterns.

If you are a conscientious buyer who obeys all the regulations and shops only by points, and particularly by OPA ceiling price charts, your luck in meat is running out. Meatless days will soon be meatless weeks—or, conceivably, months. That is the outlook with regard to what is one of the most indispensable and nourishing items of your food budget.

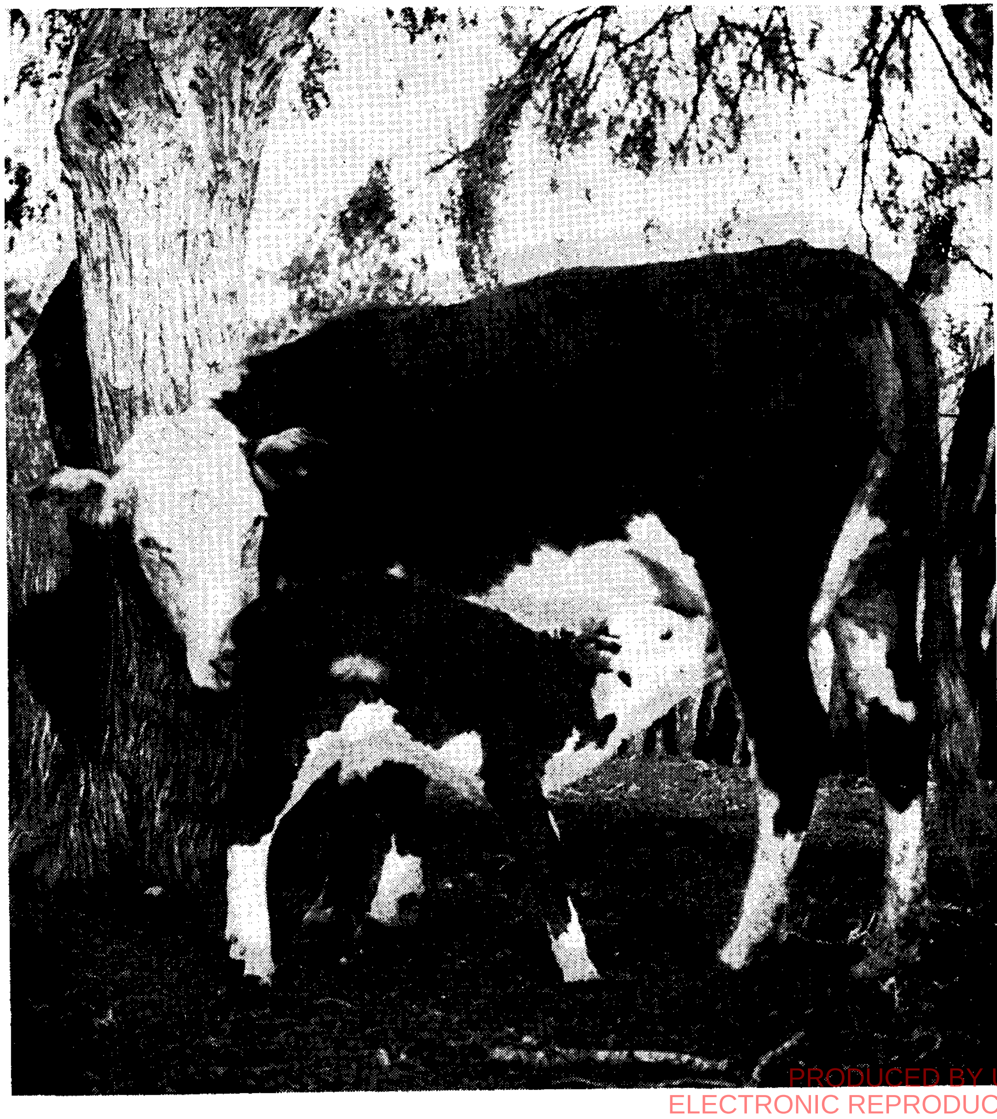
Why this should be, in the world's greatest meat-producing country, is a story full of contradictions and complexities. The United States, in cattle resources, development, research and organization, is at present the land of vastest potential abundance on earth. Argentina, next largest commercial beef-raising nation, has not half our cattle population, and none of the ready-made answers of wartime for the meat shortage to civilians, such as "The armed forces are taking most of it," holds up entirely when studied.

Because all this is essential to the health, pleasant living and well-being of you and your family, because, also, it is one of the most interesting and important problems of wartime household management and diet as well as of home-front morale, it is timely

TONI FRISSELL

TONI FRISSELL

Cowboys still isolate and rope young calves for branding. The little fella always runs, and always gets caught. A cowboy is paid somewhere between $70 and $180 a month. A saddle, once $75 apiece, is now $150 and not as good



HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Calf weighs between 60 and 100 pounds when born. At birth, Mommy bathes him and then hides him under loose brush. The baby—this one is a snowpuss—is seldom aware of the maternal cafeteria until Ma pushes him, as shown here

now to consider the great meat puzzle. Even if you can't buy, you can ponder.

Before you can possibly gain a clear idea, however, of why you are short of meat, it is necessary for you to know something about the background of the American meat industry, which spreads into nearly every state of the Union. Texas alone has on its ranches more beef cattle than Australia has people; several ranches each of which is larger than the state of Rhode Island; and total ranch land that exceeds the area of many states. It is necessary for you to understand, too, just what meat is, its value to you, and where and how it is produced. So this article will be devoted to that subject; while in a second article, to follow, we shall analyze the reasons for the meat shortage.

Meat is "produced," it is manufactured, just like any other article of industry. Meat itself—and few of us realize or remember this when we make only a dining-room approach to it—is an industry, like steel or rubber; a huge, complicated, highly skilled industry. It is the largest fraction of the largest industry devoted to our daily needs—food.

Meat-packing alone—and that is a small part of the entire meat-production effort—is the third largest single industry in the United States in worth of products, exceeded only by steel and motor vehicles. In cost of materials it is second, just behind motor vehicles. In number of wage earners, it is eighth. Just packing, mind you, not raising or feeding. Almost one third of the American farmer's dollar comes from meat—beef, pork, lamb and mutton. You spend as much for meat alone each year as you do for clothing.

In this survey, being principally concerned with beef, we note that Texas is the largest—of course!—cattle-producing state. Iowa is the largest feeding state. Chicago is the largest slaughtering center. According to John Randolph's sober and modest book, Texas Brags, if "all the steers in Texas were one big steer, he could stand with his front feet in the Gulf of Mexico, his hind feet in Hudson Bay, and punch a hole in the moon with his horns while he brushed the mist off the aurora borealis with his tail!"

The live beef-cattle population of the United States is more than 80 million, or nearly two thirds of the human population.

The main difference between cattle and automobiles or refrigerators is that the cattle are the only fabrications dumb enough to cooperate toward their own finishing. For cattle are merely the chassis, the frames, on which meat is hung and finished through breeding and scientific feeding and care. Upon the time, skill and material that go into cattle, from birth to dinner table, and the price you pay for the finished article, depends whether you can get the beef equivalent of a jalopy or a limousine, beer or vintage champagne. The values, and the grades available for purchase, in beef are precisely comparable to those in other major industrial products.

The Food That Has Everything

Meat is very important to the national diet. It is rich in proteins and fats—two of the three essentials, carbohydrates being the other—and is almost completely digestible. It contains phosphorus and iron, as well as some of all the necessary minerals, plus several of the swankiest vitamins. Further, not only is the taste of beef extremely agreeable to most palates; atavistically, just the sight and smell of it stimulates our gastric juices.

The importance of proteins is proved by the fact that while the proportions of fats and carbohydrates in the combat soldier's diet need not differ from civilian averages, he requires about fifty per cent more proteins than the stay-at-homes. That is why today our armed forces of approximately twelve millions, or nine per cent of our national population, get about sixty per cent of our federally inspected meat production. Beef, among other things, builds aggressiveness, pugnacity, stamina; it stays in the stomach longer than other foods and postpones the feeling of hunger.

Behind that steak on your plate at home, or that hamburger in a toasted roll at a summer picnic, lie things of which you never dream. You say it's "tender" or "tough" and let it go at that. But it is tender because science and American ingenuity found out how to make it so; and it is tough because you don't know how to shop or to cook. ¶Centuries of habit and decades of research are chewing with you.

That beef did not come to you just from a Texas or Wyoming ranch, via a Missouri feedlot, a Chicago packing house, and a local butcher. It came from the Spanish conquistadores of Villalobos and Coronado, who four hundred years ago brought the first true cattle—Spanish longhorns, ancestors of the famous Texas longhorns—to this continent, where no true cattle were native. It came from the cozy pastures of Georgian England, source of all the modern world's finest breeds of beef cattle.

Fortunes were lost and won, hardbitten men fought pitched battles with redskins and rustlers on the old fenceless plains, cold and hungry cowboys rode herd in bitter Panhandle blizzards, devoted men of the United States Department of Agriculture and of various state universities slaved their lives away to set that tenderloin in all its juicy perfection down in front of you. All the glamor and romance of American frontier history sustain your fork. Your full dinner plate is one end of a production line.

An Average Texas Ranch

From the other end we might start in any one of half a dozen states, all with problems more or less similar, and with conditions differing principally in terrain and weather. In some arid ranch areas *as much grazing land is required for one cattle unit*—in cattleman terminology, a cow and a calf; or one bull; or one two-year-old or up steer—as for a whole big dairy herd on a Northern farm. We try to strike a fair average, and so find ourselves on Holman Cartwright's Twin Oaks Ranch, in Live Oak County on the southern chin of Texas. It's neither the best nor the least in Texas; neither the smallest nor the biggest In fact, this ranch is probably only two or three times as big as the entire township of Winchester, where I live in Connecticut.

It is spring calving time, and there is much activity in the thickets of oak and cottonwood and mesquite, festooned with Spanish moss and now emerald with buds. The night is filled with plaintive mooing, and several of the older cowboys, selected for their gentleness and wisdom, prowl around with flashlights and short ropes and the other implements of cow obstetricians. They particularly note those cows which are having their first calves. Heifers, as you know, are girl cows still young enough to run faster than the bulls—a race they lose, usually, at two and a half to three years of age. They often need help from the "midwives."

Range cows are secretive about their family life. Here a matronly whiteface stares at you suspiciously over a fence. When you approach, she makes a great show of running off in the wrong direction, just as birds try to distract you by flying away from the nest. You search the other way and, hidden in the scrub, find a wobbly little snowpuss half an hour old. But some cows hide their calves so well that the sharpest-eyed cowboys have to use dogs to find them.

When her calf is dropped, a range cow will turn immediately and push it to its feet—to start the first movement of life; this is equivalent to a doctor's slapping of a newborn baby. Then she will clean it and push it into a hiding place, maybe even covering it with loose brush. Next she goes to the nearest water and takes a long, long drink. Frequently, if a herd is calving at about the same time, two or three cows will remain to guard the calves while the rest go to water.

Returning, the cow maneuvers herself, and nuzzles the calf, until she gets it into position to nurse; an idea the youngster does not always acquire as readily as you might think.

That purebred cow and her calf represent a considerable initial investment. In this area about 15 acres are required to support each "unit," at $20 an acre, or $300. Each unit's prorated share in the ranch horses,

(*Continued on page 27*)

CHINA CAN ALSO HELP US

BY DONALD M. NELSON

The country's special emissary thinks that if we help China much good will come to us. Here he tells us how

CHINA has become one of the four Big Powers and the fact is of tremendous importance in the world. It not only affects the fate and future condition of Asia but it may very well be decisive in our own lives in America.

When Japan is defeated, the present great organizing force in the Orient will be eliminated. In the areas formerly dominated by Japanese trade, one billion two hundred million people live. A commercial vacuum will be left, which must either be filled by China, or chaos will follow. It will not only be a matter of political upheavals but of a complete disarrangement of life, with the resultant horrors of unemployment and shortages of goods.

This prospect is less harrowing than it might be, because the Chinese are highly intelligent people and realize that they can only be a great power if they are a strong industrial nation. They have every intention of being one and are working on plans for it now. What they lack in natural resources they make up for in manpower and willingness. They will need our help just as we needed the capital of England when we were building our own industrial empire after the Civil War, but they will neither need our charity nor want it.

I make this point with emphasis because often charity and imperialism go hand in hand, and nothing could be worse for our postwar relations than the thought that we were imperialistic-minded.

We will help China, just as we will help other countries, because it is a sensible business policy. Putting the matter very selfishly, we cannot be prosperous in a bankrupt world. Furthermore, we shall not come as philanthropists; we expect to make business investments that will be sound and profitable; and we shall seek no control over any country because of our financial interest.

After a thorough survey I am convinced that China can replace the Japanese in the cheap textile trades. This is one of the great essentials in Asia because it is a business that supplies the billion population who earn no more than twelve to forty cents a day. The Japanese, with their cheap labor and long working hours, had almost dominated this trade. American textile manufacturers have no chance and no desire to compete under these conditions.

The English Lancashire mills had fought bitterly, and the low-wage India mills using near-by India cotton had put up a valorous fight, but in 1936 (which was the last year before the Chinese-Japanese War started) Japanese exports of cotton textiles totaled 2,709,000,000 square yards. This went principally to the following places:

British India	480,000,000 sq. yds.
(In 1939 this reached 569,000,000 sq. yds.)	
Egypt and the rest of Africa	465,000,000 sq. yds.
Netherlands Indies	352,000,000 sq. yds.
China:	
Manchuria and Kwantung	351,000,000 sq. yds.
China and Hong Kong	122,000,000 sq. yds.
United States	75,000,000 sq. yds.

When peace comes we shall be able to ship textile machinery from America and install it in a short time. There is plenty of technical skill in China, and before the war, there were the beginnings of a textile industry. China had 5,000,000 spindles (the Japanese owned 2,250,000 of these), and even when the Japanese drove the Chinese back from the seacoast, many of these plants were transported inland and are still operating. Aside from that, the endless resourcefulness of the Chinese in maintaining factories in the face of the most astounding difficulties makes it plain that no nation is better equipped to make the turnover from agriculture to industry. Indeed, the Chinese have no fear whatever of normal Japanese competition, if given an even start.

It is my idea that the financing of the textile and other industries should be done jointly by Americans and Chinese. An arrangement might be made under which Americans would buy an interest in new Chinese industries. To begin with, American capital might amount to sixty or seventy per cent, with an agreement that, over a period of say ten years, part of the American interest would be purchased by the Chinese until they had control of the properties. This kind of arrangement would overcome the genuine and well-merited fear in all borrowing countries of putting themselves in the hands of their creditors.

China is in a fine position to take advantage of the textile business because, prior to the "incident" of 1937, she was the world's fourth largest producer of cotton, being outranked by the United States, India and slightly by Russia. Her production in 1936 reached 3,700,000 bales of 500 pounds each.

Although much of the Chinese cotton is of very short staple, harsh in character, averaging well under one inch, it is strong and very free from leaf. It is grown largely in north and central China, nearly half of it in Free China. It is interesting to note that of about 2,250,000 bales produced and 870,000 bales imported in 1940-41, an estimated 1,500,000 went for mill consumption, 320,000 for exports, and 1,300,000 for home consumption, which means home spinning, garment padding and the like. I will have more to say about this important home production later on in this article.

The greatest of all plans for China concerns the damming of the Yangtze Kiang. This great river is compressed by high cliffs near the city of Ichang at the geographical center of China and offers an ideal dam site. By use of locks, river navigation will be made possible from the China Sea to Chungking, a distance of approximately 1,500 miles. The dam would impound the waters of the river and provide a regulating agent that could both supply water for farm lands below the dam in drought periods and, more important, act to halt floods that have devastated the lower Yangtze for centuries.

Doctor John Savage, chief engineer of the United States Reclamation Service and regarded by many as the world's foremost hydroelectrical engineer, has reported, after preliminary studies at the Yangtze Gorges site, that the largest hydroelectrical development in the world can also be constructed there.

He says that the dam will have a generating capacity of 10,500,000 kilowatts a year. That is twice as much as the present total of TVA, Grand Coulee, Boulder and Bonneville. This can be done, according to Doctor Savage, for the cost of $100 a kilowatt installed, against a cost of our American dams of around $250 a kilowatt installed.

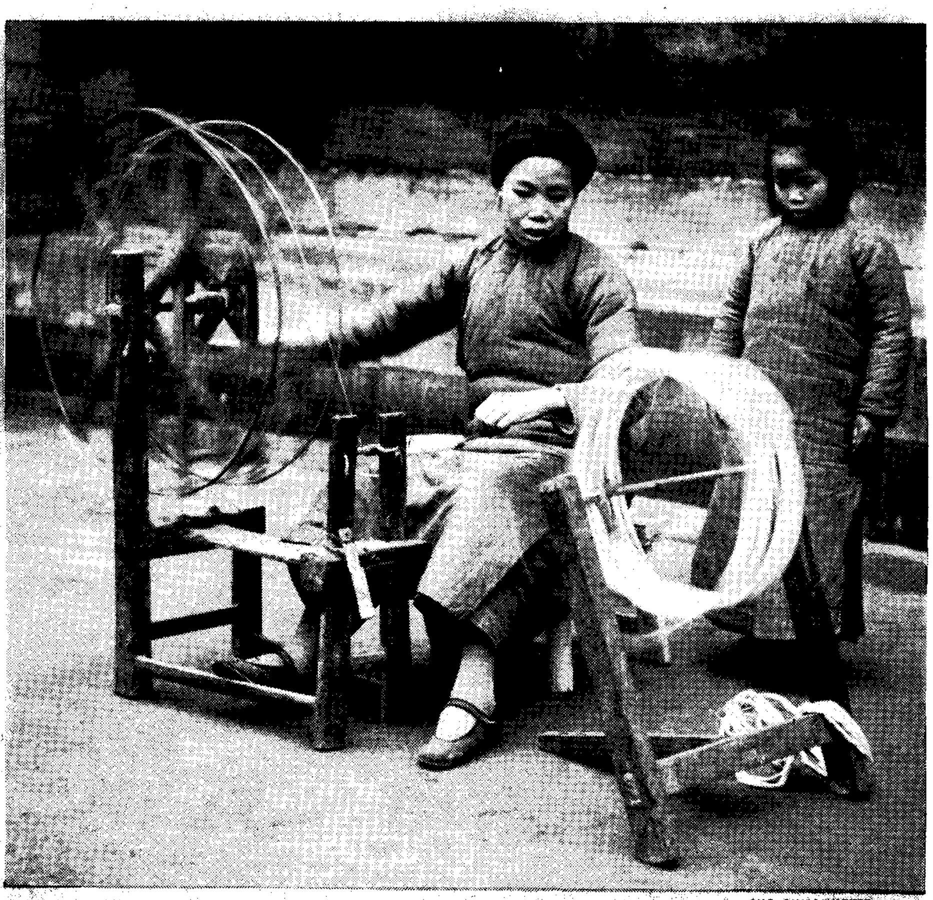
Completion of the full power program might well be extended over a period of decades. The first power units will, of course, supply the beginnings of industry, and additional units can be added as industry grows. What will be needed at first are generating equipment and engineering advice. The Chinese themselves will build the dam, and the cost of the hydroelectric units can be liquidated as the project advances.

Doctor Savage estimates that the whole project could be built at a cost of one billion dollars. The equipment and engineering costs might well be financed by a loan from our government to the Chinese government. It must be remembered that under a gradual plan of development the initial investment of this country would not need to be great

(*Continued on page* 47)

THOMAS KWANG—GUILLUMETTE

Chinese patrol boats guard the Yangtze traffic. Near Ichang, where the gorge is deep and narrow, surveys show that the biggest hydroelectric dam in the world can be built. This will not only supply power; it will control floods



CNS—GUILLUMETTE

The ancient loom still does duty in the Chinese textile industry. But the author of this article is certain that, with some help, the Chinese can replace the Japanese in the cheap textile fields. They'll need mill machinery

Sentimental Week

BY ELIZABETH DUNN

Here begins a crazy-quilt romance stitched together with a needle-sharp wit. Three lovely ladies plot earnestly to set one mere man's life straight—against his wishes and those of a chiseling Hungarian countess—with catastrophic and hilarious results

WHEN Sylvanus Horne was confronted with a problem, some decision that needed really concentrated thought, he always tried to ride in a train. His mind needed the stimulus of movement, while at the same time taking no responsibility for it. A train was perfect; it was limited, reassuringly, to its rails, and the landscape moved past of its own accord.

Sylvanus was, at the moment, on a train with a problem. It was a Friday afternoon, and he was on his way to a week-end housewarming in Connecticut; the warming, as a matter of fact, of his own house.

For years, his sister, Lydia Herrick, a determined young woman who was president of practically everything she had ever come in contact with, had told him that he ought to have a house in the country—a house like Uncle Samuel's. Sylvanus would sigh and point out that he had a small, convenient bachelor flat in the city, and could imagine no reason why he should want to take over the burden of a place like his Uncle Samuel Horne's. Lydia had once tried to pierce his passive resistance by telling him that his position demanded it, a statement which had sent Sylvanus off into shouts of laughter.

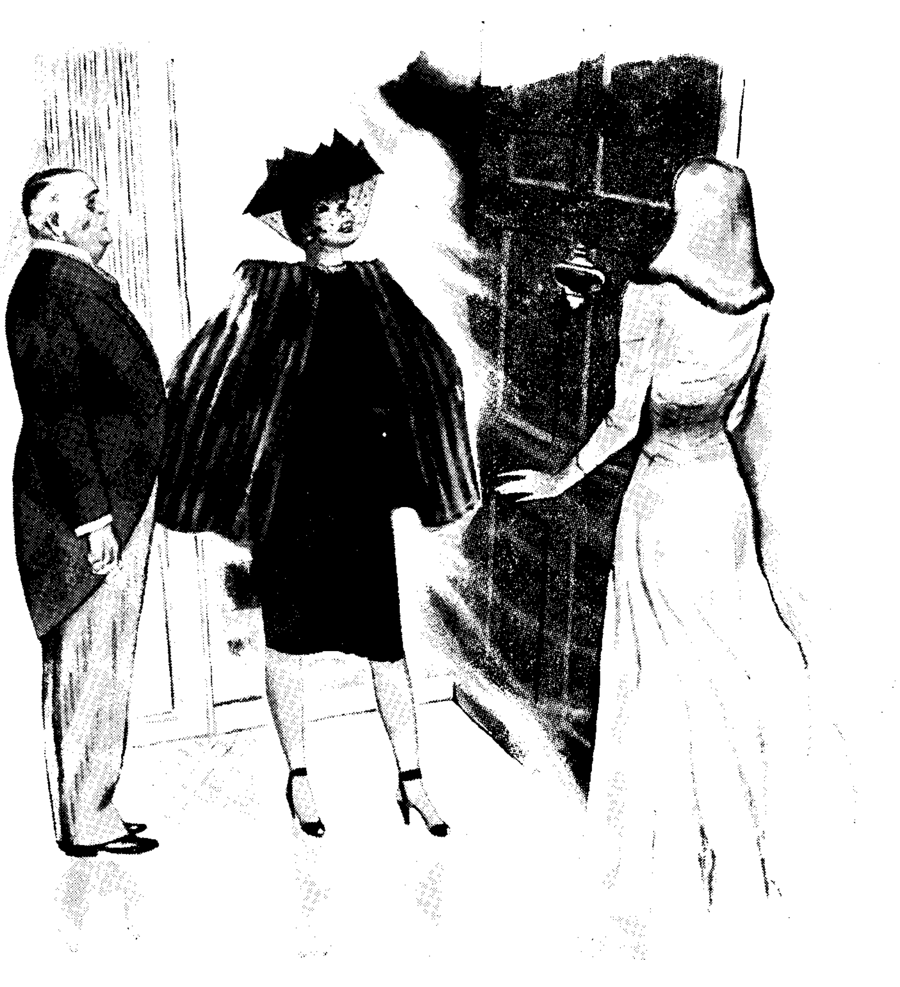
"After all," Lydia had said angrily, "you *are* the Voice of America. Millions of people hear you every Wednesday night. They listen for you. *Everybody* knows Sylvanus Horne."

This Sylvanus knew to be quite untrue. Millions of people knew the Voice of America, yes: those magnetic, authoritative tones which, once a week, interpreted Americans in one particular part of the land to their fellow Americans in some other part. But America did *not* know Sylvanus Horne, and sometimes it made Sylvanus grin sardonically to think of it.

From his fan mail, he had a fairly accurate picture of the man America imagined its Voice to be: a large man, of course, with the mingled air of a statesman and a small-town hardware merchant. A man with big, bony Abraham Lincoln features, possibly a lock of unmanageable hair, and an enormous stride; a man competent with a horse or an ax, but well-dressed in city clothes. A man to be recognized a block away, with a pretty, comfortable, conventional wife, not quite in her forties.

But Sylvanus Horne was not much over medium height, small-boned, with quiet, kind brown eyes which needed spectacles for reading. He was enormously well-read and for a rather shy man he had a really inordinate number of friends. But he was the Voice of America literally in voice only. It was a constant astonishment to him—that rich, compelling, money-making voice of his.

And so he had laughed at Lydia—a little bit too soon. For Uncle Samuel Horne had died and left Sylvanus Windmill House. Sylvanus had happened to be away at the time, and rather far away, too. By the time he got back, Lydia had taken over Windmill House and made it his. But more than that, with her passion for organization, she had dragged in two of her friends to help her with it: Sophie Burnham, one of her college classmates, of whom Sylvanus was very fond, and Valentine Ashe, whom he had never even met, and with whom he had promptly fallen in love.



"Wait a minute, Bedlow," Val said, "let me answer it." As she opened the door the wind assisted the Countess Szekely's entrance in a properly dramatic manner

Valentine Ashe was slender, blond and at least ten years younger than himself; she had been educated abroad and she was a sculptor. And that, he thought sardonically, is hardly a description of the future wife of the Voice of America—or is it?

The grin faded. Valentine was the problem that Sylvanus had taken on board the train. And if he was to do any real thinking about it, it was high time he started, for in another two or three hours she would be arriving at Windmill House herself.

Something was very wrong between them. That much he knew. Somewhere in the past three months, something had happened. Sylvanus was a systematic man, and at the moment he was more uneasy than he would admit even to himself. He decided, therefore, to start at the beginning, or very nearly. The night Val had said she would marry him.

THERE were, as always, a great many people at Sophie Burnham's cocktail party. Most of them were either beautiful or well known, and even, in a few rare instances, both. Although she was younger than most of her guests, Sophie herself constituted one of the rare instances; but she was across the room, shrieking at a knot of people, and of no earthly use to Sylvanus.

He was sitting on a chic modern chair, which was possessed, mysteriously, of only one arm. At intervals, he leaned upon the absent arm, which was disconcerting; and the velvet of the upholstery clung to his tweeds, making any change in his position next to impossible. But the cocktail was excellent—and anyway he was waiting for Valentine.

It seemed to him, on that brilliant October afternoon, that he had spent his entire life waiting, consciously or unconsciously, for the arrival of Valentine Ashe. There was a delicious taste of anticipation about it, sharpened by a sense of uncertainty—just the very least flavor of uncertainty. But Sylvanus knew that this afternoon, this very moment, was in all probability the last time in his life he would ever feel just this combination of emotions. Because, once you've asked a girl to marry you, no matter what happens after, that delicate sense of uncertainty is gone, forever.

Not that Sylvanus would miss it. He had managed to escape marriage in spite of a deep appreciation of women, a good deal of personal attraction, and his sister Lydia. His life had been organized without it until he had met Valentine Ashe. Then everything had become simplified to the point of anguish: either he would be happy forever, from now on—or he would not.

And Sylvanus intended to be happy, if it was humanly possible; more important, he intended that Valentine should be happy . . . Only where was she?

He craned his neck around a group of people, leaned nonchalantly on the nonexistent arm of the chair, narrowly escaped falling on his face, and looked up to see his hostess grinning at him. He got to his feet.

"And you didn't spill a drop," she said admiringly. Sophie Burnham was a ravishing creature who had spent the eight years since she had left college in proving to New York that she was lightminded, chic and rather hard. Sylvanus admired intensely her ability to hide behind these flamboyant screens her warmth and common sense, her intelligence and capacity for hard work.

Sophie said, "Windmill House is getting along marvelously, darling. They've got the bathroom papers done . . . Are you still bearing up under the committee?"

He smiled. "If you three are willing to do it, I can only be grateful."

"Would you like another cocktail?" Sophie asked. "Oh, *hello,* darling—how rugged of you to come! Are you dead? Have you been rehearsing all day? My poor, crushed beetle—look, dear, this is Sylvanus Horne—"

SYLVANUS took the hand of a haggard young woman, who, he felt morally certain, would have looked the picture of health if she had allowed herself to.

"Mr. Horne?" she said, obviously incredulous. "Not *the* Sylvanus Horne—I mean are *you* the Voice of America?"

Sylvanus, quite used to his appearance not coming up to expectations, smiled and murmured that he was indeed.

Then over by the door to the hall, he caught a glimpse of a small black velvet cap on a shiny, pale-blond head, and his heart began to pound.

He battled his way across the room, grinding underfoot two streamlined females and a rather fragile young man. At the door he put his hand on Valentine's shoulder and she turned to him quickly. Looking into her enormous, candid eyes affected him in much the same way as looking straight down into the luminous green-gray water under a boat; he was both hypnotized and enchanted. She smiled at him and, when he had swallowed, he managed to suggest that they leave at once. Valentine laughed.

"But I've just come, Syl. And besides I have to speak to Sophie."

"Well, get away quickly, then," Sylvanus urged her. "This is a foul party. Everybody's photogenic except me."

He stood gloomily by the door, smoking one cigarette after another, and after twenty minutes firmly believed himself to be on the verge of complete nervous collapse. Val was going to be a very famous sculptor some day, he reflected. She was well up toward the top ranks now, and she was barely thirty. She didn't want to marry . . . she wasn't in love with him—at least he was sure she didn't feel senseless and helpless every time his name was mentioned, as he did when he heard someone say Valentine Ashe.

He put out his cigarette and lit another with a shaking hand. He remembered vividly the last time he had felt this way: it was in June, 1920, and he was taking the druggist's daughter to the high school dance. Her name had been Edna and she—

Valentine came back. "Shall we go? Where is it you're so determined to be?"

"Anywhere but here," Sylvanus growled, helping her into her coat. But on the sidewalk, he signaled a taxi and said, "Shall we go to your studio?"

Valentine smiled. "Let's. I can get us some supper. Somebody sent me a partridge yesterday, all wrapped up in ice. And there's another bottle left of that domestic red wine we liked. Doesn't it sound old-world?"

Sylvanus swallowed some air and said hoarsely, "Very."

The studio was an enormous room, with the inevitable north light and the far from inevitable fireplace, which actually had a draft. Sylvanus built a new fire and lit it, while Valentine set the little table and brought him a glass of the domestic red wine.

Then she dropped onto the sofa. Her legs were long and slender and the black dress she wore made her look even more breakable than ever. Her deceptive fragility delighted him—particularly since he knew that she was strong as an ox, and capable of working long

End

and grueling hours on a ladder, hammering away at marble.

She looked into the fire. "What do you think of the committee, Syl?" she asked suddenly.

Sylvanus said: "It was Lydia's idea, wasn't it? I don't mind."

"Don't you?" She looked at him with those great, gray eyes. "I should have thought you'd loathe it."

"Why no." He put his glass down carefully and felt for a cigarette he didn't in the least want. He considered saying with utter truthfulness: "Don't you see, if I let this committee think they're running my life for me I shall see you all the time—regularly, constantly—Don't you see that's why I suggested the ridiculous meetings should be held at Windmill House? I know I'm a sentimental fool—but can't you imagine what it means to me to have you discussing my cook and my cleaner as though you belonged there?"

He lit his cigarette and hers and said, "Lydia has always run me ever since I was little; she—she has designs on me." She made no answer and he glanced at her quickly. She was staring into the flames again and there was a curious expression in her gray eyes.

Sylvanus said suddenly: "Val—have you got designs on me?"

She looked up at him then, swiftly, and he felt himself turn crimson.

"I mean—I don't mean that. I don't mean that at all," he said. "I mean—" he stared at her helplessly. But she wasn't angry, and she wasn't laughing at him. "I mean I wish you did. I want you to have."

An impish gleam shone in her eyes. "I haven't," she said softly, "got a design in the world on you, Syl."

He cleared his throat. "Well, I have designs on you. Is—is that all right?"

Her smile made his heart turn over. "Yes, that's all right, Syl."

He reached over and seized her hand. The faint flavor of uncertainty had vanished, as he had known it must. It would never come back again. But he must go slowly, he told himself; Valentine was a shy creature, of deep reserves . . .

"Sylvanus," she said in a small, stern voice, "am I wrong—or have you just proposed to me?"

"I most certainly have," he told her gently.

"Then," said Valentine, "why don't you kiss me?"

Sylvanus kissed her.

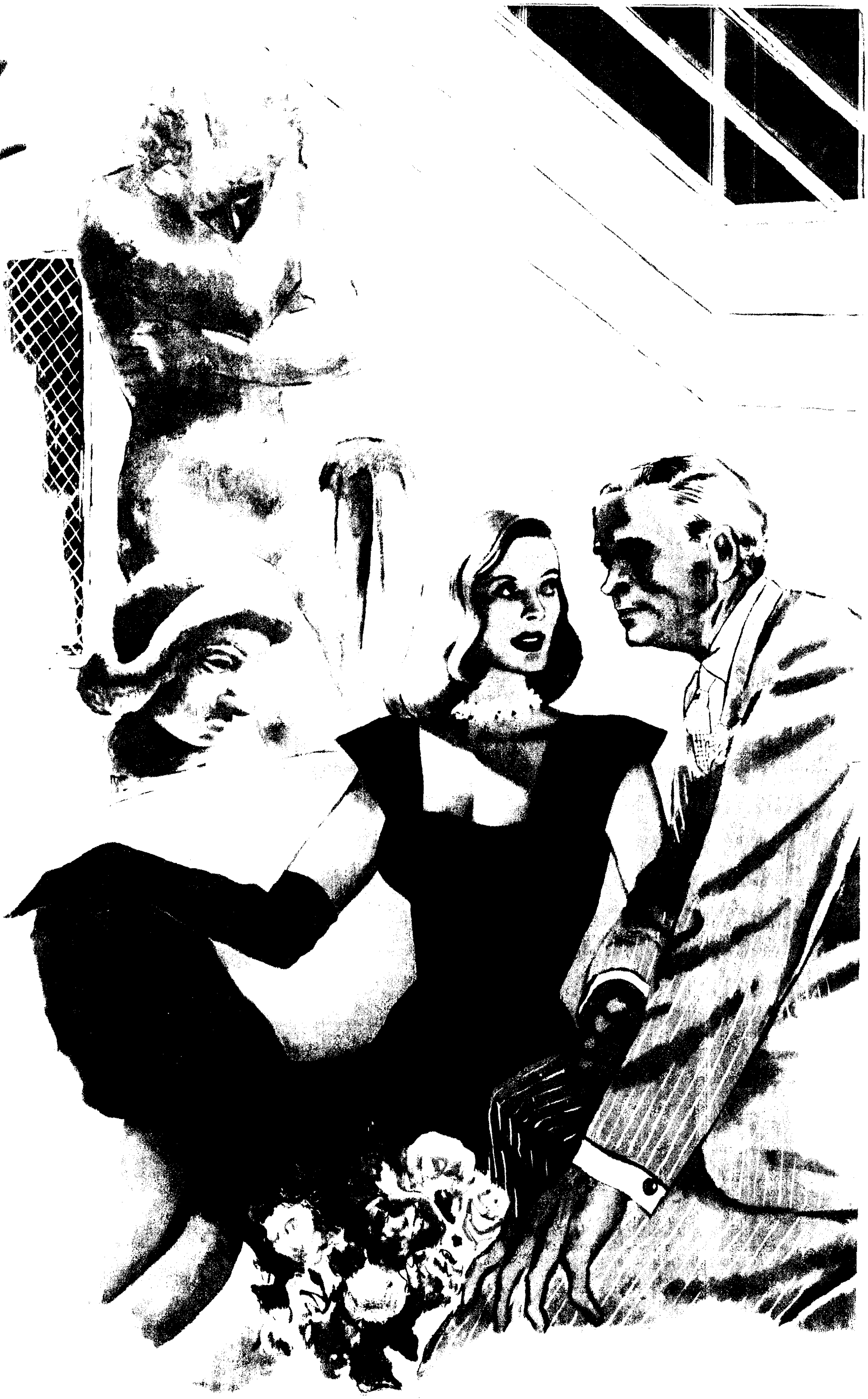
A BEWITCHED evening—but it had been three months ago. For two or three weeks life had gone on being an enchantment; and then, almost imperceptibly, something had happened. Val seemed as happy to be with him as ever—but perhaps not quite so gay. There were times when she was very quiet, almost cold, and he had found her looking at him in a way that he found disturbing and obscurely irritating. They had even had a resounding quarrel on New Year's Day, the cause of which, Sylvanus felt, would be to him forever inexplicable.

He sighed—whatever was happening must be stopped. He must find out what was on Val's mind and help her to straighten things out between them. She would, he reflected, be on the 3:30 this afternoon. Perhaps he could get her before tea.

VALENTINE watched the cold, brown Connecticut fields slip past the train window. Beyond the fields, woods inked an intricate pattern against an ominous white sky, the color of nothing. Snow.

She shivered and turned away. A long time ago—six months ago—when she had been, somehow, another sort of girl, she had first

(Continued on page 62)



Val had an impish gleam in her eyes. "Sylvanus," she said in a small, stern voice, "am I wrong—or have you just proposed to me?" "I most certainly have," he told her gently. "Then why don't you kiss me?" she asked

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM PACHNER

HOW Superman DIED

BY ROBERT RICHARDS

UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

RADIOED FROM GERMANY

As our armies roared eastward from the Rhine, the legend of the Nazi superman was smashed—right before the eyes of the German people

THIS was the end; this day when the American Third Army storming eastward from the Rhine found the roads open and the Wehrmacht defenses collapsed, and when young Bobcat Smith, summing up the harsh memories of our front-line fighters, said: "I'll sure get me some Krauts. I'll get them if I have to ride this jeep from Frankfurt to Berlin."

Oh, the war wasn't over on that grim March day, even though a high-ranking Third Army officer daringly said that "now we can go anywhere we want to go"; and Major Walter G. "Bobcat" Smith of Ada, Oklahoma, would have agreed. There was still plenty of hard fighting ahead; there were still many places as yet unmarked on the map where many men would die. The war wasn't over, *but the German army east of the Rhine* was almost completely smashed; there was left only the job of plucking its bones.

The German superman died fast east of the big green river. He collapsed suddenly, like a drunk in a swaying subway train. His Prussian growl became a startled wail of "I quit, comrades. Please let me quit." And he faded out too fast even for the battle-experienced Third Army. Naturally, there were some supermen who didn't quit and who didn't believe that they were through. There was one Kraut captain, in particular, whom Bobcat Smith remembered, and hoped to meet again.

"Boy!" muttered Smith, fingering the trigger of the machine gun on his jeep. "I hope I run into him again!"

For practical purposes, however, the superman in the original Nazi conception was gone, and in eleven days the Third Army took about 70,000 *prisoners*. They were ordinary and unimpressive—these prisoners left behind by the superman when he folded his foolish legend inside his battered helmet and melted away.

They wore the blue of the Luftwaffe, the gray of the army, and the brown of the labor corps. They crowded the roads, the great Frankfurt-Berlin *Reich Autobahn*, or superhighway, reaching toward the sky with their upraised hands until the onlooker got the impression that he was staring at some new-type, five-fingered bayonet. These soldiers surrendered in never-ending files from the fields and the woods, dust on their boots and on their faces. They had one thought only: to get away from the tanks, from the hungry .50-caliber machine guns, from the hedge-hopping planes.

All along the Western front they were defeated by speed and armor. They didn't have communications to keep themselves informed or the transportation to accompany any defensive maneuver even if they had known. The Germans never recovered their balance after the Third Army jumped the Moselle River on March 13th and cracked them in the belly.

That was the beginning of the great Kraut hunt. Lieutenant General George Patton sounded tallyho, and his tankers never rested behind the rumps of the hounds. They rode all day, all night, and then they rode some more. In a brief period, they captured 6,484 square miles of territory, 3,072 towns and villages, 140,112 German soldiers. Aided by the American Seventh Army, the Third killed or wounded 99,000 other Germans and eliminated almost entirely the German First and Seventh armies.

But figures are cold and two-faced; they don't tell the story. They don't tell how the Fourth Armored Division and the Sixth Armored Division crossed the Main River near Frankfurt and cracked the German midsection while the American First Army and British Second Army tanks were working on the Nazi chin.

The Sixth and the Fourth struck swiftly. It was a German rout, but the Americans in the tanks and the Americans who pushed the thing had to keep their tails down and their heads up. They had to think fast. They got no rest and little sleep. It was no laughing matter.

No soldiers of the Sixth Armored Division laughed when they were fighting inside Offenbach, just southeast across the Main from Frankfurt. They didn't laugh because a mortar shell fell near one of the division's *favorite officers. The explosion took away* part of his face and both his eyes. He would live with only half a face, and the men of the Sixth would not forget or forgive. Another officer kept muttering, "Why couldn't it have been me instead of him? Hell! Why couldn't it have been me?"

That's the way they felt in the Sixth. Their noses had been bloodied and, above everything else, they wanted to get across the Main and get revenge on the Germans. They wanted to shoot until their guns were too hot to carry. The Sixth was angry; it wanted to kill, and no officer wanted to fight more than did Bobcat Smith, who was executive officer of a tank battalion. The twenty-five-year-old major was traveling forward in a jeep because two days before the Germans had burned his favorite light tank, Daisy Mae, right out from under him.

"Tank or no tank," Smith said, "I'll sure get me some Krauts." And he meant what he said.

A Race from the Bridgehead

On March 28th, the Sixth Armored got its wish, crossing the Main just east of Frankfurt. It crossed into a bridgehead established by the Ninetieth Infantry. Earlier, their brothers in tanks—the Fourth Armored—had crossed farther east at Hanau. Without delay, the Fourth smashed north 35 miles to Grünberg, 12 miles east of Giessen, and then swung east, advancing 20 miles to Lauterbach, 35 miles east of Giessen, collecting at least 12,000 prisoners on the way.

When Bobcat Smith heard about this, his ears stood up and he said, "I reckon we better catch up with those boys before there ain't no more Krauts left to take."

But Bobcat Smith didn't need to worry; the Germans were there for the taking. They came from everywhere—from houses, from behind trees, from under logs, from the villages. They came walking with their hands in the air. The Sixth tankers couldn't quite believe it. There was a dull wonderment on the faces of men who had raced across to Brest or fought at Bastogne.

Major Edward Downs of Athens, Georgia, said, "Golly, I can't believe it. We can't move without half a dozen jumping from behind a bush and trying to surrender. I just can't understand it at all."

The tanks took to the fine German roads like ducks to water, and when they reached the Frankfurt-Berlin *Reich Autobahn*, it was one of the strangest sights of the war to see Shermans racing four abreast down the broad concrete lanes, with trucks and jeeps behind.

The Third Army had mastered its supply problem this time. Remembering the gasoline drought of last September, they took care it was not repeated. Patton's tanks had to race to keep ahead of the big six-wheel 2½-ton trucks carrying gasoline, spare parts and foodstuffs, roaring toward the front of the columns. These hard-bitten truckers kept one hand on their steering wheels and the other on their .30-caliber machine guns.

Sometimes the Germans let the tanks sweep past and then blasted the trucks with burp guns and one-man bazookas. Sometimes they waylaid the trucks and attempted to bolt for their own lines with the supplies. But most of the trucks got through, and when the tanker yelled, "Hey, where is my gasoline?" it was right there behind him.

Salute to Their Conquerors

From the towns and villages adjoining the great highway, the German people heard that the tank column was coming and they lined the road, as if to see a circus, and they shouted and waved. They stared fascinated at this vast amount of machinery wheeling through their country.

Sometimes the German prisoners, most of them unescorted, stared at the tanks or grinned at the tankers, but most of the time they just looked straight ahead and kept marching as if they could not quite believe that they were still in Germany and that for them this was the end. There were times when the marching prisoner columns almost brushed elbows with the gaping civilians, but no word passed between them. It was almost as if the women, children and old men had turned their backs on the German soldiers saying, "You got us into this. You brought all this down on our heads. We won't talk to you now. Go along to the prison camp. Don't bother us."

And the prisoners marched, with no superman among them to lead the way. One man turned and waved to the crowd but they stared at him stonily and he gave it up. For a moment he looked appealingly at a white-capped nun as if to ask, "Do you forget us too?" but she gave no sign that she noticed him.

The civilians were deeply interested in the tanks. They did not cheer the American soldiers, as obviously they were merely deeply relieved to be overrun and no longer targets for Allied bombers. They almost ignored the Americans but they did not ignore the tanks. If one stopped close by, they would stare into its engine, hold whispered conferences and nod their heads.

Men like Bobcat Smith are as jealous of their tanks as any other soldier might be of his woman, and these tankers scowled at the Germans who pressed around them. Sometimes they barked. "Keep back or you might get hurt. This thing might back up and run over you, see?" But they didn't really care if the Germans got hurt at all; they just didn't want strangers fooling around.

There was a time along the way when the entire Sixth Armored almost halted in its tracks. Bobcat Smith heard a woman screaming and yelling as she raced toward the tank column.

One of the medical officers leaped from a half-track and rushed to help her. She kept screaming in Polish, and the medical officer kept shouting, "I can't understand you. I'm sorry, but I don't understand you."

Finally, in desperation, the Polish girl pulled up her skirts and, with graphic gestures, illustrated the fact that she had been hit by shrapnel in the seat of the pants. By this time, every tanker in the Sixth had his field glasses out, but the medic managed to save the situation by taking the girl back to a field hospital and the tanks pushed forward.

Colonel Harry Hanson, of Washington D. C., was leading the column, by-passing towns which offered resistance, leaving them for the infantry to clean up later. Friedberg, which is approximately twenty miles north of Frankfurt, suddenly loomed ahead. As the tanks swung toward the town, the Germans opened fire with deflected 40-mm. ack-ack guns. "Those are mean babies when

INTERNATIONAL

"The German prisoners came from everywhere—from houses, from under logs, from villages. They came walking with their hands in the air"

they are shooting at you," Bobcat Smith said. "Reckon they might go through a tank."

Three hundred Germans in the fields outside the town jumped up and surrendered, but Hanson, in accordance with his policy, swung south and made no attempt to enter the city proper. Bobcat Smith pulled past in his jeep and he looked over at the blazing 40-mms. He thought about the officer who had both eyes blown out at Offenbach and about his lost tank, Daisy Mae.

Temptation Too Hard to Resist

To himself Smith said: "My, it's a shame to let those guys get off that easy." He stopped his jeep and watched the tanks disappearing in the distance. When they were almost gone he growled to himself, "By Golly, it might be done!" So Smith raced down the road to the next tiny town and caught up with the tanks. First Lieutenant Jerome R. Tichy of New York City was standing on the sidewalk.

"Hiyah, Tich," Smith said. "Listen, Tich, there's lots of Krauts back in that other town."

"That's right, sir," said the lieutenant.

Bobcat Smith almost whispered, "Let's go back and make them surrender!"

Smith said later, "I still don't know why I did it. I guess I was just sore—see?—and just wanted to find out what would happen if I asked a whole town to surrender."

On the road back to Friedberg, Smith and Tichy picked up two German-speaking officers for interpreters. When they got to Friedberg they were almost wishing they had stayed with the column. They rode down the street until they came to a railway trestle. Looking up, they saw several long German bazookas leaning over the railing and also the outline of several German helmets with eyes peering from beneath them. Smith punched the German-speaking lieutenant in the ribs and halted his jeep. The lieutenant jumped out and walked down to the bridge, and yelled in German, "Will you surrender?" For some reason the Krauts all jumped up and quit cold.

The Germans were commanded by a corporal, and Smith asked him where army headquarters were inside the town. He and Tich rode through the streets, with German soldiers walking all around. They stared at the jeep and seemed mildly puzzled, but none of them tried to bother the Americans. The latter arrived at headquarters just about the time thirty Hungarian soldiers were changing the guard. They looked pretty snappy, too.

Bobcat Smith walked into headquarters and met the German commander, who was a captain.

Smith came straight to the point. He said, "I want you to surrender to save both of us trouble."

The German captain replied, "I think that's a good idea, Major."

Majority Eager to Surrender

There were a few rear-echelon lieutenant colonels and majors around the place, but apparently they had no command and they seemed eager to surrender, too. Everything looked rosy until the German captain commanding the defenses heard about the surrender proposal.

"He was a little guy about as broad as he was long," Smith said later. "I guess he hadn't figured it out yet that superman was dead."

The German came bursting into the room fit to kill. His face was almost purple. He screamed at the other captain, "What's this about a surrender?"

"Well, under the circumstances it seems wisest," the other captain replied.

It was really a show. The captain who still believed in superman yelled, "I have been fighting for five years and I'll continue to fight." He pulled back his sleeve and exhibited a scar on his arm, and then he pointed to a scar on his face.

The other captain had scars in almost the same spots, and so they both kept pointing to their old wounds and yelling their heads off. This tough captain from the outer defenses just wasn't going to surrender.

Smith only had his jeep with its .50-caliber

(Continued on page 55)

When Mike Todd was hired to operate a gimmick in a carnival at the age of seven, it took him almost three days to figure out a way to make it pay—for Todd

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER–PIX

NOT counting a large number of party-crashers, 632 persons, most of them celebrities, gathered to eat, drink and dance in New York's municipal Tavern On the Green, just inside the western fringe of Central Park.

This was no political picnic, although there were present such figures of bygone Democratic administrations as ex-Mayor James J. Walker; Grover A. Whalen, the most decorative police chief the town ever had; Robert Hannegan, Democratic national chairman; his predecessor, James A. Farley; and Herbert Bayard Swope.

This was just a party. Moving from guest to guest so rapidly that he greeted many celebrants twice was a well-groomed, dark-haired man of medium height whom any movie magnate would be delighted to cast as a gambler. "Excuse me," he would say as he moved from guest to guest, "I gotta make like a host."

He was Michael Todd, the most colorful theatrical producer since Florenz Ziegfeld and Morris Gest. His party was to celebrate the opening of his newest musical, Up in Central Park, whose book, of all things, exposes the rapacity of Tammany Hall and makes clowns and petty political chiselers of some of its Irish characters. Nobody minded this plot except a few critics, who found it slow, for its time was the 1870s and it was Boss Tweed's Tammany Hall.

Mike Todd has the soul of a pitchman and the ambition of a Napoleon. He is regarded by a qualified expert, Damon Runyon, as one of the greatest natural gamblers alive. Joe E. Lewis, the comedian, succinctly characterized him by remarking, "He definitely belongs on a runaway horse." Although each will deny it, there is an intense rivalry between Todd and Billy Rose, and this is at least one of the reasons for the clambake at the Tavern.

Billy had bought the Ziegfeld Theater and had put into it a quite fabulous extravaganza. The Seven Lively Arts, at a cost for theater and show of about a million dollars. The opening night, at $24 a head, was the most delightfully deca-

Up in Central Park's Act I curtain is a rousing waltz featuring Betty Bruce (on ladder), Maureen Cannon (on table), Noah Beery (Boss Tweed) and Maurice Burke (Thomas Nast) left, Watson White (James Fisk, Jr.) behind ladder, and Fred Barry (Joe Stewart) on one knee

dent crush in recent years. To all first-nighters who could fight their way to the basement lounge on the pretext of looking at seven handmade paintings by Salvador Dali, Billy served imported champagne. This moderately expensive stunt became an event of national interest and paid off handsomely in publicity, of which this paragraph is an example.

When Todd was preparing Up in Central Park, he may have decided to show Rose. His opening was only $12 a ticket, but outside the New Century Theater as the performance ended, were lines of tallyhos, hansoms, barouches, landaus and *calèches*—seemingly every horse-drawn vehicle in town short of laundry wagons and beer trucks. Into these piled some six hundred of Mike's guests and through the cold and snow they went to the party.

The cost of showing Billy Rose, if this was the motive, has been estimated at $10,000. In addition to 632 dinners at $5 a throw, there was Scotch, rye, bourbon and champagne for everybody, including crashers, and outside there was a rank of taxicabs to take stragglers home for free.

A $10,000 gesture is about average for Todd. He spent another $10,000 to put one of the artist Varga's leggy babes on a sign almost a block long above the Winter Garden, to advertise another of his hits, Mexican Hayride. Todd considers that it paid off, even though Hayride has moved to another theater, and the sign is down. It got so much publicity, even in places like India, that Mike had to order his clipping service to lay off.

Todd's favorite self-description is "I'm a lucky bum." Actually, while he has boundless faith in his luck at gambling, he is well aware of his skill as a showman. He is fond of considering himself as just a carnival guy. His speech has lately been tempered by contemporary civilization, but it often lapses into the pungent lingo of the midway. He hides the fact that he reads books—lots of books—in bed after the nightly round of Toots Shor's, the Stork Club and Reuben's.

Mike would rather have it known that the Colony Restaurant considers him a most discerning chooser of good food, and that he indulges in such Lucius Beebe gestures as sending $10 downstairs with the message, "My compliments to the chef." He likes swank places and is slightly name-crazy, but—as an intimate remarked—he usually winds up with the herring set.

Todd became a carnival guy at the age of seven, when a man who had a midway pitch engaged him to operate the gimmick. Little Michael hid behind the stand while people out front tossed balls into a bucket. If a tosser got all the balls in he won a live duck, but just as the last one was to be heaved, the man would cry, "Don't miss this one now." This was the cue for the little Todd, whose name then was Avrom Goldbogen, to pull a string which slightly raised the bottom of the bucket and made it impossible for the ball to stick.

The future producer of Broadway shows thought this an interesting occupation, but one capable of improvement. He got a pal to throw the balls. Every time the man cried, "Don't miss this one now," Mike would forget to pull the string, and pretty soon the pal had won all the live ducks the man had.

Mike, who is 37, was born in Minneapolis. When he was twelve, the family moved to Chicago, where Mike ultimately attended Tuley High. Always, though, his life seemed to consist of taking jobs, like selling papers or letting a man with a medicine pitch stick a knife clear through his throat. In Chicago he jerked sodas but sought improvement. In the drugstore he read up on pharmacy and at the age of thirteen passed an exam which, he says, made him the youngest licensed pill-roller in the state.

On the Rocky Road to Success

Having thus graduated from medicine shows to more accepted forms of therapy, Todd became an apprentice at Reese Hospital, where he made friends with an up-coming shoeman, M. S. Florsheim, who was a patient. Florsheim gave Mike a job, first as a trunk boy on the road, later in a Chicago store. Todd got fired because the company foolishly invited employees to make suggestions for improving the business. He wrote so many suggestions that Florsheim, possibly figuring it was a case of either himself or Mike, let Mike go. But the two are fast friends today.

One of Todd's ventures in his early teens was teaching shopkeepers how to conduct Fire, Lost Our Lease and Forced to Vacate sales; it folded when a client actually did have to close. He established a college of bricklaying; it laid an egg. Next he became a builder, constructing Happy Homes and even apartments, and for the first time he really prospered enough to get married and build himself a Happy Home in Evanston. He was then 17.

A bond house busted and wiped him out, so he went to California as a soundproofing expert and prospered again, for talkies had come in, and producers were frantically nailing old bed ticking to their studio walls to keep out traffic noises and the shouting of birds. But Mike lost out again when he took on a too-big municipal contracting job. He has been wiped out oftener than a spelling list on a grade-school blackboard.

Back in Chicago, Todd became a radio writer for the comedians, Olsen and Johnson, until he discovered the World's Fair and became a showman. With a typical Todd fillip, he devised a Flame Dance in which a girl was disrobed with fire. A midway houri in filmy garb makes like a moth and dances closer and closer to a candle until her wrappings are ignited and burn off, and there she is. Mike claims he burned up several girls before he figured out a way of fireproofing females.

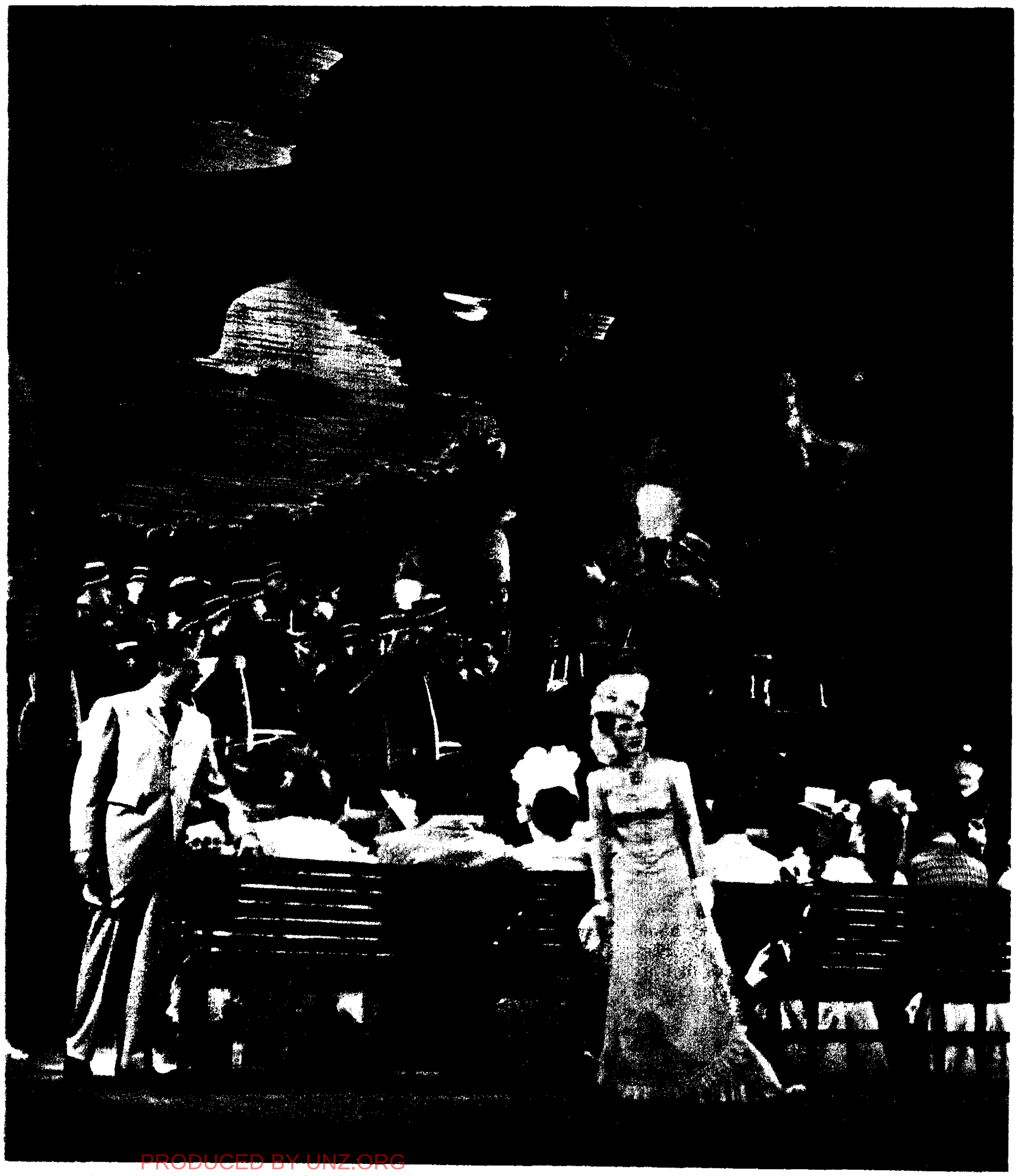
Todd sent a girl show on the road, then went highbrow and produced The Mikado in Chicago. It failed, and the failure rankled. He invaded Broadway with two plays, Call Me Ziggy and The Man from Cairo, which folded fast and also rankled. Then he really hit his stride by presenting Bill Robinson in The Hot Mikado, which was not only a hit but also very good.

It was natural that Todd and the New York World's Fair should discover each other. It was here that the Rose-Todd rivalry was born, and here that Mike got off his most-quoted gag. The gag first:

The Hot Mikado had been transferred from Broadway to the Fair, and Equity was fussing about the wages Todd was paying. A reporter came to Mike with a problem. "Your auditor says the show is losing money," he said, "and your publicity man says it is cleaning up. What about this?"

"All I can say is," replied the showman, "that both departments are functioning perfectly."

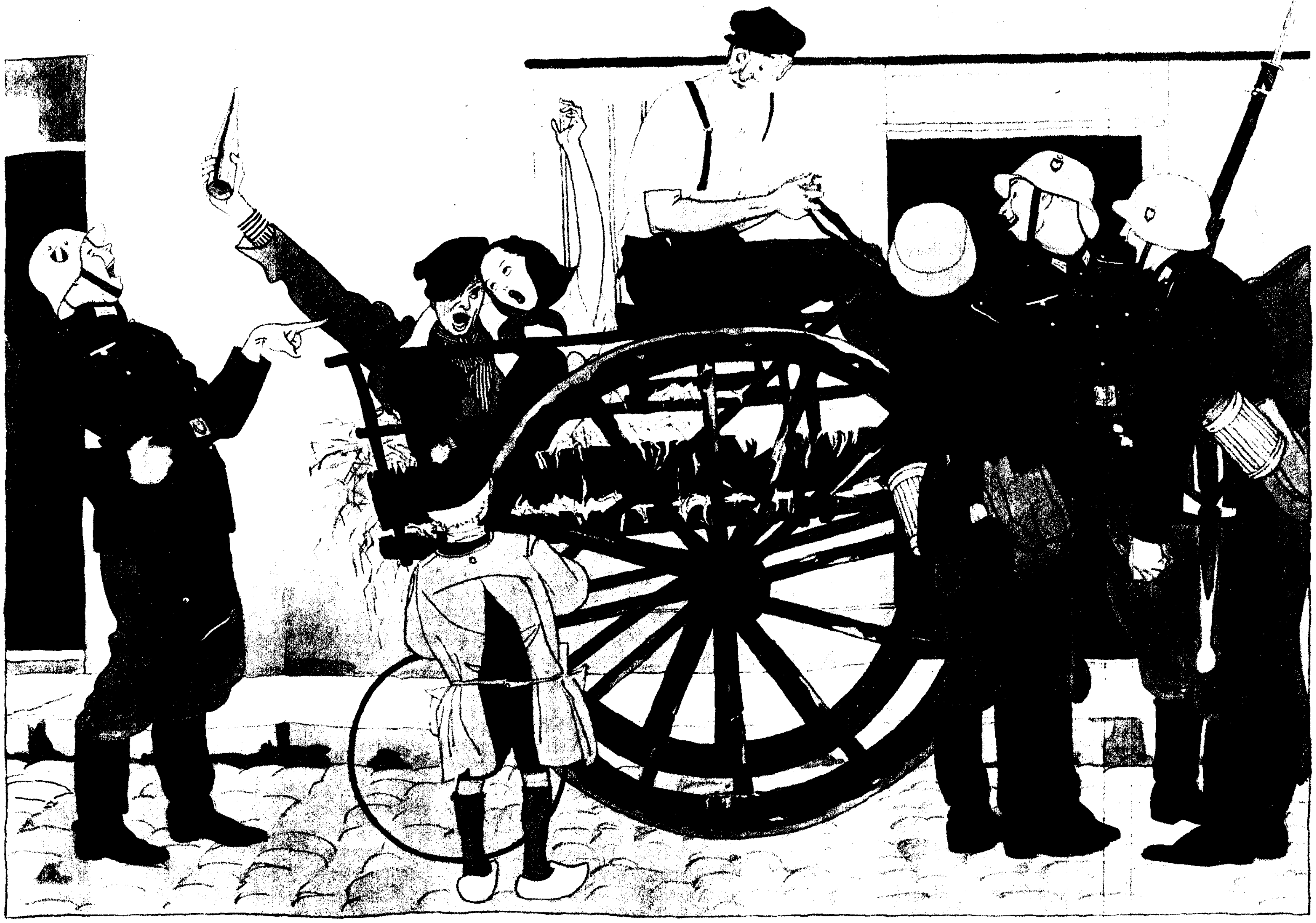
Rose and Todd just about *(Continued on page 30)*



Maureen Cannon as Rosie Moore, daughter of a Tweed henchman, finally gets together with the crusading reporter, played by Wilbur Evans, at a Park band concert for the happy ending. The play, which boosts N. Y. Times, was panned by its critic

WHEN LEO CAME MARCHING HOME

BY SEYMOUR L. GOMBERG



When they stopped for the third time Leo sang louder and held Yvonne tighter. He was scared stiff until the inspection was over and the German soldiers began to laugh

It seemed that Leo was a hero, but no one would admit it. Not his town, not his family, and certainly not Leo himself

PRACTICALLY everybody in uniform would like to be a hero. You can't blame them. It's a wonderful honor. But it takes a lot more than just being brave and ready to sacrifice yourself. Circumstances help, too. Or maybe it's fate. I don't know for sure. All I know is the true story about what happened to Leo Kluggs—not the crazy rumors and quick-changing legends that are making the rounds right now. I'm just telling the facts.

When Leo enlisted in 1939, he was only a clerk in a small-town insurance office. But he was one of the first boys in town to enlist; and when he came back, after his basic training, to become an aerial gunnery instructor at a field only ten miles from home, he was a hero right off the bat.

It was great for a guy like Leo to be pointed out, stopped on the street, asked for his opinion, and invited all over. His folks were bursting with pride. His girl, Marge, just glowed when she was with him. Being the only home-town boy back in uniform, Leo became a sort of a symbol. And he enjoyed every minute of it.

But after two years of this, things changed. The rest of the boys were sending V-mails from all over the world. A couple of them had already been decorated. And there was Leo, still ten miles from home, commuting to war every day, and gaining weight. Don't think he felt that he was getting away with something. He was doing a job, and he was willing to tell anybody about it, but people were beginning to avoid him.

The trouble was that his folks started feeling a little uncomfortable, what with everyone else's son killing Japs and Nazis. Marge, his girl, wasn't too happy any more, either.

"It's not that they don't think you're brave, Leo," Marge explained. "It's just that they don't think it's right for you to be in the Army and at home, at the same time." She couldn't stop the tears, when she told him this.

So Leo went right to his captain and asked for combat duty. He said he wanted to see action. The captain was impressed, of course, and promised to put through the paper work right away. By the time he left the office, Leo felt like a hero again.

His folks hadn't expected anything so drastic as this. But now that it had happened, they were even prouder. Their boy had *requested* combat duty. Marge cried a little, for a different reason, but she began glowing again. As for the people in town, they couldn't do enough for Leo. They all felt guilty about the way they had treated him, and now they did their best to make it up to him. The minister used part of his sermon that Sunday to praise him; the Rotary Club invited him to a supper; and the insurance company where Leo used to work presented him with an engraved watch. After all, this boy was going to leave any minute to defend them with his life.

IT WASN'T Leo's fault after that when the gunnery program was stepped up at the field, and the commanding officer cancelled all pending transfers of permanent staff instructors. Leo raved, begged, and was in the hair of every officer for five whole months. But he couldn't even get himself shipped to another base here in the States. He was trapped. . . .

You can imagine what it was like for him in town. Marge was ashamed to be seen with him at all; his father was talking about moving the family to Ohio; his mother gave up

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

her organizations, even the sewing club. Leo got to the point where he would stop people and tell them why he was still around. But it got worse, steadily, even after he only came in once or twice a week, through back streets and alleys.

The five months were showing on Leo. He started losing weight, and his head looked loose on his neck. And when the captain called him into his office one morning, he saluted weakly, then stared at the floor.

"I've got some good news for you, Kluggs," the captain said. Leo didn't bother to look up. "A B-17 on its way to England just made an emergency landing here. The tail gunner's appendix burst." Leo's head popped back. "How would you like to go in his place?"

"Me? Now?"

"First thing in the morning."

Leo gulped, then threw his arms around the captain and kissed him. An hour later he was packed, had the first of his overseas shots, and was already hitching home to tell his folks.

Mrs. Kluggs cried, but her eyes were shining as she went to the phone to tell her friends. Mr. Kluggs called in the neighbors and opened a bottle of Scotch he had been hiding in the garage. Marge cried a little, but she was gurgling all over again. Leo promised to shoot down half the German air force, and posed for a photographer the town paper sent over.

Half the town watched that Fortress fly over the next morning. Mrs. Kluggs decided to go to the sewing club that afternoon; she wanted to begin knitting socks for Leo. But Mr. Kluggs couldn't go to work. He had a hang-over and looked green.

ALMOST before he got to know everybody's name in the crew, Leo's Fortress landed in Maine. While the ship was being refueled and checked over, he wrote a long letter to his folks. "This is it," he finished; "the chance I've been waiting two years for. I'll admit I feel kind of nervous and shaky inside when I realize that in an hour we'll be over water, on our way across. But I'm going to give a good account of myself. That I promise you and all the rest back home. For me, this is the big test, and I'm ready. . . ."

He just had time to put an airmail stamp on it and mail it before they took off. A half hour later, from the tail turret, Leo watched the shores of North America fade away. He felt scared and great, all at the same time.

If the navigator hadn't told them the country below was Ireland, Leo would never have known it. To him it looked just like Pennsylvania on a foggy morning.

The visibility was bad, and the pilot set the B-17 down hard. When they stopped rolling, the right wheel locked, spinning the plane around. After inspecting the wheel, an engineering officer told them it would have to be rebuilt. So that afternoon, while the repairs were being made, Leo wrote his first V-mail letter, to his folks, from "Somewhere in Ireland."

"We haven't reached our permanent base yet," it read, "so I don't know yet what my A.P.O. number will be. Just being in a foreign country, even if it's only Ireland, makes me realize that this isn't a dream. It shouldn't be long before I will be seeing certain other foreign countries whose names I cannot mention. . . ."

While Leo's Fort was taking off in a fog for England the next day, the letter was in a C-47 already flying through the same fog on its way back to the States. . . .

AT HOME his folks hadn't quite gotten over his first letter from Maine, which had arrived that noon. Mr. Kluggs said he was going to buy a frame for it. Marge had read it so many times already, she knew it by heart. And a lot of people were going to be pretty sore at themselves for ever thinking that Leo Kluggs wasn't a true, brave American airman, like the newspaper was sure to say that Sunday.

Mr. Kluggs ordered fifty papers, and found another bottle of Scotch. He didn't make church Sunday morning. . . .

On that same Sunday morning, Leo was in the tail turret trying to see England through the haze below. According to their schedule, they were due to arrive at their base in two hours and ten minutes after they took off. So far they hadn't been able to see anything below, because of the clouds, and the B-17 never stopped bouncing and pitching for a minute; the instruments were whipping around like roulette wheels; and twice they ran into rain and crosswinds.

Little by little the clouds cleared, however, and they started to see patches of ground, houses, and some farms below. Then they saw an airfield pattern, with long runways and a row of hangars.

"We'll be eating steak and kidney pie in fifteen minutes, lads," the pilot yelled over the interphone, as he pushed the Fort's nose down. They all cheered.

"How'd we get here so fast?" the navigator broke in. "We're not due to arrive for fifteen minutes yet. Maybe this isn't our field. We might be off course. I'll check."

"Just look at the map, Columbus. You should memorize them like I do," the pilot answered.

Leo heard all this while he was unbuckling his parachute and stowing it. He could hardly believe they were almost there.

But the radio operator never made the call, because just then three of the gunners saw Messerschmitts—at least twenty of them. And they were taking off from the field below!

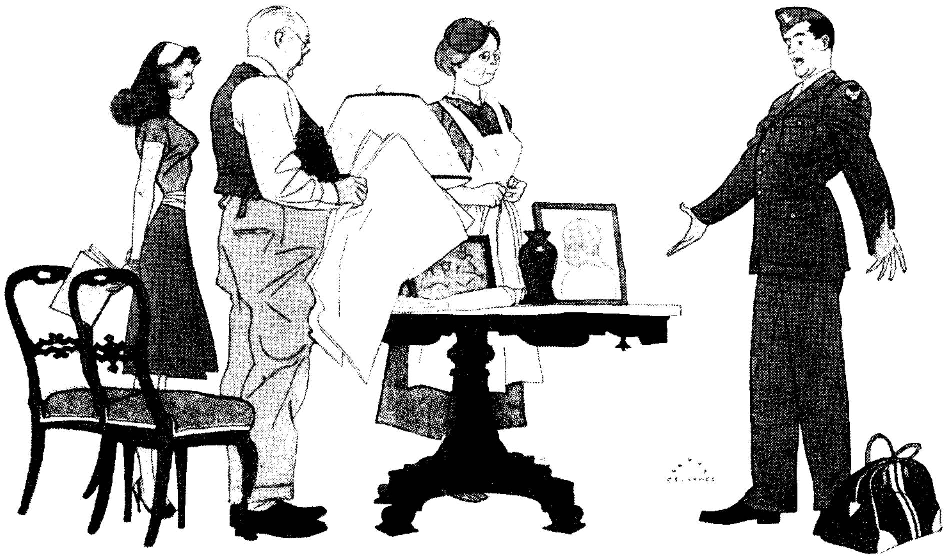
"What in the hell's going on?" a waist gunner screeched. "Those are Germans!"

"I told you," the navigator broke in; "we're off our course!"

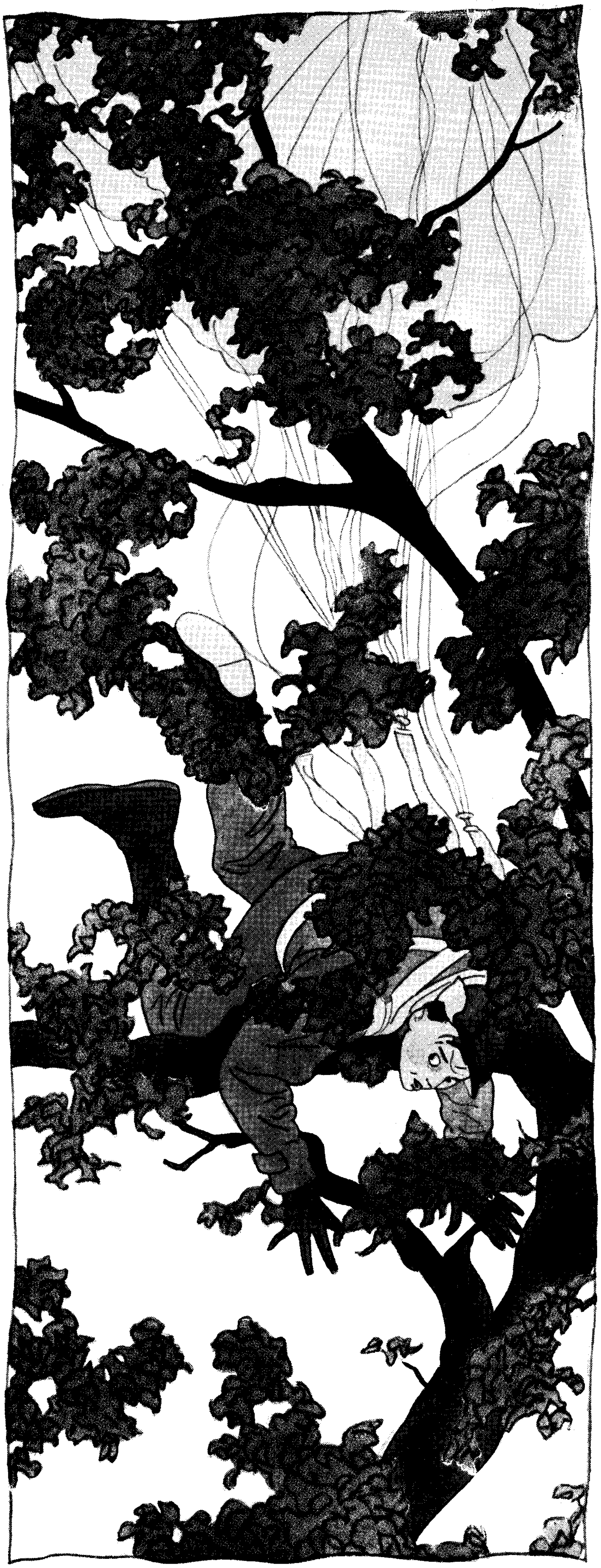
"We must be over France!" somebody else yelled back. "That's a German field; they think we're coming over on a raid!"

"Get into the clouds!" It was the bombardier. "It's our only chance!"

(Continued on page 77)



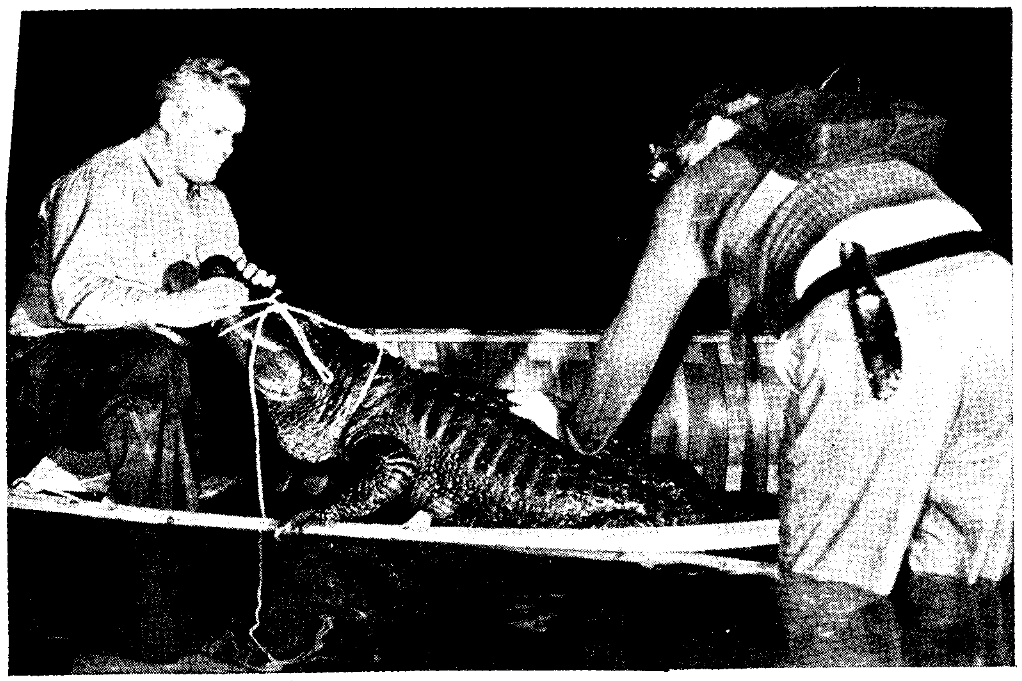
As soon as he walked into the house, Leo knew he was cooked. His folks and Marge jumped up—then froze. "Is . . . is this the way to welcome a guy home?" he asked



How far he fell, Leo never knew. He just suddenly stopped falling, with a shock that almost tore his head off, and then he started swinging back and forth

Coming up from behind, Ross Allen of Silver Springs, Florida, gets astride an 8-foot bull 'gator. Once a 'gator clamped his jaws on Allen's headlamp, just missing his nose

While the beast is thrashing around wildly, trying to throw off his captor by sideswiping his knees or sinking under logs, Allen manages to slip a noose over his jaws



Despite the false air of bravado, the unhappy author distrusts the rope's strength. Getting the unwieldy monster into the fragile canoe for the trip back takes skill

The alligator has two "business" ends; his tail can be almost as lethal as his jaws. Here Allen and the author tie legs behind his back before loading him in the car

BULL OF THE SWAMPS

BY JOHN MALONEY

Hunting alligators in the Florida swamps by night is strictly for those who thrive on a life of excitement and danger

IT ALL started down at Ross Allen's Florida Reptile Institute at Silver Springs, where he has collected thousands of rattlers, copperheads, moccasins, turtles, alligators and crocodiles, which he uses to give visitors to his stockade a thirty-five-cent fright.

We were looking over into a pen of six- or eight-foot 'gators when he casually remarked that he had gone out into the swamps and captured ten-foot alligators with nothing but his bare hands, a short piece of rope, and a 75-pound canoe. "It can't be done," I said.

"I'll show you tonight," he replied, and that was how I found myself a few hours later up to my armpits in muck and black swamp water, wishing I had kept my mouth shut.

The moon was coming up over that cypress, bay and mangrove jungle when we slipped the canoe into Spring Creek, a 60-to-100-foot-wide stream of crystal-clear water that bursts out of a tremendous boil known as Alexander Spring. On our heads we wore strong battery lamps to spot the eyes of alligators where they lay under tangles of vines alongshore or at the edges of lily clumps. But as we floated downstream with the current, it seemed that the eyes of all the swamp-land creatures were reflected by the light.

There was another world watching us from under the canoe's keel. A two-foot eel slithered into the underwater grasses when our beam caught him swimming ten feet below. A long-necked, soft-shell turtle tried to hide his eighteen-inch shell under a mass of lily roots. Farther downstream we floated over schools of fresh-water mullet, spawning bass, three-foot gars and hundreds of bream and speckled perch.

If you've never been in the heart of a swamp at night, you've yet to hear one of the most amazing combinations of sound to be found anywhere: the deep, rolling resonance of the big green frogs, the soprano of tree frogs piping in chorus, and all the weird and surprising calls of the night birds—the bullbats, the great owl of deep woods, the quarreling, jerky cries of bittern, cranes and limpkin and the infinitely sad calls of the chuck-will's-widow. Countless insects added their remarks. Even the big bass sometimes seemed to slap their tails in unison on the water when they leaped to snap at bugs attracted by our lights.

While these alligators—hang-overs from a previous age—which we were hunting are not exactly facing extinction in the Gulf states, hunters and natural enemies have reduced numbers to where the sight of one in a roadside canal or in Florida's thousands of lakes has become a rarity rather than a commonplace. Their nesting habits add to the natural hazards.

The female 'gator makes a nest on shore by scratching leaves, brush and mud together and piling it about thirty inches high and four feet in diameter. There she deposits her twenty to sixty goose-sized eggs and

(Continued on page 36)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Just like old times . . . Have a Coca-Cola

. . . or meeting-up time at the fountain

Everybody meets everybody at the soda fountain. It's the neighborhood meeting place. That's where your G. I., home on furlough, can get back in touch with the local goings-on. That's where the words *Have a Coke* start new friendships and seal old ones. Yes, Coca-Cola, tingling with life and sparkle, is the center of attraction, inviting all comers to join up, be refreshed and feel friendly. Drop in at the soda fountain today yourself and meet up with *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coke. You'll like it . . . lots.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK
Coca-Cola
-the global
high-sign

You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality product of The Coca-Cola Company.

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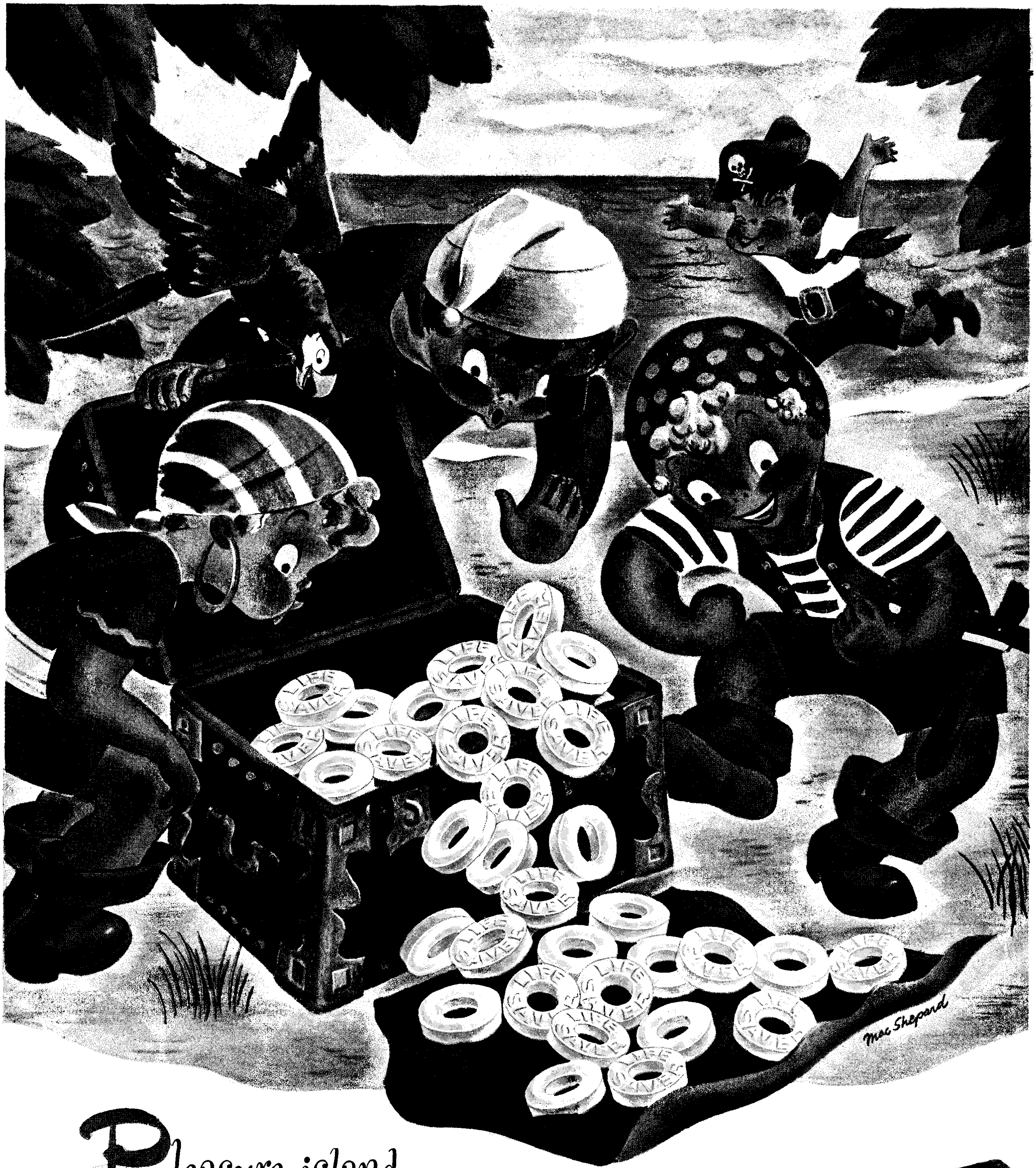
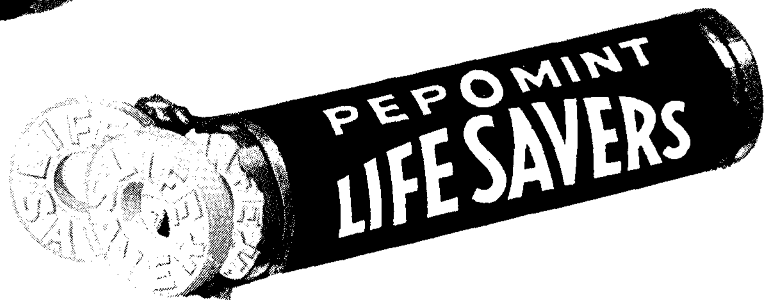
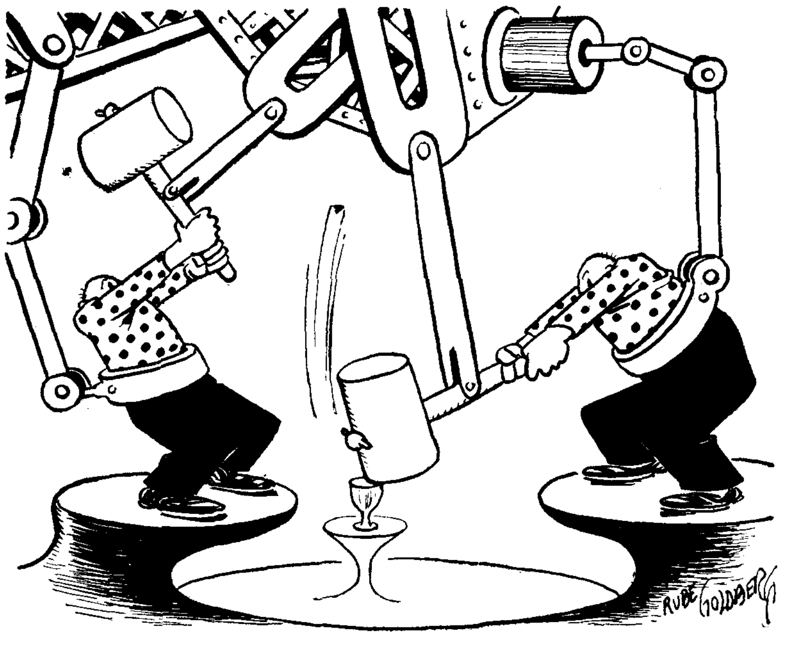

Mac Shepard

Pleasure island

These lucky youngsters have certainly come upon a heap of pleasure. There's nothing *quite* like Peppermint Life Savers for cool, clean, minty flavor . . . mighty refreshing. Try some yourself. Only 5¢.


PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS



Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Glassware That Bounces

Kitchen crockery, which generations of irate wives have bounced off the heads of offending husbands, is due for a rest in future when bouncing glassware arrives in the home. Even the most heavy-handed dishwasher can throw an armful of it in the sink without breaking a piece.

Bouncing glassware is not a stunt but an up-to-the-minute application of well-known heat-treating principles used to take the strains out of glass objects, making them nearly as tough as steel. When the Navy needed glass tableware that could safely be tossed around by rough weather, technicians developed the "bouncing tumbler" for the job. Specifications were not met until heat-treated tumblers could stand the "thermal shock" of being yanked out of a boiling pot and plunged immediately into ice water, then passed through a "brutalizer" where steel hammers were dropped on the thin drinking edges—all without so much as a crack.

Intimate Portrait of a Molecule

Man's war to pry into the secrets of nature is scoring another victory with a super-super microscope that makes pictures of the atoms themselves, showing their exact arrangements in the molecules that make up familiar substances. A group of atoms a few billionths of an inch across can be photographed just as if they were a pile of tennis balls on a shelf. When fully developed, this discovery will mean the answers to nature's most elusive questions: Why are materials strong or weak, light or heavy, soft or hard, colored or transparent?

The superinstrument is not just a better microscope but a method of combining a set of X-ray pictures in such a way as to add up and bring out details too infinitesimal to be seen in a single picture. The well-known X-ray "diffraction patterns" of crystals, long used to indicate molecular arrangement, are worthless until a mathematician has analyzed them and built a large-scale model by interpretation of rings and spots on a photographic plate.

Just as you might get a hazy idea of the shape of a house by shouting at it in the dark and then mapping the intensity of the echoes, so laboratory researchers can X-ray a substance and decide how its molecules must be built. Now we have a way of lighting up the house and looking at it at leisure.

Many X-ray negatives are taken of a substance from different positions, then laid on top of one another and printed through on a single sheet of paper. This montage eliminates the "gigantic" structure of the material and gets down to the unit pattern of one molecule alone. Each atom then appears as a black blob on the print, in its exact position in space. A light microscope can enlarge some 2,000 times; the electron "mike" can sometimes reach 200,000. But this new scheme easily passes the 200 million mark. Seeing actual atomic structure will help chemists immensely in "building" new gasolines, artificial rubber, synthetic plastics and medicines, for sight is still the most revealing of all human methods of detection.

Quickie Houses by the Thousands

On its deathbed, the war will do us a few good turns. One of these will be the high-speed assembly of housing units in vast reconstruction programs throughout Europe. Frankly temporary, these overnight settlements for bombed-out families and cleanup crews will give us the foundations for a great new prefabricated housing era at home. Portable houses, entirely suitable for many months of occupation in all climates, will be turned out by the thousands, knocked flat and crated for shipment anywhere. A village large enough to house 1,300 people can be loaded on a single Liberty ship.

Not a single pound of material will be wasted. Even the packing boxes, seven feet square and eighteen feet long, will be so rugged that they can be moved into back yards for chicken houses and livestock barns. A couple of days will turn a box of parts into a ready-to-go home. ★★★

Why You Don't Get Meat

Continued from page 12

windmills, fences, saddles and numerous other items of equipment is, roughly, $50. The cow herself is worth $150 to $200. An unregistered purebred would be somewhat less. This first outlay of about $500 does not include four important expenses: services of a bull, who may be valued at $300 to $1,000; cost of fertilizers and of adding minerals—a science in itself—to the grazing soil; price of feeds; and the wages of cowboys, which vary in the United States from $70 to $180 a month and found. In ranching, as in other industries, labor and materials have skyrocketed. For example, workaday saddles that were $75 before the war are now $150.

Although hit by the draft, cowboys are not "dying out," contrary to widespread notion. There is, however, a diminution in the use of horses in favor of motor vehicles, and postwar jeeps will further affect the ponies. But horses will always be necessary for herding, roping, and other chores requiring flexibility and intelligent co-operation.

At Home—On the Range

And the lean, tanned, hardy, slow-talking, far-spitting men with blue eyes that see over horizons will always be there. A good cowboy thinks in cow language. He circulates among his critters, lives with them, sings, talks and whistles to them, never forces or excites them, until they accept him as one of their own and virtually follow him around. Range cattle are unlike dairy herds. They are half wild, and scatter over great spaces.

Calves generally weigh from 60 to 100 pounds when born. The work that ensures Americans eventually getting the finest, cleanest, safest and most hygienic meat in the world—and goes right along to the federal inspection of each animal immediately after slaughter—starts quickly.

Their navels must be doctored to prevent screwworm. Small metal markers are fastened onto their ears for recognition; later on, they may be firebranded. They are inoculated against various cattle diseases, with surgical care and precautions. Some breeds are dehorned. This prevents their inflicting eye injuries upon one another when crowded, as in shipment, and it allows more to get to a feed trough (some feedlot operators won't buy horned cattle) and, in the common belief, makes them gentle. They may get as many as four medicated dips in their first year to kill insect pests.

All such operations, involving hundreds of cattle, are tedious and expensive. Foster-mother cows must be maintained to run with every herd, to care for calves left motherless or those whose mothers, for a variety of reasons, may be unable to nurse them.

Calves will learn to graze at about three weeks. "Creep pens"—fenced-in troughs, with the lower rails left out so that only the calves and not the cows can get under—are dotted around all pastures. Here the babies get a protein diet of cottonseed meal cake and grain to supplement their nursing and grazing. The aim is to build into the calf the big frame on which intensive feeding at a later stage will hang quality meat.

Cattlemen talk of "calf crops" precisely as farmers talk of potato or other crops; but in terms of yield by herd instead of by acre. It is a matter of intensive management. Bulls are permitted to run with the cows only at chosen times, to regulate the seasons at which the calves will arrive and thus space the ranch work. Views, and conditions, differ as to the number of bulls with a herd; one to every fifteen cows is an average. Nowadays a well-conducted ranch will have a crop of about 700 calves from every 1,000 cows. Bulls go to work at a little over two years; at about ten years they begin to reach you as hamburgers.

A male calf, unless the rancher likes his looks for breeding purposes, is castrated and is then a "steer." This is supposed to increase his value for beef in that he will fatten more readily. An old steer is an ox.

Under normal range conditions, a calf is weaned at 8 to 10 months; and here the production line splits into a selection of many routes before it converges again at the slaughterhouse.

The calf may go at once to market as veal, which is a term of weight rather than size. Any calf 275 pounds or less, which has been nursed and grazed and not fed, is usually veal. Older and bigger calves which have had some grain, and before they become yearlings, are "baby beef." You can tell baby beef on your platter by its large amount of soft, yellow fat.

The big calves and the "yearlings"—called short yearlings from 12 to 18 months, and long yearlings from 18 to 24 months—may go directly to a slaughterer from the ranch, where they may have been grazed, or grain fed, or a combination of both. Or they may go to feedlots in the Corn Belt states. In recent years there has been a subtle influence drawing young beef directly to market. This is the smaller average size of American families, and city apartment living, calling for smaller roasts and steaks. Two other factors accelerate this tendency now: ration points, which go further with smaller cuts; and the uncertainty in the feedlot business.

Smaller Cattle, Less Shoe Leather

Another result here is of importance to you. The government has warned of an impending shortage in shoe leather; by fall, only fabric uppers may be available for you. As usual, it is blamed on the need of the armed forces. Actually it is rooted in the smaller, lighter cattle now reaching slaughter and in their smaller hides.

The rancher may deal with feedlot men, with independent slaughterers, or with the big packers, all of whom, either in person or through agents, make regular trips combing the range lands for stock. Or he may deal with commission agents. There are scores of methods, and no point in our trying to follow them all. At whatever age the calf we saw at birth in Texas leaves the ranch, and whichever channel it follows, the net result is the same. It moves up through a complicated network of industry toward your kitchen.

The leading cattle-raising states are Texas, Oklahoma, California, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho and Utah, with Florida gaining. The feedlot part of the industry is primarily in the great American Corn Belt, chiefly because this is a natural geographic midway between the range country and the big city markets of North and East; also because in this area, grains and roughage being abundant, it fits in with the farmers' yearly programs.

There are, of course, some large-scale feedlot operators, comparable with the biggest cattle-raising ranches. By and large, however, the backbone of the feeding industry lies on thousands upon thousands of small Middle West farms, which handle only from 25 to 100 cattle a year, and do it as incidental to their other farming activities and to utilize their surplus of grain and silage.

Feeding—the close balancing and proportioning of grains and roughage according to the grades of cattle handled—is an extraordinarily scientific work. It is full of pitfalls for the small farmer, who hasn't the facilities or opportunities for selecting his feeders that big operators have. If he is very successful and skilled he may raise the grade of what he buys from commercial to good, or from good to choice.

Generally, however, his margin of profit is entirely in the extra weight he feeds on. This, governed by many factors, may be $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 pounds a day. Thus, using round figures, if he buys a 700-pound steer of good grade and feeds it intensively for six months, he may sell it at more than 1,000 pounds. It is obvious that he works, therefore, on a narrow margin and is sensitive to market price fluctuations not only in the cattle but in feeds.

He's a pretty mystified guy, this cattle feeder. He is beginning to suspect that Washington is crazy. In two years the ceiling on corn has jumped from 72 cents a bushel to $1.16. He grows corn to feed cattle. But he now finds it more profitable to sell the corn as corn rather than sell it as added pounds of weight on a steer. One Missourian told me it cost him 32 cents a pound to fatten cattle, but that the most he could get from the

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slaughterer was 15 to 16 cents a pound. An Illinois feeder said that an added pound of beef cost him 28 cents in corn, and that he'd rather sell his corn to breakfast-food manufacturers or alcohol makers.

Loss of weight in transit is a considerable item, too, together with the cost of transportation, which ranchers and feeders must bear. A 1,000-pound steer may lose as much as 60 pounds on his way to the slaughterer. There is a further shrinkage in processing, also, as every housewife knows, in cooking.

Nowadays beef cattle are shipped from ranges to feedlots and thence to slaughterers by rail or by motor truck. Federal regulations are that, on long journeys, they must be rested, fed and watered each 36 hours. In earlier and more picturesque days, great herds were driven on the hoof. Soon after the Revolution, droves from Ohio valleys crossed the Alleghenies to Eastern cities.

Later, the storied trails of the prairies west of the Mississippi were alive with vast herds, moving up from the ranch country to railheads, grazing as they went along, even gaining weight. Droves made gala days for the frontier towns they passed through; those old-time herds are responsible for the wide streets today in the cities of Kansas and neighboring states.

There were "longhorns" then, but now that famous critter survives largely in memory and in horns mounted on the walls of Southwest clubs. Herefords (whitefaces), Angus (black), and Shorthorns (nondescript) are the principal breeds that you eat. All are of British origin. The Hereford is from the west of England; the Angus is from Scotland; the Shorthorn is the English Durham. Breeding work and conditions here, of course, have produced stock quite different from the originals. Cattlemen explain that the ideal beef cattle—the one that will produce the best meat for your meals—looks like a matchbox set on its side on four short match sticks; wide, straight back, broad rump, good depth of body, straight underside, short legs.

Only one distinctive and separately recognized breed has ever been evolved in the United States, and that recently. It is the "Santa Gertrudis," of the King Ranch in Texas; but it is not yet a big market factor. Purebred Brahmins (or zebus), the mouse-colored and humpbacked cattle of India, are now being used to breed size, certain insect resistance, and other qualities into other strains. The Brahmin is the only cattle that sweats all over, and this discourages insects. He is the only one that can twitch any portion of his body at will, to discourage visitors. And he is the only bull that charges with his eyes wide open and constantly on his target, and can thus change the direction of his horns in the last fraction of a second.

A Twenty-Per-Cent Loss

We have come to the packer station on the production line. Of hogs, it is often said that only the squeal is wasted. Of beef cattle, it is not quite as true to say that only the moo is lost. Of a 1,000-pound steer, 100 pounds represents material for which no use has yet been found. Shrinkage takes well more than another 100 pounds.

About 540 pounds is beef, or various cuts. But the steer gives a good many edible portions besides beef: heart, liver, sweetbreads, kidneys, tripe, cheeks, lips, brains and tongues. Some of these go into potted meats and sausages. He also provides gelatin for your desserts and casings for your sausages. Even candy and ice cream get representation—from his feet bones.

An amazing list of by-products, useful to your everyday life and health, come from his inedible portions; from his 70-pound hide; his blood, fat and head, which weigh about 30 pounds each, his 10-pound feet, and other parts. The hide when cured is used for shoe uppers and soles, for harness, saddlery and belting. The delicate hairs inside his ears make artists' brushes. His body hair goes into felting and plaster binders. Glue, lard, leather dressing, soap, glycerin, tallow, fertilizers and dozens of items derive from him. You never think when you comb your hair or button your coat that you are doing so with something that once ran wild and free on a Western ranch. His glands are eminently useful in pharmaceuticals. His gallstones are sent to the Orient—as medicine, perfume and incense.

But it is the beef you are most interested in, and cattlemen have an ironic tip for you. They say that the very best steak you can possibly get is a loin cut from a four-year-old steer that has been grass-ranged for three and a half years and then finished off with six months of corn to a "prime" condition. They also tell you how to pick it at your butcher's. It should have a not-too-wide margin or rind of firm dead-white fat. The meat itself should be cherry red in color, with an over-all "marbling" of faint threadlike fat lines thoroughly cross-secting the meat. That marbling is the most important thing to look for; it makes tenderness, savoriness and juiciness. Well, you can dream, can't you?

He's come a long way, that little whiteface who looked up sadly at you from a grassy field in Texas. Unfortunately, today he is a myth rather than a saga—the myth of "the little steak that isn't here!"

The reasons why you can't buy a juicy sirloin fall into four major categories: (1) the armed forces need and take a large part of it; (2) black markets, which will steal the steaks from under your fork; (3) geography—the average pound of meat travels about 1,100 miles to get to the American table; (4) subsidies, which are paid at the wrong end, to packers instead of to producers. In the concluding installment of this article, W. B. Courtney tells you what these four factors mean in terms of keeping meat from your table.

THE MEAT SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES

AS THIS article went to press, Collier's completed a national survey of the meat crisis. The sectional reactions are two: "It's very bad here!" and "It's impossible!" In some areas, as much as one third of the legal meat is being sidetracked to the black market. There were some ironic twists to a grave situation: In one part of Bergen County, New Jersey, housewives complained that they could get nothing but beef and they were tired of it. In Georgia, a packer went to jail for putting 85 per cent soybean meal in his hamburgers.

In Minnesota and the Northwest areas, meat was scarce in the big cities and plentiful in the small towns. In Minneapolis and St. Paul, beef cuts, pork loins, bacon and ham were less than 25 per cent of normal. Meat dealers petitioned Congress to investigate what they called a "legalized" black market brought about by permitting small slaughterhouses to operate without quotas. The meat dealers maintain that 6,000 head of cattle per day are diverted to these "quotaless" groups, who distribute it in the rural areas.

The situation in New England is very bad. Shoppers pass butcher shops grimly reciting "Old Mother Hubbard." In the suburban areas, there are scrapings of meat. In cities like Boston, there is no steer beef. No sirloin. No tenderloin. Irish-Catholic Boston went almost hamless at Easter. Bottom round and top round can be bought—but it's cow meat. Chicken is something which almost everyone remembers. The black market is deep underground and big. Red points are sold six dollars a thousand. Fines totaling $20,000 have been levied against wholesalers convicted of selling over ceiling prices.

In Louisiana, meat is practically nonexistent except on the hoof. Two New Orleans abbatoirs closed down in protest over an OPA regulation that, where beef is found to be overgraded, the slaughterers will kick back the overcharge to the retail butchers. What meat there is finds its way into restaurants because they are permitted to pay 20 per cent more than the housewives. In Georgia, a trickle of meat goes to the butchers' favorite customers. The rest eat bologna, ham and frankfurters. There is a flourishing black market near Atlanta which is fed meat by "shade tree" slaughterers. This meat comes from poor-grade native cows, and the slaughterers ask and get twice the ceiling price for stringy meat.

Los Angeles hadn't seen pork in weeks. There was a little beef, but a population increase and the fact that the military requisitions 60 per cent of dressed meats keeps southern California close to a fish diet. In the Northwest, beef is scarce, and veal and lamb are almost impossible to obtain. However, places like Tacoma and Portland report little public indignation, and what little there is seems to be directed against the Canadians in Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver, where juicy steaks seem to abound. Some citizens wrote the newspapers that Canada, rather than the U.S., should undertake the heavy work in feeding Europe.

In the Middle West, the big packers are getting less and less livestock to kill. They claim that this is because the small packers have been getting more, and much meat is finding its way into deep-freeze lockers on farms.

New York was getting 40 per cent of normal supply, but a big black market was getting a chunk of that. Every time the authorities hack at a black market, two more pop up around the corner. One official estimated that 85 per cent of all New York butchers are in the black market one way or another. Legally, New York housewives can't buy good beef. About 60 per cent of the choice grades go to the military. What's left goes to hotels, clubs, restaurants and the de luxe black market. Poultry is largely black market. In the presence of an OPA inspector, a butcher sold a chicken to a woman for $2.98—the legal price—and said, "And there's that dollar you owe me from yesterday. Remember?" She remembered, gladly.

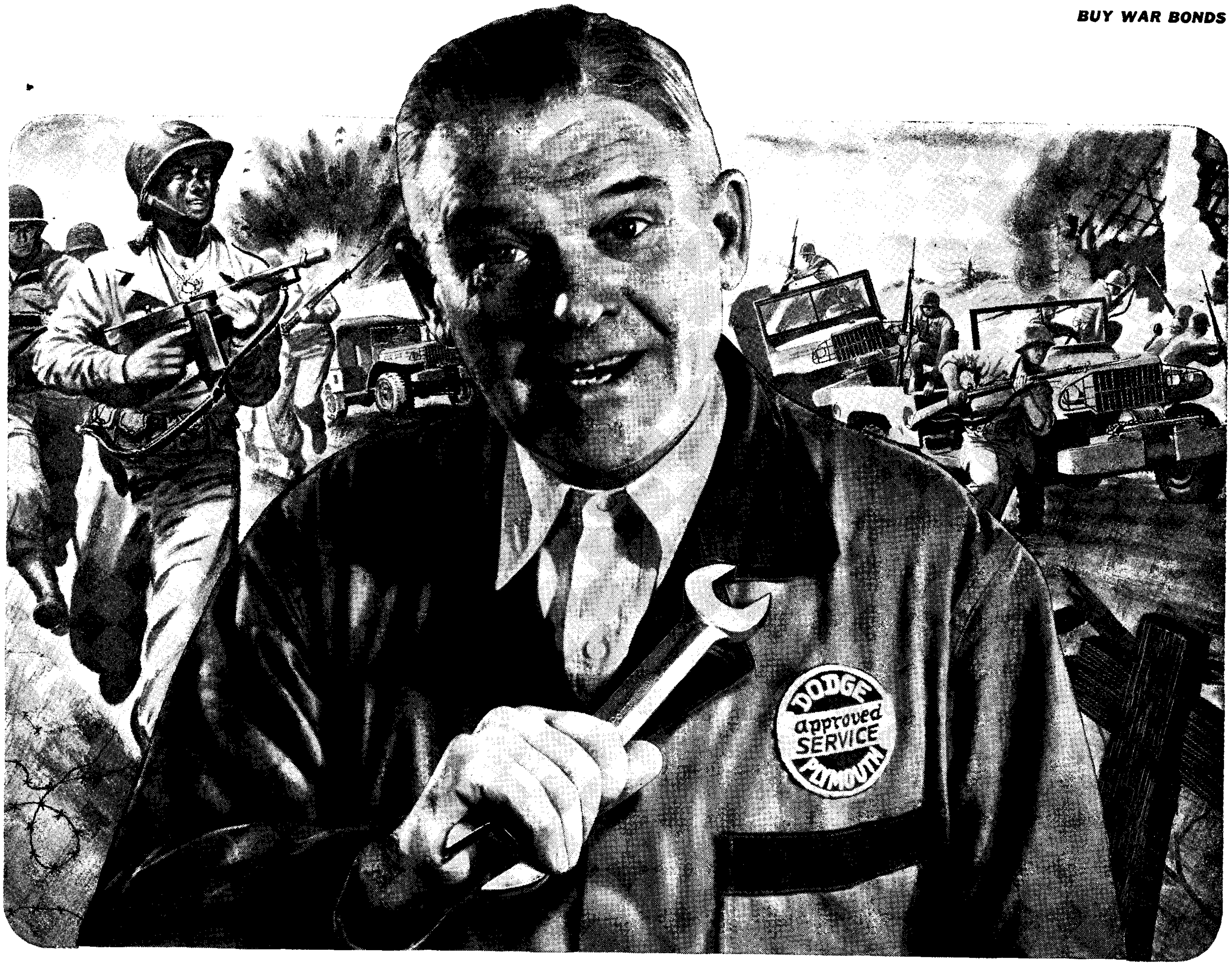
In the Southwest, meat volume was down especially in choice cuts of beef, veal, pork and mutton. But there is no meat famine, and shoppers with red points can buy second-best beef cuts. In Houston, pork is more plentiful. However, there is more live beef on the ranges than ever before. Producers, slaughterers and packers all blame OPA and manpower. In the Southeast, the meat situation is more critical than at any time since the Civil War. In some towns in the Carolinas, there is no meat. Black-market truckers swarm into the South to buy poultry, and thereby cut the local supply. In towns where there is meat, it is mostly pork.

In the mountain states, beef is 75 per cent of normal, pork is 50 per cent of normal, and lamb is just plain scarce. Denver shoppers report the black market isn't large. At almost the opposite end of the scale are parts of Indiana, where meat has practically disappeared from butcher shops. The black market appears to be growing; many over-ceiling cuts are from cattle normally converted to grease and fertilizer.

St. Louis has had a little beef but almost no pork. Some of the beef packers wired the OPA that they would have to get three to five cents per pound over the ceiling price or shut down.

Nationally the country has less than half the amount of meat it is prepared to buy, and, of the meat on hand, probably fifteen per cent or better is in the black market. That's the meat picture. ★★★

BUY WAR BONDS



"I'm the guy *behind the guy* behind the gun"

"I'm your Dodge service mechanic. It's *my* job to keep Dodge trucks *on the job*—'hi-balling' war equipment—hauling coal, milk, petroleum and other home front essentials!

"It's *my* job, too, to keep Dodge and Plymouth passenger cars *on the job* . . . carrying millions of essential war workers to *their* jobs.

"I'm busy, sure. But if YOU need car or truck service to help do *your* war job better . . . I'll take care of you somehow. Get in touch with my boss—your Dodge dealer! He has a stock of factory-engineered parts, and a crew of mechanics like me who really are anxious to help you!"

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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NEW TRUCKS AVAILABLE—Dodge is now building new 1½ and 2-ton trucks, in limited quantities, for essential use. We suggest that you see your Dodge dealer for the right Dodge Job-Rated truck to fit your job—save you money!

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FIT THE JOB ... LAST LONGER

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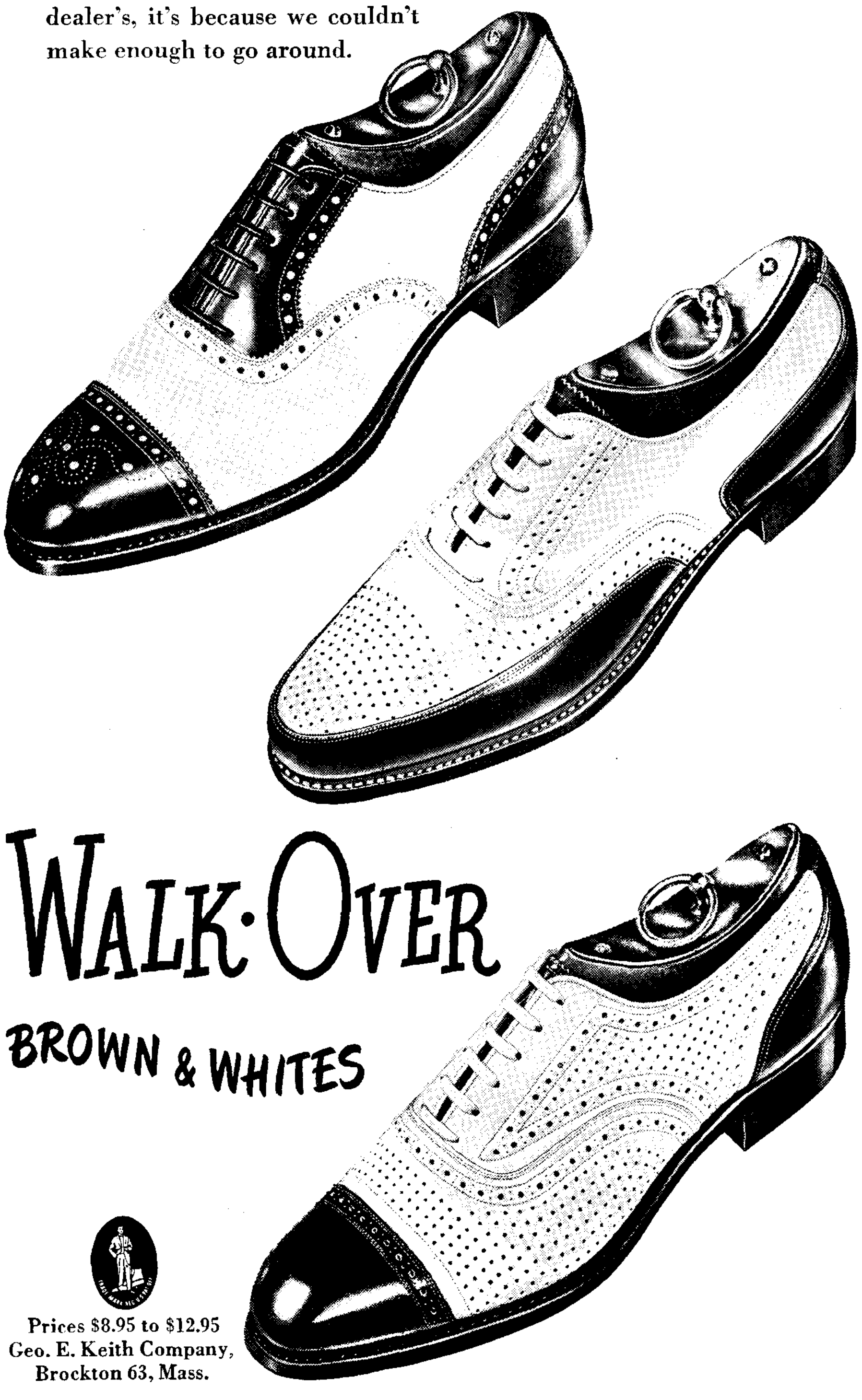
AMERICA'S AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE MECHANICS ARE HELPING MIGHTILY TO WIN THE WAR!

SEEN TOGETHER IN THE BEST PLACES

● The combination that makes everybody happy—easily first preference for the season. These smart Brown and Whites are distinctively styled . . . and, don't forget, built to the famous Walk-Over standards of top-notch materials and craftsmanship, greater walking comfort! War production comes first with Walk-Over . . . so if the models illustrated are not available at your dealer's, it's because we couldn't make enough to go around.



WALK-OVER
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Prices $8.95 to $12.95
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Platinum-Plated Pitchman

Continued from page 19

cornered the show-business end of the Fair. Billy had the Aquacade, and Todd had his Mikado, and later Gypsy Rose Lee's Streets of Paris, the Gay New Orleans cabaret, the Dancing Campus and other come-ons.

In the beginning, all was friendly between the two impresarios. Rose's barkers would plug Mike's attractions, and Todd's would praise the Aquacade. The story goes that Billy finally burned like a flame dancer when Mike entertained Eleanor Holm so charmingly at Gay New Orleans that Eleanor was late for a performance of her husband's water carnival. There is another story, too, that the Todd forces used a trick which was picked up and used to great effect in World War II—infiltration. Todd's loud-speakers, mounted on poles, were so strategically spotted that nobody could find his way to the Aquacade without hearing announcements of Mike's entertainments.

This rivalry has never become a personal feud. Mike gave Billy and Eleanor a pair of aisle seats down front for Up in Central Park. Billy sold Mike a pair for his own Carmen Jones. Each speaks highly of the other's work.

Todd, the gambler, makes up his mind in about six seconds. When he gets an idea he usually goes through with it, but upon occasion will accept defeat—and accept it abruptly. He will abandon productions almost on the eve of their opening, as he did recently with an Arthur Kober play, Bella's Got a Fella.

The "lucky bum" produces shows with an enthusiasm bordering on abandon, then may discover that he doesn't like them. When he doesn't like them he never goes near them, although they may be hits. The only ones he has seen at least a little of every night are Hot Mikado and the new Central Park show. He never went near Mae West's Catherine Was Great play, even though it cost more than Up in Central Park.

Todd's operations in the theater are shrewd, even when it comes to parties and $10,000 signs. It is outside the theater that he is most colorful. It is said that, when he was planning Star and Garter, he was practically broke, and got the first important money himself by winning $30,000 in a New Jersey crap game.

Mike always says he has no backers. But Jack Dietz, a film producer, helped finance Hot Mikado, the World's Fair enterprises, and Star and Garter. Other angels have been Izzy Rappaport, a Baltimore showman, and Arthur Gottlieb, head of the Du-Art film laboratories. Joseph H. Moskowitz and Joseph M. Schenck, of Twentieth Century-Fox, provided part of the backing for Ethel Merman's Something for the Boys.

Schenck and Moskowitz also were interested in Central Park, but such was Todd's faith in the show that one day before the opening he wrote a check for $240,000 to clean up past obligations and outside interests in the new musical as well.

Todd operates his business in a Stanford White mansion on West 56th Street near Fifth Avenue. His lawyer told him such an expenditure for office quarters was foolish, but Mike liked the idea and went through with it. His office is what might have been the ballroom. There are two large rehearsal rooms and quarters for a business staff of twenty-one, including an operator for a two-passenger elevator. The walls and stair wells of this stately residential relic are now decorated with photomurals of various Todd shows, and pictures of Mike himself have an odd way of showing up.

Todd is a reticent enemy, an industrious friend. He never lets his dislikes become public brawls. He is a present-giver, and maintains a Don't Go to Strangers Department which turns up for his friends such hard-to-get items as tickets to Oklahoma!, bathing caps, nylons and railroad reservations. He gives away $400 vicuña coats, $7 neckties by the batch and is very easy to put the lug on. Many patrons of the Don't Go to Strangers Department pay most happily for what they get, but nevertheless its operation costs $1,000 to $2,000 a month, not to mention the time Todd puts in on the telephone, working angles.

A Disciple of the Telephone

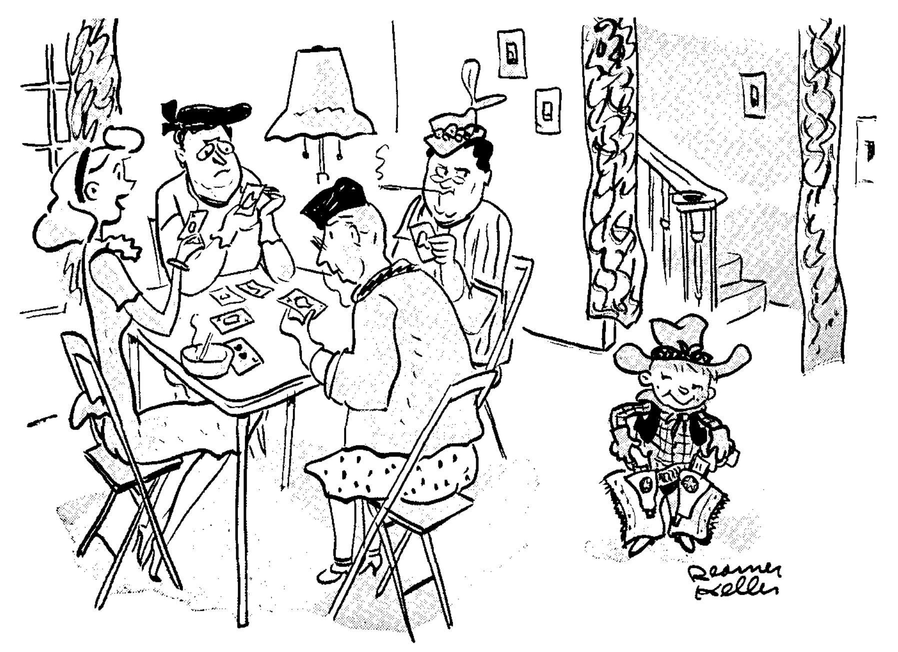
He is the most passionate disciple of the telephone this side of Hollywood. Having little faith in lawyers, he makes most of his deals himself, by phone. His phrase, "You got a deal," is as good as a ten-page contract.

Todd will have no truck with budgets, yet when he is preparing a show, he does not throw money away. His guess as to what a production will cost may be $5,000 off for a play, $20,000 for a musical, and these are small margins of error. He spent $350,000 on Mexican Hayride, yet declined the services of William Gaxton and Victor Moore because this team wanted, in lieu of salary, 16% of the gross.

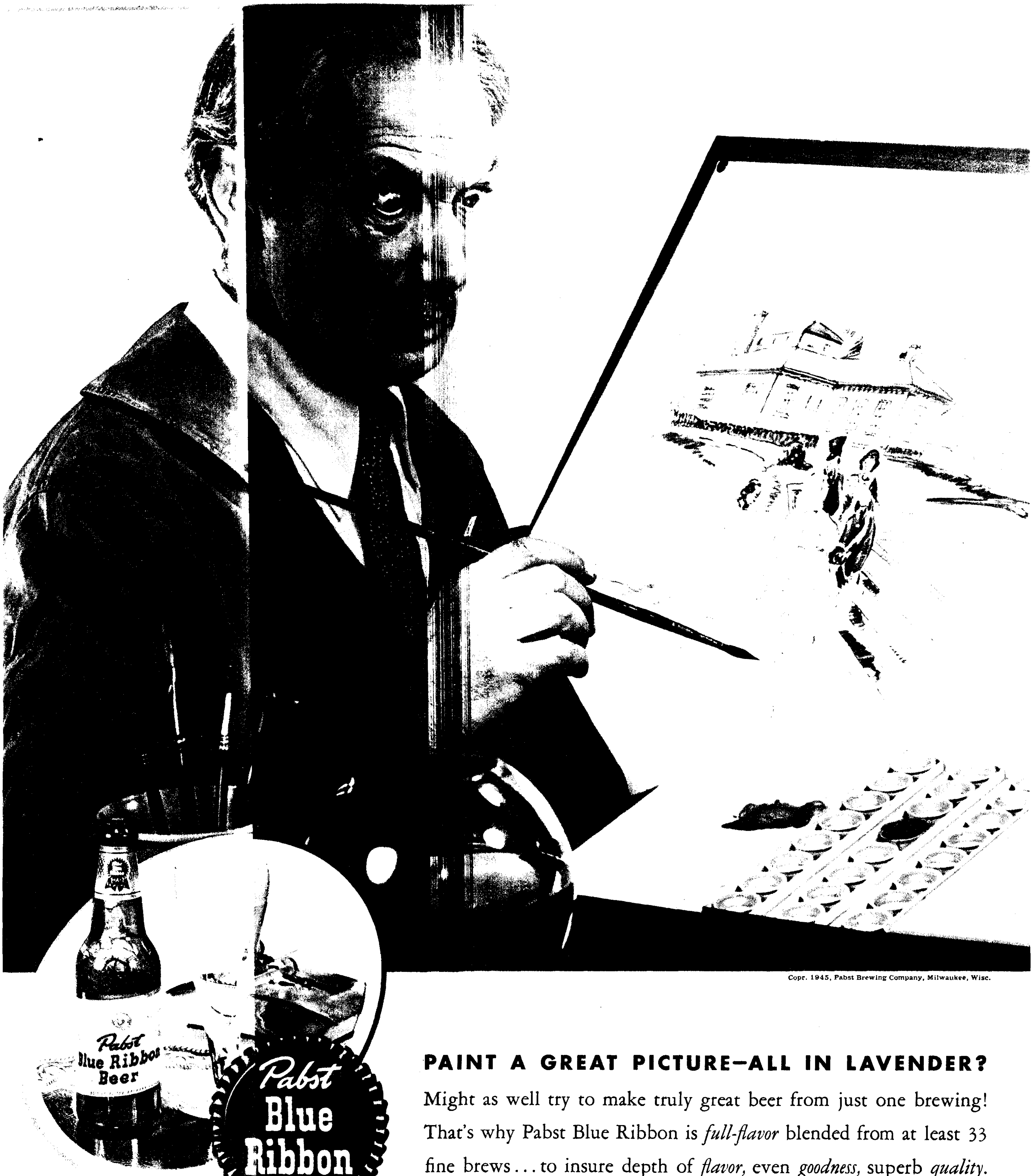
A story about Todd, which in a sense sums him up, concerns his taking a late-night *pasear* through the World's Fair grounds with a fellow concessionaire. His companion pointed to a night watchman and said, "See that fellow? That's my uncle. He gets fifty-five dollars a week and doesn't do a damned thing but sit there."

To which Todd is supposed to have replied, "Well, if he was my uncle, he'd get the fifty-five and wouldn't have to sit there."

THE END



COLLIER'S "He's shot the aces full of holes!" REAMER KELLER



Copr. 1945, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

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PAINT A GREAT PICTURE—ALL IN LAVENDER?

Might as well try to make truly great beer from just one brewing! That's why Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor* blended from at least 33 fine brews . . . to insure depth of *flavor,* even *goodness,* superb *quality.* Order it with confidence, serve it with pride—for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 Fine Brews

into One Great Beer

Dream Weapon

Continued from page 24

rotation of the shell and there are other factors, as we have noted. Wind is a big factor, and so are humidity and barometric pressure—which determine the density of the air through which the shell must push its way. Gravity acts on the shell to determine its curving course. The fuse which times the moment of explosion must be set so that the mushroom of shell fragments will catch the enemy within range.

At first glance, all these problems seem insoluble. This is particularly so when it is noted that gunners may have only a dozen seconds in which to solve them. To see how well they were solved by guess and by luck, look at past antiaircraft scores. In the first World War, it took 17,000 rounds of ammunition even to hit a plane, and still more to bring it down.

To fliers in that war, AA guns were a far less serious problem than getting a pass to Paris.

Things hadn't improved a great deal by the time the blitz of London began. If anything, planes were more difficult to hit—since they flew higher and faster. The best figures available indicate that it took 19,000 rounds of AA shells to bag a Nazi plane!

Building a machine around Parkinson's idea become a No. 1 project of Bell Telephone Laboratories. Out of a total staff of nearly 8,000 people, 500 worked on this single job: circuit designers, amplifier men, circuit and system engineers, draftsmen, mathematicians. In day and night shifts, they worked for over a year on 5,000 detail drawings.

The rough outlines of the project emerged. There would be dials which could be set for such constants as temperature, wind direction and velocity, barometric pressure. There would be a height finder to determine the enemy's altitude, and a telescopic tracker which would follow him for a few seconds—long enough to determine speed and direction of flight. Information gathered from these various sources would feed into the computer. It would digest these facts, estimate precisely where the enemy plane would be by the time a shell rose to meet it. Then it would compute how fuses should be cut so that the shell would explode at the proper moment. Its next job was to aim guns.

After that, all the crew had to do was load and fire.

The first model was completed and delivered by truck to Fort Monroe, Virginia, in late November, 1941. The computer was hooked into a battery of 90-mm. guns and practice began on target sleeves towed by planes. The sleeves were shot to ribbons—the most accurate AA fire ever seen. Incidentally, trials were under way on December 7th—when our antiaircraft gunners were not having too much success shooting down Jap bombers at Pearl Harbor.

After these convincing demonstrations, the Army ordered Western Electric (Bell's manufacturing associate) and various subcontractors into mass production. Henceforth all big AA guns—the 90-mm. and 120-mm. sizes—would be equipped with the computer. As it emerged from production lines, the M-9, the Army's designation for the computer, weighed 1,300 pounds.

The First Battle Test—Anzio

One of its first action trials came on the Anzio beachhead, where it got credit for helping to save a precarious situation. By day, German 88s were hammering Allied soldiers on their narrow sliver of ground; at night, Nazi bombers took their turn. No troops could long survive such continuous shock treatment. Four batteries—of four 90-mm. guns each—were moved in at night. They were equipped so that they could track and determine enemy plane altitudes at night. They went into action immediately.

All gunners decided that the new equipment was a flop. Then dawn came, and eyes popped. Around the small beachhead were the carcasses of seven German bombers! Others had crashed at sea. In the night, there had been no way of knowing of these victories since bombers rarely burn when struck by AA fire.

For several more nights, German bombers tried to blast the beachhead out of existence—but they gave up after losing nearly 200 planes.

Meanwhile, other scores were coming in—chiefly from the South Pacific. In one engagement, a flight of sixteen Jap planes came in, flying at 14,600 feet. A battery fired eighty-eight shells—and got twelve of them! This was magnificent shooting. Under more difficult circumstances on Guadalcanal, a battery engaged Jap bombers flying at what their pilots thought was a relatively safe altitude of 30,000 feet. An average of 90 shells was required for each plane brought down—a sharp contrast to the 19,000 required in the London blitz.

Much of this background of experience was invaluable when the buzz-bomb attack on England began on June 12, 1944. In a sense, buzz bombs were ideal targets for the M-9. They flew at a relatively constant speed, which made tracking easy; and they flew at an even altitude, usually about 2,000 feet.

One reason that London took such a fearful drubbing from buzz bombs—a million homes were damaged or destroyed—is that defenses were badly organized at first. The Royal Air Force had the belt along the Channel coast. AA guns came next, then barrage balloons on the outskirts of the city.

Fliers performed miracles of heroism, trying to shoot down the flying bombs. When out of ammunition, they even learned how to "nudge" the robots off the course. They would fly alongside the bomb, tilt its wings. In some of these cases the V-1s doubled back on their courses and fell on the Nazis!

Still, the over-all picture of these protective arrangements was bad. In chasing bombs, fliers often flew into their own AA fire. Hills and buildings obscured the range of vision of AA gunners, so that they often detected the bombs only when it was too late.

The whole system was overhauled. Big guns were given the strip along the Channel. Spotters in motor launches roved the Channel to give gun crews advance warning of oncoming bombs. The RAF had the belt between the Channel and London, and the balloons protected the city itself.

The gunnery score began to soar; from 17 per cent of all bombs launched the first week; to 40 per cent the third; to 74 per cent the sixth. One sample day toward the end, the Nazis launched 105 buzz bombs. AA guns got 75 of them, planes 23, balloons 3. Only 4 of them reached their destination.

Lovell, one of the co-inventors of the M-9, watched one battery of American gunners along the Channel coast. Seven bombs were headed straight over the battery, and all seven were shot down in the Channel. "The boys were sure playing airtight ball that morning," Lovell said happily.

Rocket Bombs Even Deadlier

The computer had barely whipped the V-1 when the Nazis—in their characteristically unpleasant way—came along with V-2. V-1 is a jet-propulsion machine which flies a level course at constant speed. V-2 is a rocket which rises an estimated 50 to 75 miles and achieves a maximum velocity of something like 3,600 miles an hour. Its course is roughly that of a parabola, which means that it comes down almost vertically.

Because of these flight characteristics, the computer is of little value against V-2. The target is coming straight down and is moving too fast for even an electrical brain.

Yet someone will think up a counterweapon against them, as Parkinson dreamed up the computer which whipped the V-1. This has always happened before and it is a pretty safe bet that it will happen again. So take with wariness those prophets who predict that rockets will erase civilization. Man is going to be on earth for a long time to come—in pretty bad shape perhaps, but here just the same.

THE END

THE Heroes

EUGENIE VIMARDIER

XXIX

FROM France has just come the story of Eugenie Vimardier, a courageous woman who lives to tell of her experiences in Ravensbruck, the notorious prison camp in Prussia. Not a pleasant story, suitable for bedtime reading, but one that does much to explain the bitterness of the French, and their insistence on full punishment for all German war criminals.

Very little space is given to the background of Eugenie Vimardier. Not even information as to whether she is young or old, married or single. Only the simple statement that she was a "mailman" in the Underground, going back and forth between one key post and another. Brief mention is made of her courage and quick wits. Once, while carrying a fairly large number of forged ration books, desperately needed in a certain quarter, the bulge under her dress excited the suspicion of some Gestapo agents.

"Do you not see that I am *enceinte?*" cried Eugenie, bursting into tears. "And by a German officer. I am now on my way to get the prenatal care that was promised."

At last, however, her luck ran out. Bumped while hurrying through a crowd, her shopping bag fell at the feet of a German soldier, and the clank of metal caused him to investigate. Finding a hand grenade and two revolvers, she was taken to Gestapo headquarters and "interrogated" for ten hours. Not even savage beatings could make her betray a single secret of the Underground, and at last the Nazis gave up in disgust, and sent her to the Romainville prison, where women were kept until a sufficient number had been collected for shipment to Germany.

When shipping day came around, and armed guards herded Eugenie and some fifty others into the courtyard, she struck up the Marseillaise, and soon had her wretched comrades singing at the top of their lungs. On reaching the Paris railroad station, they sang again, careless of blows from whips and clubs.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Instead of praising this exhibition of courage, the account refers to it as a "rash performance," contrary to Underground technique, and excuses Eugenie on the ground of "nervous excitement."

Shoved into a cattle train, Eugenie traveled for two days behind sealed doors without food, water or light. Landing in Ravensbruck late at night, the staggering prisoners were kicked along over broken ground for an hour. Many fainted and fell, but were beaten to their feet, and scourged on to where the camp's great beacon lights pierced the darkness.

The reception committee was made up of hard-faced matrons holding snarling police dogs in leash. Taken to the shower rooms, the French women were made to undress while German soldiers looked on, after which their heads were shaved. This done, they were handed their prison clothes—a long cotton dress with blue and gray stripes, a jacket and a flannelette undershirt. A prison number was stamped on the left sleeve of each garment.

Matrons and their dogs then led the way to sleeping quarters. The beds, in three tiers, had verminous, filthy straw for mattresses, and three blankets were handed out for every five prisoners. After the first night, according to Eugenie, time had no more meaning. Ravensbruck was a huge, sprawling place, housing 35,000 women of every nationality, and soul-killing drudgery was the doom of all. A siren blew every morning at 3:30, and after roll call a twelve-hour workday began.

The great majority sweated in factories, turning out a variety of products, the old and sick were given sewing jobs, repairing uniforms and patching clothes, and others dug ditches and cleaned latrines. Meager portions of cabbage and turnip soup, with one thin slice of *ersatz* bread, were the daily rations. No medical care whatsoever was provided, and thousands died of dysentery, tuberculosis and blood poisoning from infected insect bites.

The matrons were always in evidence, raining blows on shirkers, and every now and then, to relieve boredom, letting their dogs take a bite out of some poor creature's leg. The slightest infraction of prison regulations met instant and severe punishment. Storm Troopers were in charge of the beatings, and twenty-five lashes was the usual allotment. Eugenie's story makes casual mention that Genevieve de Gaulle, niece of the general, was a fellow prisoner. Just that and nothing more.

Determined on escape from the very first, Eugenie feigned such incurable clumsiness with machines that she was finally given manual drudgery in the prison's yards and fields. Not until eight months later did she get her chance, and no detail is given as to the manner. The account merely praises her "resourcefulness" in escaping, and on managing to elude capture during the two months that it took her to get out of Germany and back into France. The one personal note is contained in this brief sentence: "Marks of suffering were stamped on her delicate features."

GEORGE CREEL

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YOU CAN HELP

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(The Telechron "Conductor," shown, is one of the attractive clocks Telechron will be making after Victory.)

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MAKING ITS MARK
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TODAY – VOLUME FOR VICTORY
TOMORROW – VOLUME FOR VALUE

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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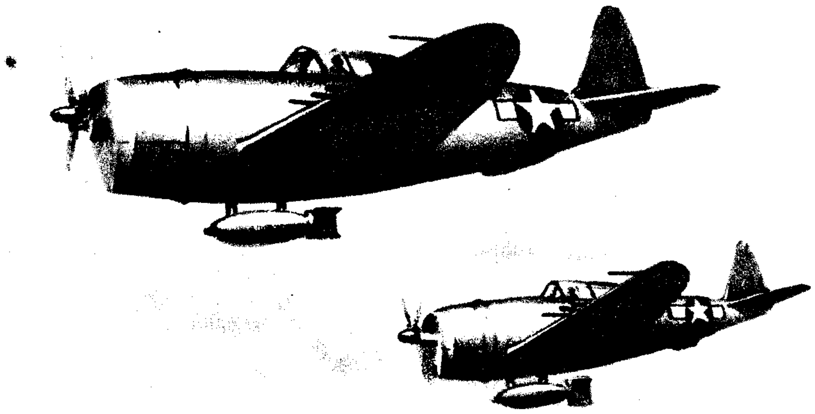
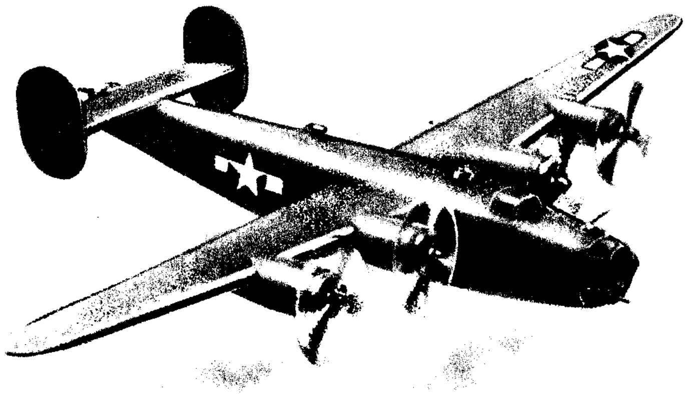


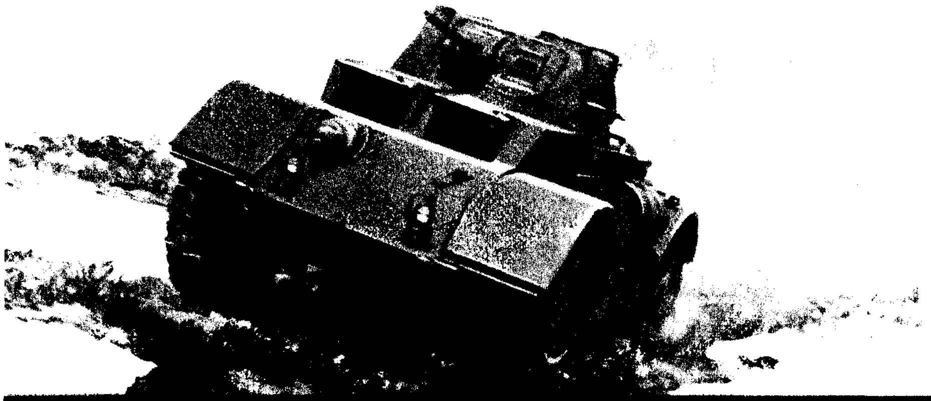
Fighters flying for victory—powered by Chevrolet-built Pratt & Whitney engines



Bombers now over the target—powered by Chevrolet-built Pratt & Whitney engines

Cargo planes ferrying men and matériel—powered by Chevrolet-built Pratt & Whitney engines

90-mm. guns for anti-tank and anti-aircraft use—built by Chevrolet



Armored cars spearheading Allied advances—built by Chevrolet

Millions of shells now blasting the enemy on all fronts—built by Chevrolet

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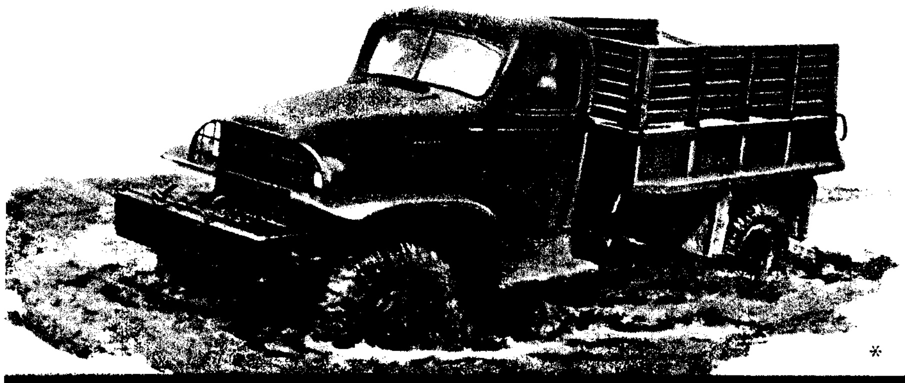
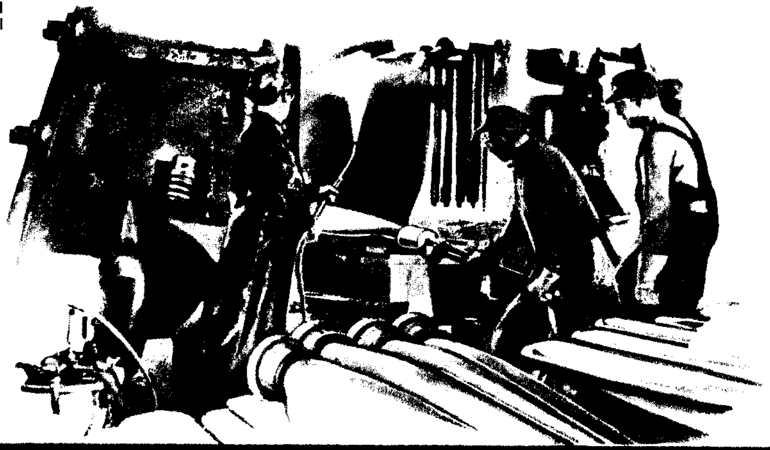


Hundreds of thousands of military trucks aiding our fighting men everywhere—built by Chevrolet



Countless aluminum forgings serving in practically every type of warplane—produced by Chevrolet

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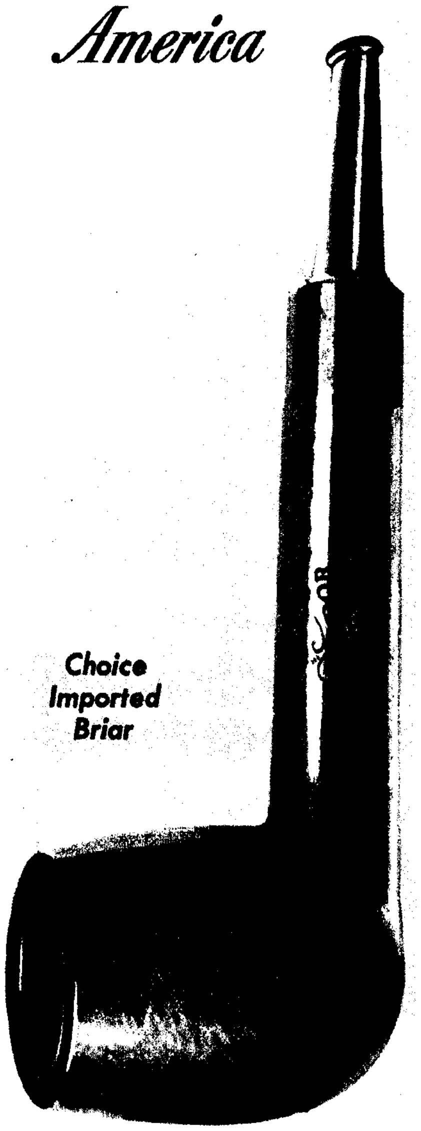

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Bull of the Swamps

Continued from page 22

covers them lightly with muck and leaves. Sixty to seventy days later, the eggs have grown half an inch in length as the 'gator inside develops and finally frees itself by use of an "egg tooth" on its nose.

Weak grunts from inside the nest signal the mother to perform her last maternal duty, when she tears the top off the nest so that they can escape to the water. From that time, they are on their own, living for the first few days on part of the yolk which remains attached to them until they are able to catch insects, frogs or minnows for themselves. But a large percentage of each hatch becomes food for snakes, birds, turtles, fish and shore-hunting land animals so that only a few reach the age of self-sufficiency.

Alligators the size of those we were looking for in Spring Creek are seldom seen today. Occasionally one hears of them making away with young calves, as they also have been known to do to yearling horses and full-grown hogs. Florida still has thousands of acres of virgin swamps as yet unseen by man except from the air, and many old bulls undoubtedly hole away there. But it is unusual in accessible swamps and lakes to see or capture many 'gators larger than six or eight feet. Two years earlier though, Allen had captured ninety alligators here, from babies to ten-footers, in one night's hunt.

There is a general belief among alligator-country folk that these reptiles live five or six hundred years. But from records of growth observed in captivity, it has been determined that 100 years is a ripe old age for one of the monsters. They are enthusiastic cannibals, and many are captured minus legs or tails lost in fights.

One old bull in Allen's collection at Silver Springs killed fourteen females that had been given him as mates before he seemed content with the fifteenth. This old twelve-footer Allen estimates to be between sixty and seventy years of age. So strong are his jaws that on one occasion he clamped them around the forepart of a ten-footer's body and shook him like a terrier shaking a rat until the smaller 'gator was limp and dead.

Movie Horror Becomes Real

Another time, for instance, when an eight-footer got Allen's arm between its jaws while he was doing a capture for a newsreel, fundamental understanding of alligator psychology was all that saved him. He knew that if he struggled against the angry reptile, it would start a rolling, tearing movement that would rip his arm out by the sockets in a few seconds. Despite intense pain he remained perfectly still, hoping that the movie operators would not stir the 'gator to action in their horror. They caught the idea, fortunately, and when, after a few moments of absolute inactivity on the part of either man or reptile, the 'gator relaxed its hold to shift position, Allen jerked his arm free and finally completed the capture.

Still another time a four-footer, caught in the glare of Allen's headlamp, sat perfectly still until its would-be captor eased to within twelve inches of the 'gator and was just reaching out to grab it behind the head. At that moment the 'gator opened its jaws—those of a four-footer are quite respectable—and snapped them tightly shut over the lamp sticking out above Allen's nose. He reached up, grabbed the reptile around the throat and choked it until it loosed its grip.

That night, as we drifted along, we kept our lights focused along the edge of the stream where the 'gators ordinarily would be feeding on frogs, fish, crayfish or small animals. Allen was giving the peculiar call of the alligators as we moved along—a combination throat and nose sound, *"Nungh, nungh, nungh"*—when we drifted into a cove and came on a sight few hunters in these swamps and streams are privileged to see: alligators making love.

The male alligator, so far as sex is concerned, is about the laziest creature that walks or crawls or swims. Love-making between these reptilian couples is initiated entirely by the lady. Calmly indifferent was the six-foot bull we saw being wooed by a five-foot hussy. She was tickling the unexcited male under his throat, blowing bubbles under his chin, nudging him in the midriff and, when he failed to respond, biting at his back and tail with her ugly snout. This continued for at least ten minutes. Finally the male, either frightened or bored, gave an irritated grunt and slid into the water. The disappointed female followed.

We had paddled downstream for perhaps two miles when Allen held up his hand for silence. From somewhere ahead and back in the swamp, we heard a deep, prolonged sound like nothing I had ever heard before. A very perceptible shiver flashed up my spine.

"Big bull 'gator," Allen said, "but too far back in the swamp to reach."

Carl Berman, a young Ocala ranch owner who was with us, turned his headlamp onto a clump of lily pads and focused on a large bullfrog with three inches of baby 'gator sticking out of his mouth.

"There's a nest somewhere around," Allen said, and we turned our canoe inshore to poke along the bank, looking for the mound.

At three- or four-minute intervals, Allen voiced the low grunt of the small 'gator. Sure enough, within fifty feet of where the frog had been sitting, four small 'gators who had been fooled by grunts were crawling over to satisfy their curiosity. As we were hunting big ones, we left them alone.

During a previous daylight trip here along Spring Creek, Allen had spotted a slide which, from the size of the trampled area around it, obviously was being used by an unusually large 'gator for his napping and sun baths. Usually such large 'gators have a den somewhere near their sunning bed, its entrance concealed under water by tangled masses of waterweeds or roots. The caves, dug with forefeet and snout, extend for a considerable distance under the bank and have an air pocket so that they can remain hidden there indefinitely.

Although we made a half-hour search, we failed to locate any den near the slide, so we turned reluctantly back upstream.

Suddenly, after rounding a bend and coming closer to the big 'gator slide, Allen caught a gleam reflected from the water ahead. "It's him," he whispered. "It's the big one."

Paddling ceased, and Berman from stern position kept just enough way on to keep us headed upstream. The head moved so that gradually we could see only one big shining slit of an eye; slowly the 'gator was swimming nearer the cave despite a curiosity to understand the source of so much brightness. Allen previously had coached us in following hand signals he would give during the chase. Now he made a slow diving motion with his hand to indicate that he intended swimming under water—as he has done for more than two minutes at times—to come upon the brute before it got our scent and while the fascination of blinding lights kept it guessing.

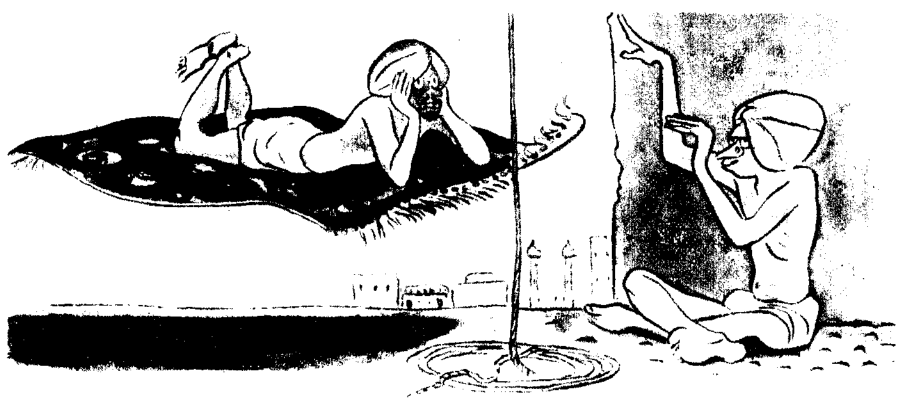
Noiselessly he slipped overboard with a coil of small rope in his hands. I watched breathlessly, mentally counting the seconds and waiting for the moment when he would rise suddenly alongside the reptile and slip the noose over its head. But the 'gator, just in time, gave a startled grunt, thrashed the water violently with its tail and made a quick spurt across the stream and under a tangle of shore weeds to gain the safety of its den. There was too much moonlight, and the 'gator saw Allen's reflection swimming in the water. But Allen's hunter instinct was fully aroused. "I'm going to get that fellow—tonight," he declared.

Again we drifted downstream and relaxed while we opened some tins of food for a midnight snack. At intervals, Allen would stop eating and hold up his hand for silence, then give the 'gator call—*"Nungh . . . nungh . . . nungh."* Afterward we would wait in silence again—a silence achieved at high cost to comfort, since, because of the 'gator's keen sense of smell, we were not able to use insect repellent and the mosquitoes were having a feast at our expense.

Thirty minutes later we started upstream again, paddling softly while Allen occasionally repeated the call. We were almost upon the den's entrance when Berman threw his beam back into the swamp running down to the cove. There we saw those eyes once more, slowly moving toward the cave. Allen gave two or three powerful digs with his paddle and shot us to the den's entrance. Before the canoe struck the bank, and before I knew what was happening, Allen had plunged into the water, grabbed one of the monster's legs, and somehow straddled it so that hunter and hunted became a single unit of snorting, rolling, thrashing motion.

Earlier that evening I had asked Allen what specific methods he intended using in capturing an alligator if we found one. He had said that it was impossible to tell, every capture was carried out with different strategies and under different circumstances. I saw what he meant.

The big snapping jaws made repeated efforts to close on him, but he was keeping well out of reach of both jaws and the tail, which could have knocked him crashing through the undergrowth with even a glancing blow. Once I was sure the brute had Allen where he could snap him in two. Unfortunately I stood up in the flimsy canoe, gave a great warning yell, and found myself, Berman and the canoe paddles mixed up in the fight with this slashing, snapping bull.



COLLIER'S "I wish I could do that" SGT. CHARLES PEARSON

The 'gator was moving deeper into the swamp, with Allen persistently hanging on. Berman, an experienced canoeman, quickly righted the frail craft and climbed back in. I hoisted myself up on some low-hanging cypress limbs, mentally pushing aside a big moccasin every time I grasped a new branch.

By this time Allen had slipped the noose over the 'gator's jaws, eliminating at least one of its dangerous ends, and began slipping another rope over the forelegs to cut down its resistance. How he eventually got all four legs roped and tied back across the 'gator's back, I don't yet quite understand. But an hour later I was sitting astride the brute as it lay securely roped in the bottom of that flimsy contraption of canvas and plywood while we made our way back to the landing.

The sign over the monster's pen at Ross Allen's Reptile Institute at Silver Springs a few days later, read, "Alligator 10½ feet long, captured August, 1944." Had I been printing it I would have worded it differently: "Terrible saurian, captured at great risk to the owner and a certain overcurious writer, after two hours of furious struggle. Dangerous. Keep well away."

Which is what I am going to do from now on.

THE END

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AS GOOD as Joe

BY

GEORGES CAROUSSO

Joe saw himself as a champion, or nothing. But his wife disagreed—in her eyes, he had to lose to win

THE door to the gym was unlocked, and Joe Mulhall turned the knob and walked in. He stood in the dim hall breathing in the faint smell of sweat and resin and liniment, and the pulse began fluttering in his stomach the way it always did when he was in the ring and the warning buzzer had sounded and he held his breath waiting for the bell.

It was a long time since he had been in the gym. Not since the war had started and the boys had all gathered together to say goodbys and good lucks, and to put on the padded gloves once more for a last, carefree round or two.

But now the boys were all gone and the gym was dim, and only the ghosts of the smells and sights and sounds of that night remained.

From the ring to his right came the familiar soft thudding of gloves and the swish-swish of feet on canvas, and he walked over and leaned on the post. It was Spike McGee and Hoboken Charlie, moving with muscle-bound stiffness, with arms too old to hit smoothly.

"Hi, Spike!" Joe Mulhall called.

Spike McGee dropped his hands and squinted into the darkness outside the ring, and Hoboken Charlie hooked a fast one to his jaw and sent him spinning into the ropes. Spike hung across the ropes with his arms dangling over the side, and a big grin curved like a chasm across the rocky, battered lump that was his face.

"Joey boy!" he cried. "You old battle ax!"

"He shouldn't've hit you," Joe grinned. "You oughta knock his block off."

"Yeah," said Spike, "I oughta. Only I ain't got nobody to play around wit' but Charlie."

"Hi, Joey!" said Charlie. "It's good to see a man in this here stable fer a change."

"Oh, yeah?" said Spike, quick to catch on. He took a roundhouse swing at Charlie, and Charlie ducked, and they were mixing it hot and heavy when Joe walked toward the office. A couple of nice guys. A couple of has-beens who never really were. Scramble brains. . . .

Pete Ammers must have heard Joe outside because he swung the door open and met him with outstretched hand.

"Glad to see you, Joe," he beamed. "Glad to see you. Sit down. Rest the body beautiful. How's May? How's Butch?"

"Fine," said Joe. "Butch cut another tooth yesterday. That's three now."

"Well, what do you know?" said Pete. He opened his round blue eyes rounder, and his pink face shone pinker and rounder and shinier. Maybe he looked like Santa Claus . . . but he wasn't! Rival managers claimed that his heart was part flint and part granite with a dash of ice thrown in. They said he had a cash register in his head instead of a brain. They said he was honest. That was one thing they could never forgive him. It spoiled all the bellyaching they might have done after Pete got the best of them in a bargain.

But Pete was honest and he could afford to bluff and wait. The string of boys he managed were good hard fighters, guaranteed to put up a scrap against anybody. Some were top-notchers. But he had never had a champion. Not until he got Joe Mulhall. And Joe never got the crown.

"You got something on that dirty little mind of yours," said Joe. "You didn't call me all the way down here to talk about my family."

The blue eyes lost their roundness, and the grin stretched serious thin across Pete Ammers' face.

"Okay, Joe," he said. "I got a fight lined up for you."

Joe smiled crookedly. "You haven't been robbing graves or old folks' homes or nurseries, have you? There's no fighters out of the services except maybe old wrecks like Spike and Charlie, and guys like me."

"You're no wreck," Pete defended quickly. "All you got is punctured eardrums. You still feelin' sorry for yourself you got turned down on the Army physical?"

"Skip it. Who's this guy you bookin' me up with?"

"A guy by the name of Vic Holocheck."

"Never heard of him. When, and for how much?"

Pete Ammers lighted the cigar he had been mangling before answering. He leaned back in his swivel chair and watched the smoke curling up toward the ceiling.

"Joey," he said at last, "when I tell you, you'll think I've gone nuts. It's next month. For nothing. Not one red cent."

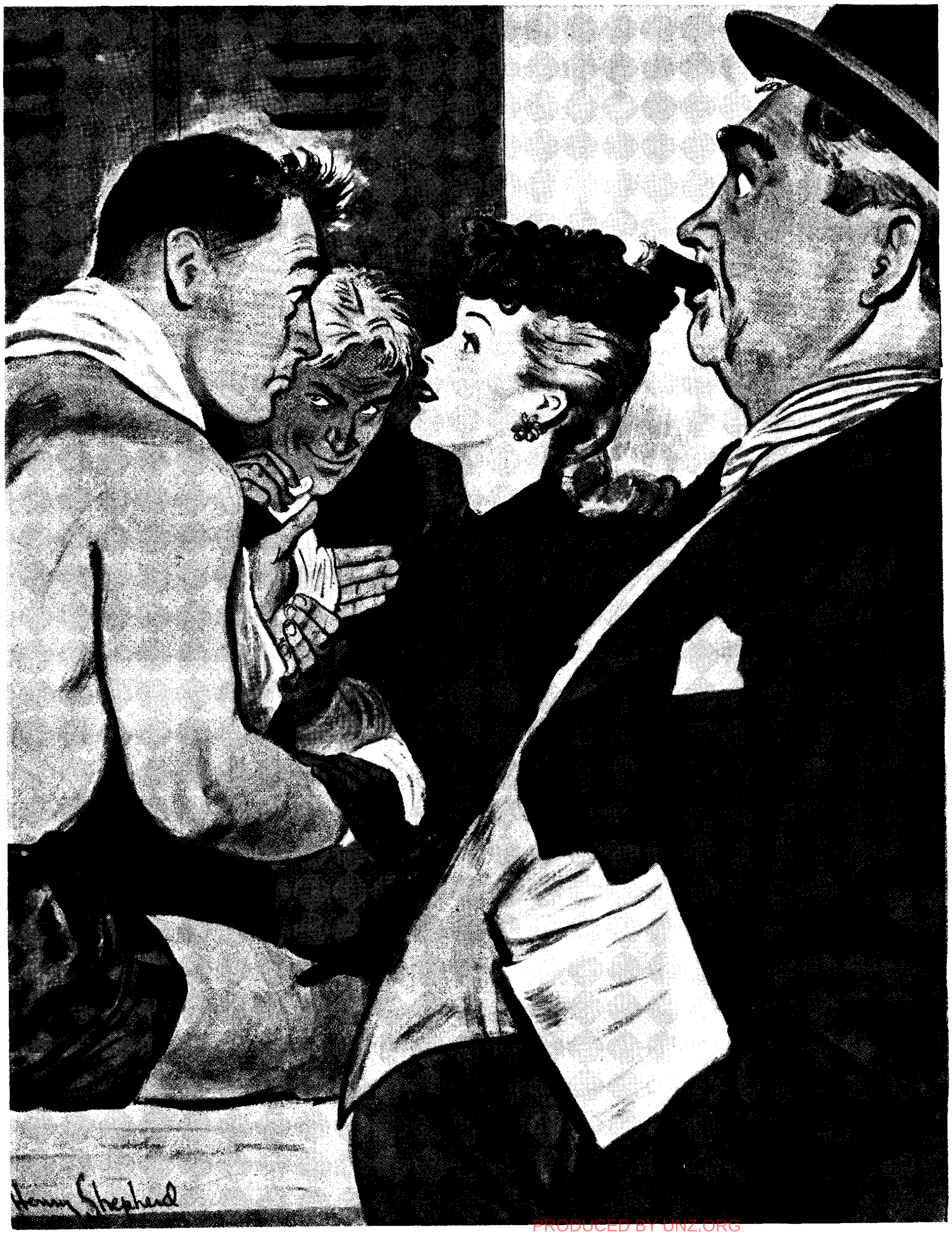
"You're nuts," said Joe.

Pete shook his head slowly. "I'm not nuts. Listen, Joe. I like you. You know that. You're a great fighter, Joe. When I saw you fight Tony Perenni, I knew that someday you were going to be world champ. I came to this office that night and drove that there nail on the wall over my desk. Someday, I was going to hang the picture of the world champ on it—your picture, Joe."

"Yeah! And when I fought the champ and had him out on the ropes, what did I do? I went and busted three fingers on my right hand, hitting him too high on the head."

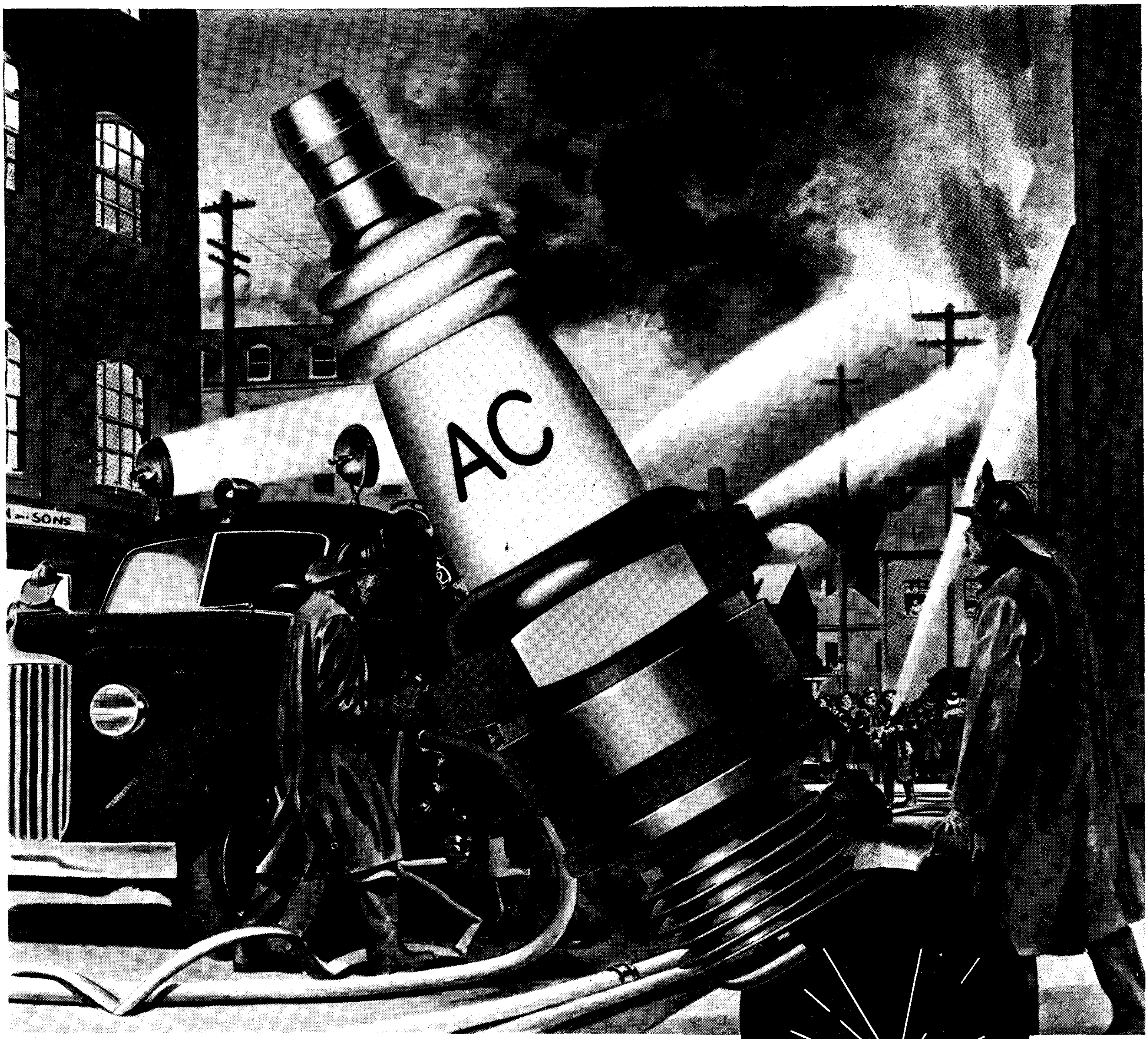
"So, it was a tough break. You were excited. Who wasn't, that night? So you threw a wild punch. You were the real champ that

(Continued on page 50)



Joe glowered at her. "You mean I should throw the fight?" he said through frozen lips. "Joe," May pleaded, "all I said was..."

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SHEPHERD



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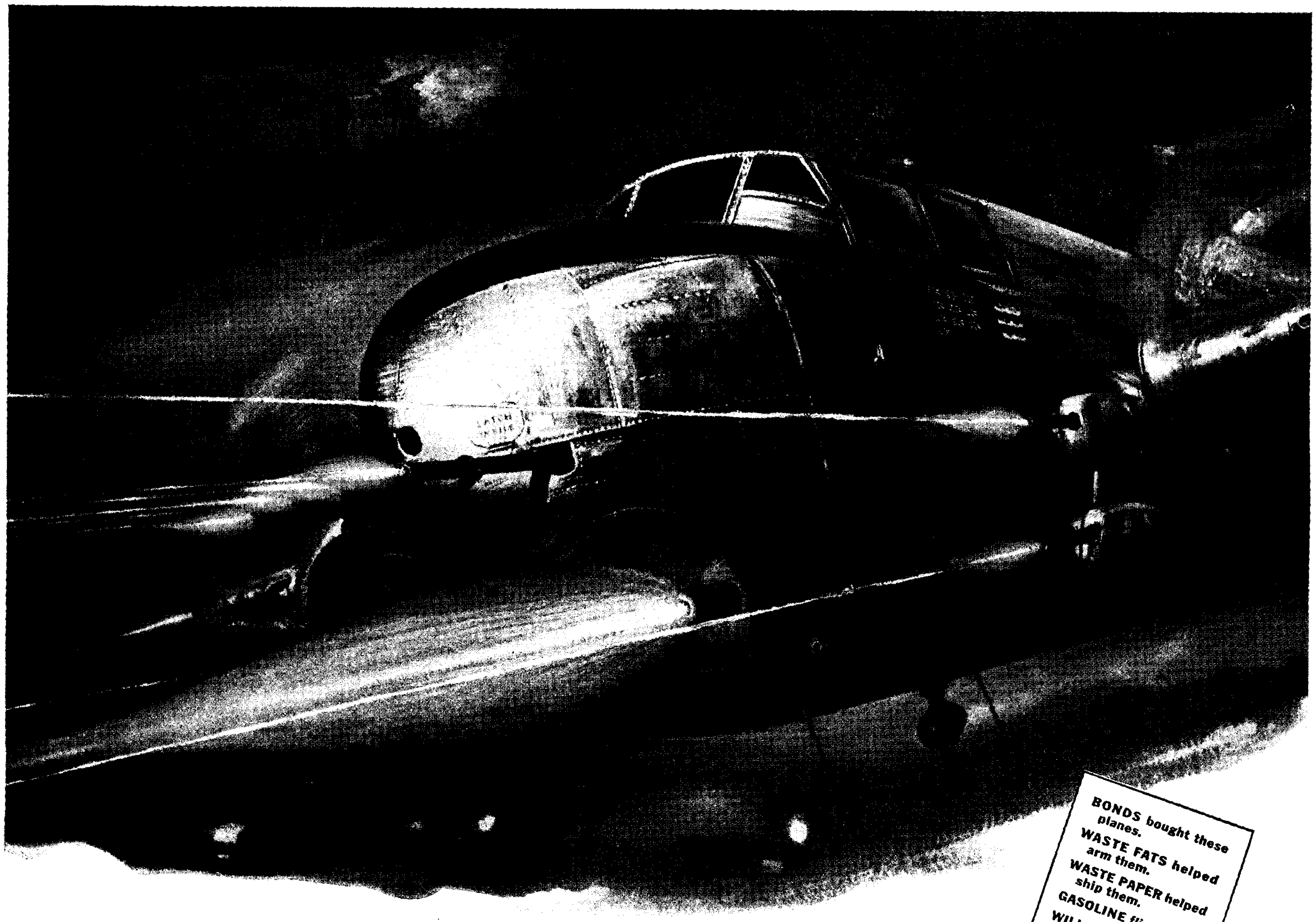

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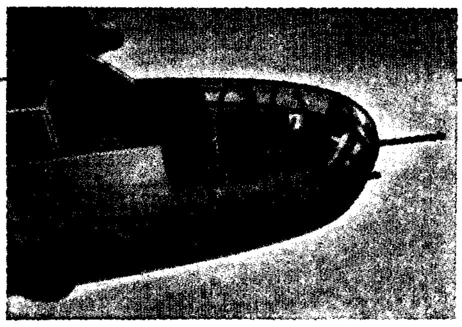
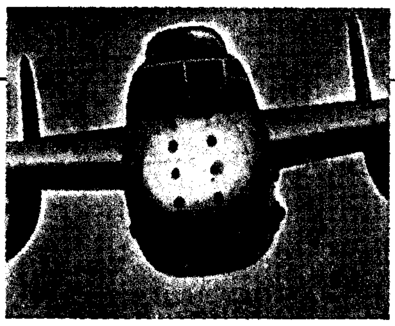
THREE MODELS OF THE B-25 MITCHELL—EACH DESIGNED FOR A SPECIAL TYPE OF COMBAT OPERATION



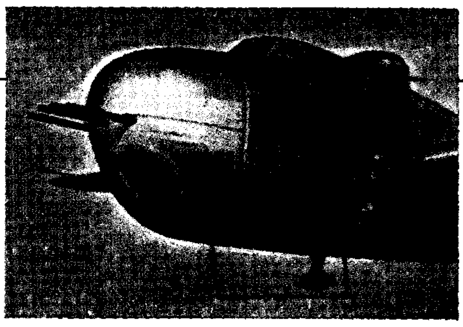
PINPOINT

This is the bomb-sight nose of a B-25 Mitchell. This model is used for pinpoint precision bombing from medium altitudes.



PENETRATION

B-25 Mitchell with eight 50-caliber machine guns in the nose. This model used for penetrating jungle undergrowth.



PUNCH

Famed 75 mm. cannon nose of the B-25 Mitchell delivers knockouts to pillboxes, punches holes in Jap communications.

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES...*the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

The GAUCHO PROUD

BY MARY MAIN

He came to the strange city with open eyes and heart, but a girl soon taught him that city ways are not country ways, even in love

JOAQUIN GALVAN had never before been to Buenos Aires. He had never been beyond the pueblo where he rode daily to fetch the mail for the *estancia* until Don Roberto got the notion of letting him travel with the young race horses. Joaquin was not in charge of the horses, for this responsibility was Unamano's as it had always been—Unamano of whom Don Roberto said that, had he been blessed with four legs, he would have been born a horse. But Joaquin went along to help Unamano, who was growing old, and because it was a whim of Don Roberto's to let the lad see something of the world.

When the time for departure arrived, Joaquin's mother gave him her blessing and bade him goodby with stoic calm, for she was a wise woman who had long learned the futility of tears. But La Concha's eyes were moist for she was barely sixteen and very much in love.

"So you go, Gaucho," she said, looking at him with large and starry eyes as if the very expectation of travel had increased his stature to mythical proportions.

"So it would seem," Joaquin replied, carefully casual. "What would you like that I bring you from the city?"

"So that you bring yourself, it would be enough," La Concha said, and then blushed scarlet at her boldness for nothing had as yet been spoken between them.

Joaquin was grateful for the restraint shown by the women, for he himself was not a little apprehensive of the journey that lay ahead; he did not fear the evils of the city which old Felisa warned him of, but rather feared his own reactions to a strange new life, was fearful of betraying his ignorance and was afraid of being laughed at.

Joaquin had difficulty in maintaining his attitude of indifference when the streets of houses began to grow before his eyes. He looked at them in wonder and with a certain sadness, thinking that here a man might lose a friend and never find him more; and he thought of La Concha and almost wished he had not come.

But then came the bustle of leading the horses to the van that had been sent for them, with Unamano ready to flatten him if a pony so much as pricked its ears; and what with the hooting of the cars, the shouting of the porters, the laughter and the embracing, Joaquin was as nervous as the animals themselves. He did not show his emotion but spoke soothingly to the beasts and paid no attention to the crowd.

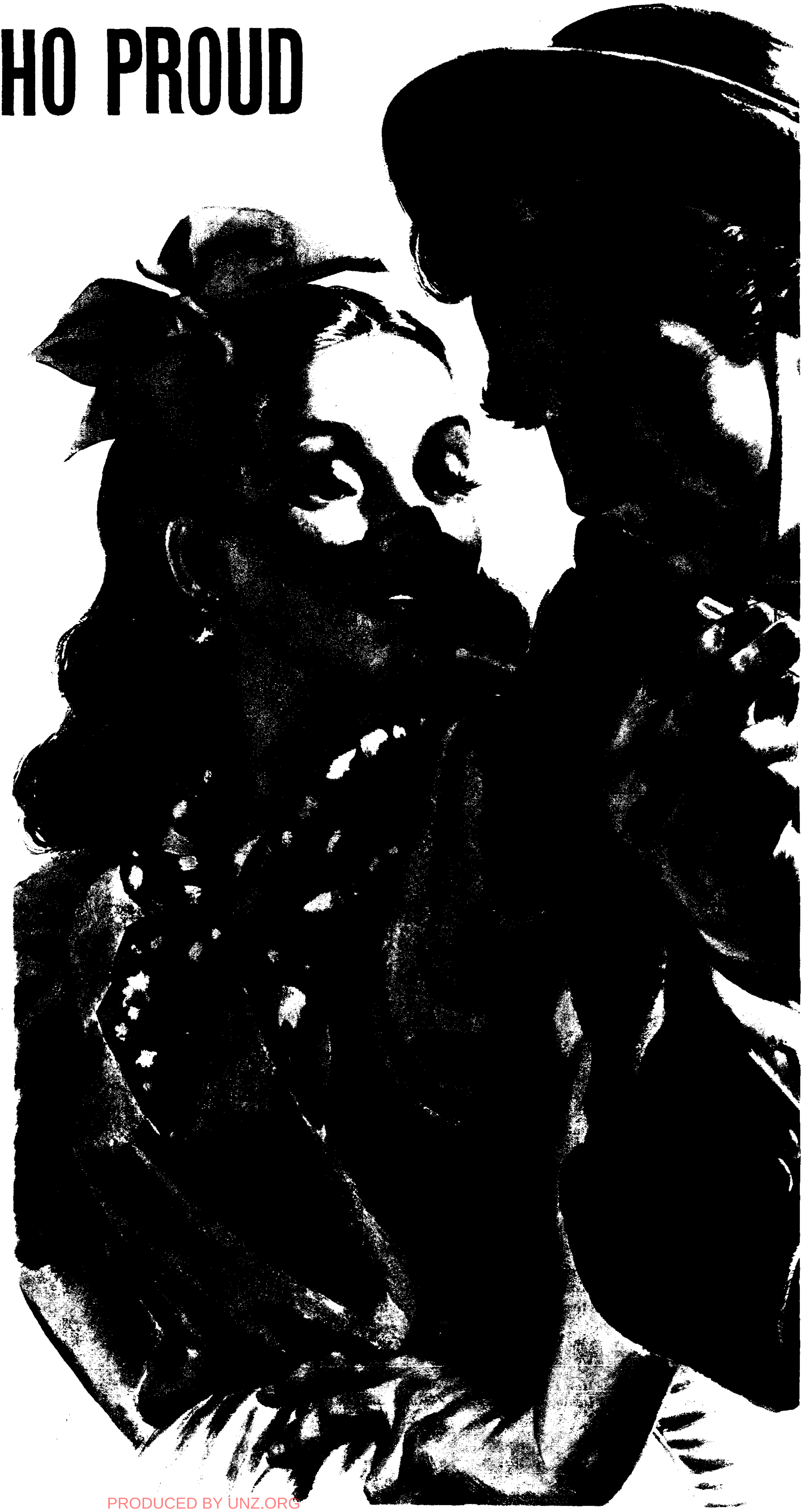
They went with the animals to the racing stables in Palermo and then to Don Roberto's to report. Joaquin had never traveled in a tram before, and the lurching, swaying movement made him feel a little sick. There were two girls behind them who giggled at their wide *bombachas*, boots and narrow-brimmed hats. Unamano did not seem to care, but Joaquin turned red about the ears when one girl whispered, loud enough for him to hear, that there was a terrible smell of manure, and she could not think from where it came! A youth in the seat opposite tittered but quickly changed his expression when he saw Joaquin slide his hand toward his knife.

DON ROBERTO'S house was large and full of bustle. In the white-tiled kitchen, the girls ran back and forth with dishes and trays of glass, and Brigida, the cook, banged down the saucepans and clattered at the stove.

Joaquin shifted from one foot to the other, trying to keep out of the way, but wherever he stood seemed just the spot the girls wished to pass. There was one in particular, a slim girl with glossy black hair and bold eyes, who swished her skirts about him with a swirl of perfume that made him jerk his head back like a horse that scents a snake.

"Out of my way there, Gaucho, out of my way! Can't you see I'm in a hurry!" she would cry. Her name was Juana-María and she made him feel uncouth and shy.

It was a relief at last to find himself standing, hat in hand, in a quiet, dark room lined with books, listening to Don Roberto's genial advice. Unamano would not need



Juana-María stood beside him. She had changed into a bright dress, such as Joaquin had never seen. "Well, Gaucho," she said, "have you finished staring?"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

You'd think we're 'poison-ivy'
the way girls shun us...

Get wise, Pals - Girls go for men with
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him more, for he had his own boys in the stables, but Don Roberto told him that since he was here, he might as well stay for a week and see the town, and that he could sleep in one of the rooms above the garage. Joaquin thanked him gravely and followed Unamano back to the kitchen.

As the old man was leaving he laid a warty finger along a fleshy nose and said, with a solemn wink, "Have care, Joaquin! The girls!"

When he was gone Joaquin was at a loss to know what to do with himself. He went out to the garage, and the chauffeur, Marcelo, showed him, ungraciously enough, where he might sleep. Then Brigida called them in to eat, and Joaquin went into the long servants' hall and sat at the foot of the table. The food was strange and richly spiced, and he did not like eating with the women jostling his elbows, all talking and chattering at once, and there was no wine served nor *yerba maté* after the meal.

Later, when he stood in the doorway, rolling a cigarette, Juana-María came to the door. She had changed her uniform for a bright-colored silk dress such as Joaquin had never seen. Her lips are the very color of the roses, he thought.

"Well, Gaucho," she said, "have you finished staring?"

"I did not wish to be impertinent—" he began.

"Did they not teach you in the pampa that it is rude to stare at a señorita, *gaucho insolente?*"

"They taught me that a woman does not like to be overlooked," he replied audaciously.

"Huh!" She looked him up and down boldly, swaying a little on her high heels. "Is this your first visit to the city, Gaucho? Do you wish a guide?"

"I need no guide," Joaquin replied haughtily, and then, before she could be angry, added, "but I would like a companion."

She laughed. "Proud as any gaucho! Very well, then, for what do we wait? *Vamos, ché!*" And she caught his arm.

As they went out of the gate, she looked back over her shoulder, laughing. "I hope that Marcelo does not see me. I promised I would go out with him. . . ."

"You promised him?" Joaquin exclaimed, coming to a halt.

"Pah, are you afraid of that cold-blooded little frog? Let him learn not to keep me waiting!"

And Joaquin took her arm again and they went off down the tree-shadowed street.

THEY took the tram down to the Balneario, a park-lined avenue built beyond the docks, with a promenade along the brown water of the Río de la Plata. The lights are bright there on a summer's evening, the breeze sends the shadows of the leaves dancing across the pavement, the cars go spinning by and the air is full of laughter and of music. In among the trees there are merry-go-rounds, wheels, shooting galleries, puppet shows and restaurants lit by colored lights.

Joaquin had never dreamed that such a life existed; it went to his head like wine and made him laugh and shout and forget his shyness and his fears. He dragged Juana-María from one show to the next, holding her close to him as they swooped downward on the switch-back train, laughing at her in the shooting gallery where, shooting swiftly without sighting, he won for her a doll, a box of chocolates and a packet of cigarettes before the showman refused him further ammunition.

Then they found a table under the trees and ordered beer. Joaquin leaned back in the little iron chair and stared at Juana-María. She was flushed, her eyes were shining and her glossy hair in disorder; the sight pleased Joaquin as if her disheveled hair were a sign that he had shaken her composure.

He leaned forward, his knee touching hers. "What is that Marcelo to you, *linda?*"

"Nothing. A friend," she answered with a shrug, but her knee was not withdrawn.

"But you go out with him?"

"Now and again. I had no one else—before," she replied demurely.

The waiter brought the beer and they drank it, looking at each other over the frothy tops of the tall glasses. Then they danced. Juana-María had to show him how to hold her and she pressed so close that his face grew red and he could not speak. They danced in silence till the orchestra closed down.

Walking back to the tram stop, under the trees, Joaquin caught her suddenly and swung her round until she faced him. "You will go out no more with that Marcelo!" he said.

"Oh!" she cried breathlessly. "Is that a command?"

"It is."

"*Que gaucho insolente!*" She laughed. "You have much to learn yet, my friend!"

"And you, too!" he said and kissed her angrily.

NEXT morning Joaquin woke before sunrise and went down into the patio where the shadows were turning gray and walked there thinking of Juana-María and the ardor of her embrace. The poor Conchita, he thought, would never know to kiss like that! And then he did not think more of La Concha, for the thought of her made him miserable and he did not wish to feel miserable on so fine a day.

Marcelo was still snoring in his bed, and Joaquin grinned scornfully to think of the impotent rage the chauffeur had shown when they returned; if anyone had taken his girl, he, Joaquin, would have slit his belly open! But these city folk were all sour cream and thistledown! He would have a serious talk with Juana-María, he thought, remembering the money he had spent the night before.

But it was not until after midday that he was able to have a word with Juana-María; she approached him yawning and sleepy, and complained crossly that she wanted her siesta, but Joaquin would not be put off longer, and they found a quiet place to sit and talk under the grapevine in the patio. It was warm and drowsy and quiet there, and Juana-María leaned her head back against the wall, so that her smooth brown throat was dappled in the shadow. Looking at her, it was hard for Joaquin to speak.

"Well?" she said, peeking at him from under her thick lashes. "Have you brought me here for nothing?"

"No," said Joaquin, clearing his throat and looking away. "I want to talk to you of our future. It was all very fine last night, to spend money and enjoy ourselves, but now we must be serious. We must think of the future. I am not, you understand, a man of money. I have a little put by, but it is not enough. However, I have thought that Don Roberto might let me work in the stables here where he pays good money, and after six months perhaps I could save enough for us to marry and go home. . . ."

Juana-María was still looking at him through half-closed eyes. "Where doubtless you have a little cottage with fields to plow, chickens to feed, cows to milk and an earth floor and a wood stove and other such conveniences?" she said softly.

"Well," he hesitated, "the cottage is my mother's. But you would get on well with the old woman. She is a hard-working, God-fearing woman such as there are few . . ."

He got no further, for Juana-María interrupted with a burst of laughter. "And what makes you think that I would marry you? To cook and milk the cow and serve *maté* to your old one. . . . Me! That is good!"

Joaquin stared at her. "But don't you understand, *linda*, that if you marry me you must go with me to the *campo*. I am not a city man," he explained patiently.

"And don't you understand, my good gaucho," she answered, mimicking him, "that I have no thought of marrying you?" And again she burst into boisterous laughter.

Joaquin rose to his feet, his face flushed, his black brows scowling. Yet when he spoke his voice was still smooth. "It hurts that you should mock me so, but it grieves me more to find you a light woman!" he said and turned on his heel.

Juana-María leaped to her feet and seized his arm. "Just because I like a good time and a kiss or two, I am a light woman?" she said, and struck him across the cheek with open palm.

Joaquin did not blink or stir. He looked at her sternly. "Because you play with the passions of a man, you are a light woman," he said, and went on to his room above the garage. . . .

Joaquin's first thought in the bitterness of his rage was to return home that day, but as his anger cooled and a weary unhappiness took its place, he knew he could not do so; he felt ashamed to face the laughter of his friends who would say the big city had scared him, he felt ashamed to face La Concha. He must stay a few days longer, he decided, prowling up and down the room like a wildcat in a cage.

When Marcelo came up to slick back his hair before the evening meal, he stuck his head in at the door, grinning slyly. "Well, how do you like the girls of Buenos Aires, *amigo?*" he cried. "They have more spice in them than their country cousins!"

Brigida called them to eat, and, because Joaquin was too proud to stay away, he went and ate his food in silence, scowling at his plate. Later he waited under the vines, half hoping that Juana-María would find him there and half ashamed to hope. But when she did not come, he flung aside the stub of his cigarette and strolled moodily along the street. The girls looked sideways at him, for his thin face, dark and bitter with his anger, held their eyes, but he did not even see them, and went by with the light, balanced gait of a man who is ready for a fight.

He walked quietly under the trees, dragging at his cigarette and thinking of Juana-María as she had danced with him the night before and the way she had clung to him when they said good night. Then suddenly he stood stock still, listening. He had heard the sound of Juana-María's laugh. He would know it anywhere. He threw away his cigarette and stepped forward swiftly. Juana-María was sitting with Marcelo on one of the benches at the edge of the plaza. She gave a little scream when she saw Joaquin approaching.

He knew at once what he was going to do. He would show this city cockerel how to treat a girl, he would teach him! Standing in front of them, his hand resting lightly on his knife, his eyes half closed so that he looked like a horse with its ears laid back, he spoke slowly and softly:

"Had you forgotten you were coming out with me, Juana-María? I waited but you did not come. I do not like to be kept waiting, but since you are here, we will walk together." And he caught her by the wrist and pulled her to her feet, not so much as looking at Marcelo. The man made some protesting sound, and Joaquin paused. Marcelo made no move, and Joaquin took Juana-María by the arm and led her off.

Juana-María was excited. She had never been treated in this way before and the very shiver of fear that it aroused exhilarated her. She began to laugh and, leaning toward Joaquin, she pressed his arm, flirting with him, looking up into his eyes and speaking softly in her throat like a woman in love. Desperately Joaquin tried to retain his indignation, but as they strolled beneath the dark trees, he felt his anger slide from his body as the heat from the earth when darkness falls.

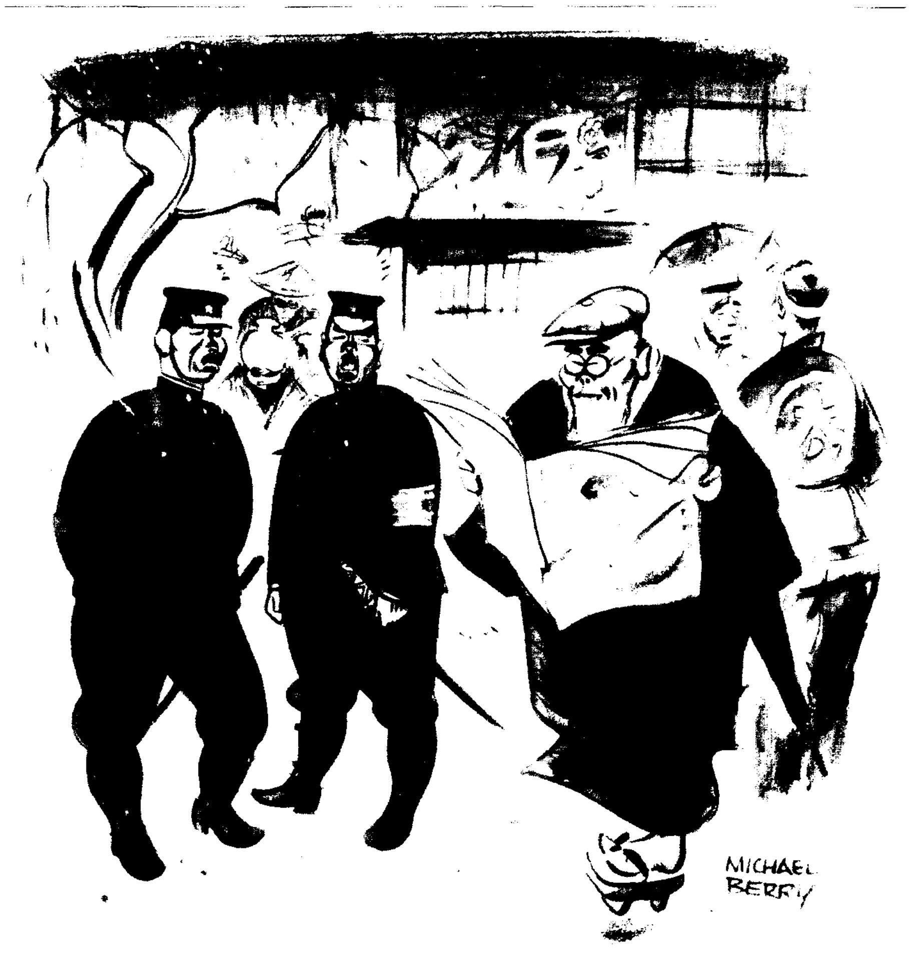
But when he kissed her good night, he scowled again and told her to see that she did not keep him waiting the next evening.

WHEN he saw her on the following morning, she wore a look of demureness that nearly drove him mad. It seemed the day would never pass and when the evening came at last Juana-María looked down her nose and said primly with an air of secret amusement that she could not go out that evening for Brigida complained that she was out too often, but that she would sit with him under the vines. She had expected Joaquin to rage and force her to go out and she was disappointed when he agreed reasonably, and they sat down quietly side by side.

The moonlight made a pattern of the vine leaves on the tiles; somewhere within, a girl was singing at her work, and every now and then a laughing group would pass noisily down the street. Joaquin felt happy and at peace. He took Juana-María's hand in his and began to tell her of his home, of the sea of blue linseed in the wind, of the brilliant starry nights when the only sound is the beat of your heart, of the distant barking of dogs and the voices of friends calling your name, of the smell of a coming storm and the grass after the rain.

Juana-María was bored; she fidgeted and yawned and at last, when again he asked her to marry him, she said she was too tired to talk and was not to be bothered. Joaquin was in too gentle a mood to be angered easily, so he bade her good night tenderly, and watched her go indoors, then sat on, staring

TOKYO TALKING **by MICHAEL BERRY**



"Highly suspicious character—reads newspaper and smiles!"

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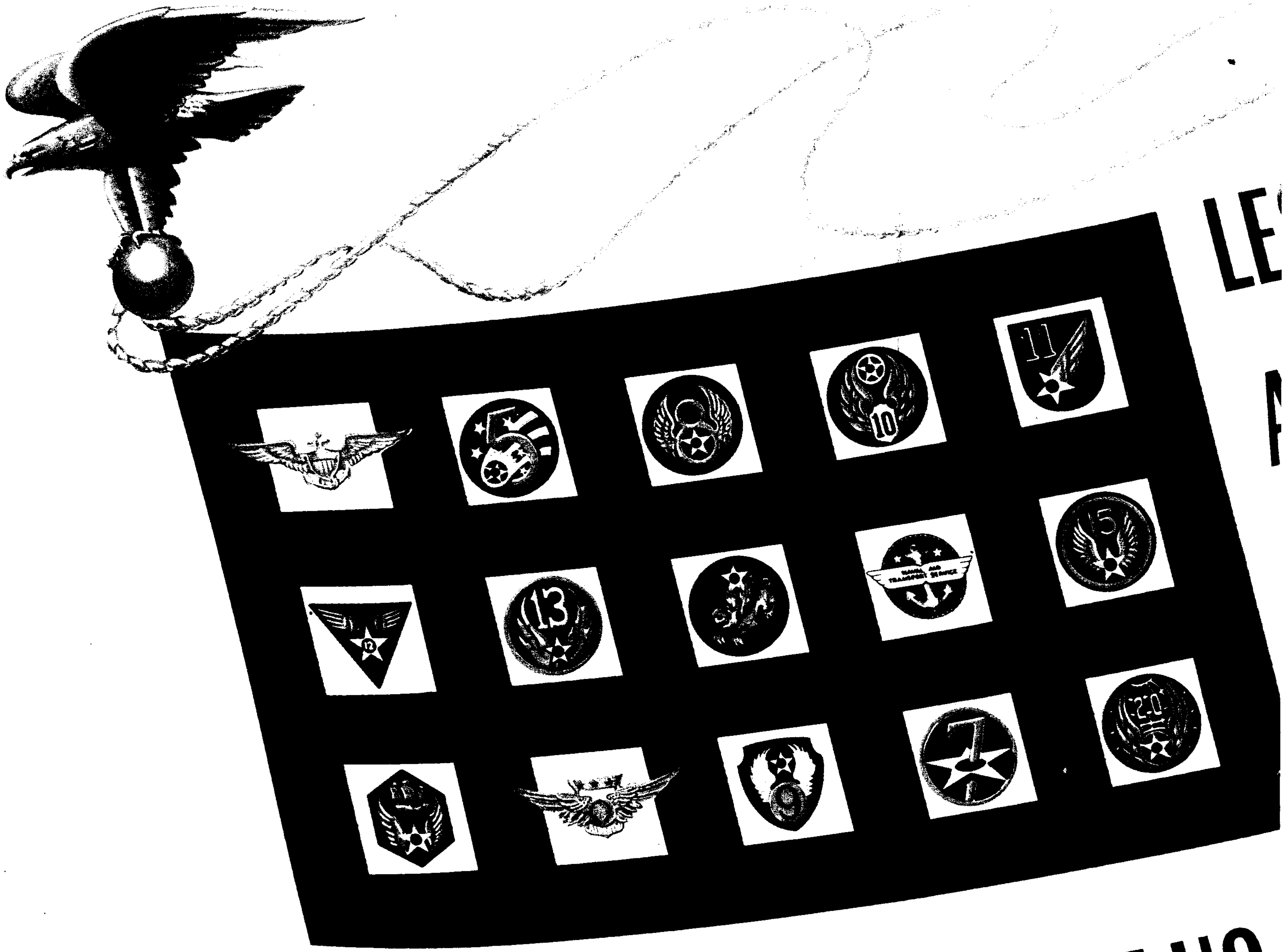
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NAVAL AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE
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DESPOTISM'S DUST★LET US

SKILL TO KEEP THE EAGL

WITH AN AMERICAN

WE FORGET THEIR DARING
ND THEIR DEEDS WHICH KEPT
REEDOM'S FLAG UNFURLED AND
RAISED MAN'S HOPES FROM
LEDGE OUR KNOWLEDGE AND OUR
EVER POISED FOR FIGHTING FLIGHT
IR FORCE SECOND TO NONE ★ ★

GOODYEAR
AIRCRAFT

NURSES ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

ALL women can help! If you are untrained, take a home nursing or nurse's aide course...If you are a Senior Cadet nurse, serve your final six months of training in an army hospital...If you are a registered nurse, join the Army Nurse Corps...You may mean the difference between life and death to our wounded men. Visit or write your local Red Cross Chapter for full information and application blank. Or write to Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.

Delta Powerlite Electric Lantern

WHERE LIGHT IS URGENTLY NEEDED

Better than anyone else, the army nurse knows the importance of light—the lives it has saved. And the emergency surgical light often has been a Delta Powerlite, with Jeep rear-view mirrors rigged at the sides to give the proper diffused light. Flight nurses, too, know the Powerlite's value, its many uses in evacuating the wounded.

It has been Delta's wartime job to supply the armed forces with more than a million Delta Powerlites and great quantities of other Delta battery-powered lights designed and developed for special military needs. After Victory is won, Delta Powerlites will again be available for a thousand peacetime uses.

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Delta BATTERY LIGHTED LANTERNS • BICYCLE LIGHTS

Nurses are needed Now!

up at the sky, sighing and thinking nostalgically of his home.

After a while, he got up. He would go around to the kitchen and ask if they would give him some *maté;* here in the city they drank nothing but coffee, and he did not like it. He moved slowly like a man in a dream, happy and sad at the same time.

At the door of the kitchen he paused. A gust of laughter burst through the doorway; there was a sound of giggling and high-pitched voices. Joaquin stiffened when he heard the voice of Juana-María—stiffened and waited, listening.

"So he says to me," Juana-María was saying, "when you are lonely you can listen to your own heart beating or the dogs barking in the distance! When a friend calls your name, then that is a fiesta!"

"And will he teach you from which end to milk the cow, Juana-María?" one of the girls cried.

"He is a savage!" Marcelo jeered. "He eats with his fingers and the knife from his belt, he sleeps in his clothes and cannot sign his name! You will have much to teach the gaucho, Juana-María!"

"The gaucho proud, the gaucho insolent!" Juana-María cried with scorn. " It is he who will learn . . ."

SHE stopped abruptly, her eyes opened wide and fixed on the door. Joaquin had entered. His face was pale, sharp as the blade of an ax, and he crouched with his knife in his hand, his eyes on Marcelo.

No one moved till Brigida flung her apron over her head and ran screaming from the room.

Marcelo flattened himself against the wall, his tongue slipping furtively over his lips. Trickles of sweat ran down from his temples.

"Are you not armed?" Joaquin asked. "Then take that knife." And he pointed to the carving knife on the dresser.

Marcelo made an abortive gesture toward it, then shrank back.

"Go on," said Joaquin. "I will not fight an unarmed man."

Still Marcelo made no move.

Juana-María had been breathing quickly, her eyes dilated and shining, her mouth parted, almost as if she were smiling. Suddenly she flung herself forward upon Joaquin, clinging to him, her mouth against his.

"Don't do it, don't do it, Gaucho!" she cried. "They will shut you in prison for it, they will lock you away! And I, Juana-María, I love you, Gaucho, I love you. I will go wherever you wish! I will follow you across the world, *mi flor de gaucho, mi guapo . . .*"

He pushed her from him with gentle firmness and said sternly, "No, *linda. You* have too much to learn. And I have learned all you have to teach! Now it is finished between us."

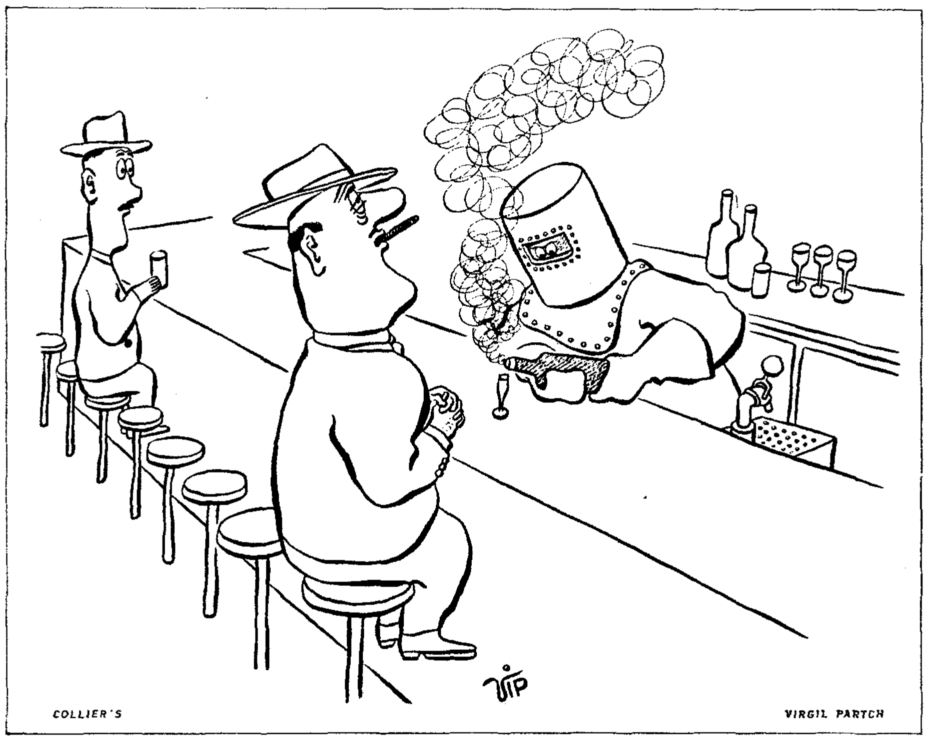
He looked around the room again, slowly and scornfully, until his eyes came back to Marcelo. "In the pampa," he said, "I would have cut your tongue out by the roots for what you said this night. But in the city you are too civilized for such rough justice. Here you cut out a man's heart when he speaks!"

Marcelo made no move. Joaquin put his knife back in its sheath and walked out into the patio.

He went back and sat on the bench. He would wait until morning when it was time to catch his train, and then he would go home again where laughter was the laughter of friends, and fighting was among men. From within he could hear Juana-María crying, wailing aloud like a woman mourning the dead.

He thought of his mother and La Concha and the flat, bare *campo,* and all at once he could smell the growing wheat and the wind that blew across it from the west.

THE END



Any Week

Continued from page 4

from the Federal Register, March 20, page 2965. We quote: "Part 1001—Tin (General Preference Order M-43, as Amended Mar. 8, 1945. Correction). That portion of paragraph (f) (1) of General Preference Order M-43, as amended March 8, 1945, (1001.1) which precedes subdivision (1) should read as follows: (f) Restrictions on deliveries of pig tin. (1) No person shall deliver or accept delivery of pig tin without a specific allocation in writing by the War Production Board, except that pig tin may be delivered without specific allocation." We unquote. "If this is a correction," Mr. Peel asks, "what in hell must have been the original?"

LET'S see. Oh, yes. "It used to be," complains Flying Officer Eric Renner, of Fresno, California, "we could impress civilians merely by mentioning a piece of military equipment or a certain airplane. But not long ago we meet a 12-year-old who ignores our preliminary remarks about dolls and wants to know what plane we fly. We tell her the P-61, or Black Widow, and begin a windy description so maybe she'll get a hazy idea. About this time she gets a pained expression and cuts us short by asking which model—A or B. There is only one solution to such a situation. Henceforth we sit stiffly with arms folded and refuse to open our trap."

NOW that we're in the Bright Sayings Dept. we might as well get this one off our chest: The four-year-old son of a lady we know quite well asked her if she could arrange to have the stork bring him a baby sister. While the mother was groping for an uncompromising reply, the little guy wistfully added: "I'd like to *see* a stork."... G. W.

LET'S GET TOGETHER AGAIN FIRST THING IN THE MORNING...

Now that SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

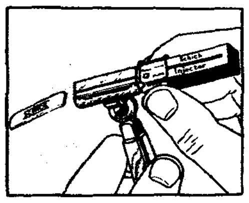
(Sorry—No New Razors Yet Except for the Armed Forces!)

Make a note. You and your Schick Injector Razor have a date tomorrow A.M. There's no more waiting and wishing—because Schick Blades are back again. You can get 'em right now! And that means . . . well, you know a good thing when you see it. Else you wouldn't have been a Schick Injector fan in the first place.

While we still can't get material for the razors, except for the Armed Forces, we're now able to supply civilian as well as military demands for Schick Injector Blades. From now on you can enjoy these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years.

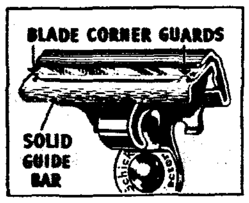
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



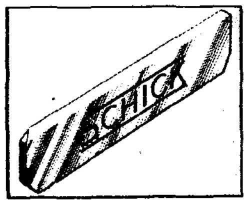
SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

China Can Also Help Us

Continued from page 13

and also that the Chinese government will naturally finance part of the venture.

The Yangtze Gorges Dam will stimulate the erection of electrometallurgical industries —electric steels, ferroalloys, aluminum, tin; it will provide power for the electrification of railroads and it will create an electrochemical industry for the production of nitrogen fertilizers. This last is one of China's greatest needs. China is predominantly an agricultural nation (85%), with most of its farms being as small as an acre or two. An American flying over the country is amazed at the tiny farms extending to the very peaks of the mountains, utilizing every stray foot for cultivation. An abundant supply of low-cost fertilizer would be an enormous gain.

Moreover, China is a nation trained in handicraft and in this field a great deal could be done. The Japanese and some European countries literally swamped the American market before the war with what might be termed knickknacks—bridge favors, trinkets, cheap watches, toys, novelties, fireworks, cheap flags, emblems. They sold for small sums but in total they amounted to well over $100,000,000 a year. The Chinese could capture much of this business with ease, because they are as deft as the Japanese and far beyond them in the beauty and imagination of their designs.

Most of China's iron ore is in occupied Manchuria, but it has cotton in good quantity, coal resources adequate for many years to come and the water power of the Yangtze and Yellow rivers. In tungsten, China is the world's greatest producer, in antimony it holds second place and in tin refining is fourth. The country also has mercury in exportable amounts and is self-sufficing in manganese. However, it has almost no discovered petroleum and little copper.

Until now, China's industries have existed largely on her eastern coast. Her great cities were there, and her railroads were almost entirely centered in that region. There have been plans there for airplane factories and automobile plants. In my view these are visionary. China needs to think in terms of simple export industries and of internal transport development before she can afford to dream of mass production of complicated machinery. I have expressed that view quite openly to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and other leaders in China, and they have agreed with me. I may also say that they have been favorable to the idea of joint ownership and operation of new Chinese industries that require American aid to get started.

Our Postwar Income Problem

That brings me to America's stake in China. Experts maintain that after the war we must almost double our national income for full utilization of our facilities and resources. Our income was approximately $75,000,000,000 before the war and it is estimated we shall need an income of $130,000,000,000 if we are to keep our industrial plant going at a healthy pace.

Obviously we can't do that only from inner expansion of trade; we shall need to export on a huge scale. But a great part of our present industry is centered in capital goods —that is to say, plants producing planes, locomotives, machine tools, cranes, ships, Diesel engines, road equipment, bulldozers.

In 1941 we had a gross national product of $119,500,000,000. Of that, 24½ billions represented government purchases and services; consumer nondurable goods and services accounted for 65½ billions. Twenty-four and a half billions was the value of construction, producers' durable equipment and durable consumer goods. Since then, the war has enormously expanded facilities to produce capital goods. Our production of machinery rose from about 5 billions in 1939 to about 20 billions in 1943. Our production of transportation equipment (not including automobiles) rose from about a billion in 1939 to about 18 billion in 1943.

We can sell consumer goods, and the world is eager for them, but unless we find a market for our capital goods, we may be in a serious way. The home market is fairly well saturated. That leaves the foreign market. There will be much capital goods sold to replace destroyed equipment, even to countries already industrialized, but that will take up only part of the slack. Therefore, we must export to countries now poor and eager for industrialization. China, as I have pointed out, is ready for development of certain industries which she is capable of sustaining.

The obvious question then is whether we are making a mistake by building up a nation that may eventually become an industrial rival. The history of Canada, for one example, reveals the fallacy of that theory. From being a predominantly agricultural nation, Canada has rapidly become industrialized. The result is that our trade with Canada has mounted by leaps and bounds. Our exports to Canada were $455,446,000 in 1915; in 1940, they climbed to $744,231,156.

Even more startling is the fact that the United States sells almost as much to fewer than 12 million Canadians as it does to the 120 million people in the Latin-American countries to the south. In short, with Canada's economic development has come greater productivity, a higher income level and higher purchasing power.

This same picture is borne out in every country where industrialization has brought greater income and higher living needs.

U.S. Equipment is Admired

Wherever I have gone in my recent travels I have been aware of the impression made on foreigners by our machinery and equipment. They admire our trucks, our jeeps, particularly our bulldozers. Along with that equipment have often gone our own operators. Our clerks and salesmen and students have become teachers of the Orient in technical matters. The "know-how" we pride ourselves on will be available for others. In all of Free China before the Ledo road was opened, there were fewer than 6,000 operating trucks. When the Yangtze Gorges Dam is finished, there will be a host of new plants. Power will be transmitted to cities like Hankow and Changsha. The life of central China will be transformed to the great betterment of China.

Trade is not always a two-way proposition. One cannot think in terms of China and the United States simply as swapping commodities. Certainly their gold is of no use to us—we have more than enough now—and it will not always be possible to get Chinese materials in return for the machines we have supplied. But the foreign-exchange balances China builds up by trade in the Orient can be used to advantage. In brief, China can sell textiles to Malaya and get Malayan credits; Malaya can supply rubber to us and so obtain American dollars with which to pay China. For these dollars we can then sell the Chinese some of our capital equipment; which means, in effect, that we get rubber in exchange for machinery.

The problem is plain. China cannot be a great power and a weak nation. Asia can never settle down if China remains a problem. We have to blaze new trails in our thinking. The day when it was felt advisable to keep the raw-material nations weak for the benefit of industrial powers is gone. Experience proves that it is a losing game and a dangerous game.

I suggest that a committee of five or seven practical American businessmen, with a grasp of foreign-trade problems, be selected and sent to China as soon as possible. They will find a welcome in China and they will be able to determine its productive possibilities and its markets. Their recommendations will be of inestimable value to us and the Chinese. I must point out again and with all force that it is not China's problem solely, it is our own. We also are going to have to live in a postwar world. It won't be easy, but the problem can be solved if we look at it with a fresh eye and aren't afraid to face it.

THE END

AW BOSS, DID YOU HAVE TO DO THAT TO MY FAVORITE FIRE PLUG?
LOOK, STOPPER, INSTEAD OF THAT, LET'S WORRY ABOUT GETTING OUT OF THIS DEEP WATER

WE'VE GOT TO GET THE BRAKES FIXED OR WE'LL BE BUYING THIS CITY PIECE BY PIECE
NOW YOU'RE BARKING UP MY TREE. COME WITH ME BOSS
BILL FROM
Stopper
Hank Berger

BY GOSH, STOPPER, I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE
Safe-Stop Brake Service
American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING

STOPPER SAYS— Bad brakes can get you in plenty of hot water too. So don't put it off. Stop at the shop showing my safe-stop sign—have the repair man remove a wheel and check your brakes. He'll use American Brakeblok Brake Lining if you need it—that's the kind most car and truck manufacturers use on new equipment.

Available from 38 NAPA Warehouses and Jobbers everywhere.

American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN
Brake Shoe
COMPANY

WE BEAT THE DUTCH

By Frank J. Taylor

Most of our bulbs used to come from Holland, but they've revolutionized the industry in the Pacific Northwest, where ninety million bulbs are raised every year

MR. JAN DE GRAAFF, daffodil farmer, piloted his little red car via devious roads through the Oregon fir forest to a knoll near Sandy, where he predicted King Alfred would knock our very eye out. Just before we reached the knoll, he asked us to close our eyes while he drove on. In a minute or so, he said, "You can open them now." And there we sat blinking at the dazzling sight before us, twenty acres of King Alfreds in full flower at the same time, a million golden trumpets pointed toward the sun. If you've never gasped at the sight of a million identical daffodils in blossom at one time and place, you've missed a treat that the folks in the Pacific Northwest experience every spring.

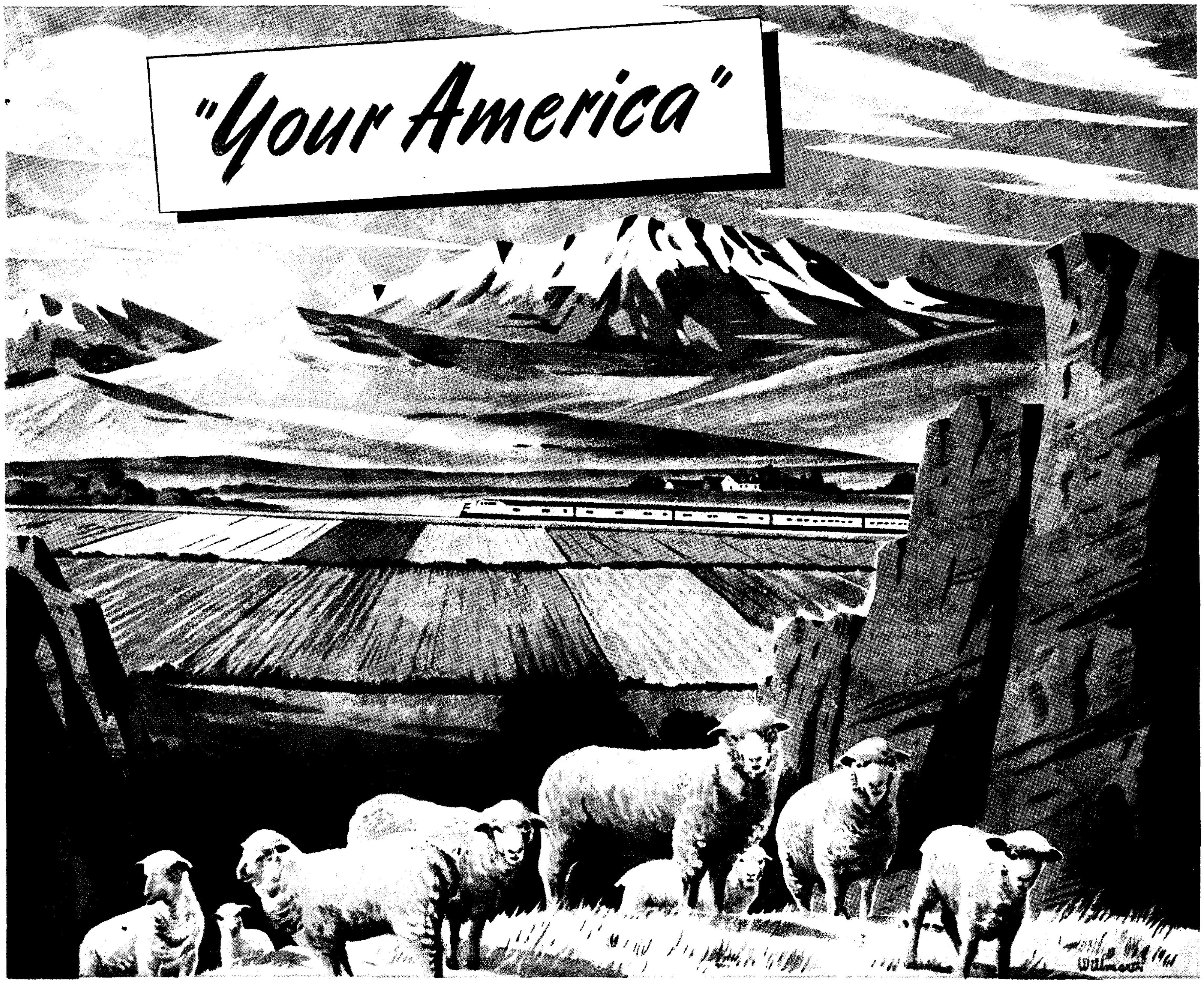
King Alfred may be just a big beautiful trumpet daffodil to you and to me, but to the bulb-minded it is the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Not so many years back, all these King Alfreds on Mr. de Graaff's place, and other millions on the farms of rival growers in Oregon and Washington and likewise across the water in Holland, not to mention the millions in home gardens all over the world, were kaleidoscoped into one fat bulb, the lucky find of an Englishman named John Kendall. The offspring of that one prodigious bonanza bulb sell annually for over a million dollars, which is folding money in any man's language.

When we'd heard how fabulously King Alfred ran into money, we understood why ten generations of De Graaffs had hunted bulbs. We knew why on the other Oregon bulb farms, which together grow twenty-five million bulbs a year, growers like Arthur Bowman, or Robert Warren, or Ladd and Holden or N. Van Hevelingen, scan their gorgeous gardens with eagle eyes, hoping to spot another King Alfred or a Poeticus Daphne, or a yellow Dutch iris as early flowering as Wedgwood. We knew why, up in Washington's Puyallup Valley, where they rear an additional fifty million bulbs annually, the folk, in peacetime, knock off work at the height of the flower season for a festival featuring floats laden with almost countless blossoms from the farms of George Lawler, Frank Chervenka, C. W. Orton, L. G. Colyn, the Van Zooneveld Farms or United Bulb Farms, to mention only a few of the big bulb tycoons.

That gives you the slant on the bulb game. It takes about ninety million brand-new bulbs each year to satisfy the cravings of American gardeners for daffodils, jonquils and narcissuses (which are all narcissuses, botanically speaking, so Mr. de Graaff assures us) not to mention Dutch iris and tulips and hyacinths. Fifteen years ago we used to get nearly all of these bulbs from Holland. Now most of our daffodils and Dutch irises come from two

(Continued on page 84)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GOTTSCHO–SCHLEISNER


"Your America"
Wilmore

UTAH

. . . All America is, today, particularly thankful that Utah was endowed with fertile soil and abundant mineral deposits as well as sublime scenery.

Its sheep, wool, sugar beets and other farm products . . . its copper, silver and rare minerals are contributing in large measure to the Allied cause.

In 1869, the rails of the Union Pacific reached Utah and with the driving of the historic Golden Spike, America's first transcontinental railroad was completed; a triumph for the fundamental principle of individual enterprise and initiative.

Since that memorable year, Union Pacific has transported Utah's products and people over the Strategic Middle Route, uniting Utah with the East and the Pacific Coast; has, in peacetime, transported thousands of vacationists to Utah's colorful National Parks, Bryce Canyon and Zion.

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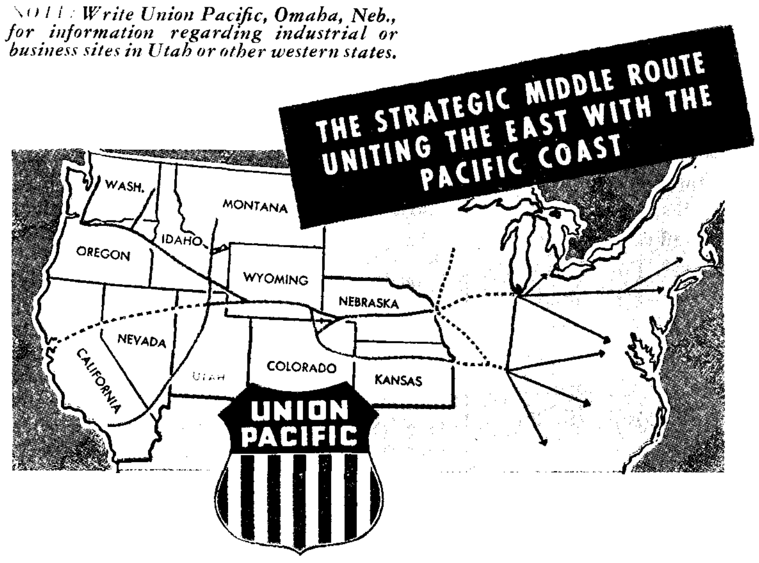
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As Good as Joe

Continued from page 38

night. Everybody knew it. But you got the tough breaks."

"Yeah," Joe laughed. "I got the tough breaks."

"You're bitter," said Pete. "You feel all sour inside because the war didn't give you another chance at that crown."

"Maybe I am. I'm no spring chicken. Thirty-one last month. I wanted that title just so to get it and quit the ring. May is always after me to quit the ring. But I want to quit champion or nothing."

"You're bitter and you're scared," said Pete. "You're bitter because the Army turned you down, and you're scared that maybe you can't stand up to some of these young guys."

Joe felt the color climbing up in his cheeks, but he just clamped his teeth tight and said nothing.

"Joe, there's no dough in this fight I'd like to book for you. The gate all goes to the Emergency Relief Fund. But it's publicity. It'll keep your name in there. This Vic Holocheck is a paratrooper that's been cleaning up everybody in the outfit. I saw him fight. He's no pushover."

"You sound like you don't think I can take him."

"I think you can," said Pete. "I know you can. But the kid is tough."

"You think I'm old, and that a good kid, just because he's young, can take me."

"Snap out of it!" said Pete. "All you worry about is somebody will think you're an old man. Anybody offering you a seat in the subway yet?"

"Nobody offers anybody a seat in the subway," Joe said angrily. "Go on and sign the kid. You're my manager. You know best."

HE PICKED up his hat and stalked out of the office without shaking hands with Pete the way they always did when they had settled on a fight. He pushed past the gym door into the bright sunlight of the street, forgetting that he ought to say goodby to Spike and Charlie.

Old! He was thirty-one. He might be ninety in any other business as be thirty-one in the fight game. He was old, and the days were slipping past him and there was no one left to fight. He must wait and rust until the boys came back and the title was put up on its pedestal once more. He'd have to fight them all then. He'd have to prove it with his hands and the sureness of his legs and the fighting heart in him that the crown he had almost touched once was rightfully his.

He felt the pulse flutter in his stomach, then, and it was not the flutter of excitement at the thought of a fight; it was the cold choking of fear, and he stopped and leaned against a store window and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. What if there were too many of them? What if they were too young, too strong, too supple? What if they only bent beneath his blows, and straightened again to fight on, until his own age revolted against him and beat him down to defeat?

He could quit now. He had enough money. The machine shop had taken enough war subcontracts to get the needed shot in the arm and really amount to something. May wanted him to quit. He could announce his retirement from the ring, and the newspaper boys would have nothing but a good word to say for Joe Mulhall, the guy who had almost been champion, the guy no man had ever knocked out, and only a few had outpointed. . . .

Sure! I can quit! Joe thought angrily. And all my life I'll wonder if I really was too old. If maybe I wasn't running out. If maybe . . .

No. He could never quit that way, not knowing. He'd fight this kid, whatever his name was, and any other kid that came after him. He'd fight them all until he had that crown tight in his fist, the way he had always dreamed of getting it, and then he would walk out.

Joe Mulhall grinned and gave his hatbrim a snap down over one eye and walked lightly down the subway stairs. The train roared in, and he let the wave of people carry him forward. He wanted to raise his head and shout, "Make room for the Champ!" but that was kid stuff, and the crowd wouldn't understand. But he shouted it inside of him just the same, and the wheels of the train heard him and took up the rhythm, "the Champ . . . the Champ . . . the Champ." . . .

May met him at the door, and he cupped his palms under her elbows and lifted her up for her kiss, then tossed her up higher still and caught her to him in a bear hug.

"Joe!" she gasped. "Put me down! What will Butch think?"

"Butch will think that her mom is a little black-haired pixie, and that her pop loves her very much." He walked into the living room still carrying May in his arms and tossed her lightly onto the sofa. "Hi, Butch!" he said, making a pass at the little pugnose crinkling at him from the high chair.

"Don't you stu-rike my chee-ild!" May growled at him.

He went back to the sofa and mussed up her hair until it was a wild mass of ringlets, and she was laughing until she almost choked. Butch yelled approval, and added to the din by pounding her high-chair tray with her little silver spoon.

"I married a crazy family," Joe said, at last permitting May to escape. She wiped the tears from her eyes and smoothed out her dress over her trim young body.

"Joe, you're such a nice kind of a fool," she said. Then, her face sobered. "You're all excited because you've got a fight coming up, aren't you, Joe?"

"How did you know?"

"Pete Ammers called here to get the phone number of the shop. Two and two . . ."

"I know! You're a witch along with being a pixie! Yep . . . Pete is booking me for a fight. One of those exhibition things for Emergency Relief or something."

May shrugged her shoulders hopelessly. "I was sort of hoping you'd turn him down, Joe. I was sort of hoping you'd give it up."

"Fighting? You don't just go around giving up fighting, plop, like that!"

"No, I guess not. But you haven't fought for a long while, and the shop is doing good, and nobody's marked up that goofy face of yours yet . . . and . . . gosh, you can't blame a gal for hoping . . ."

Joe took her chin between his two fingers and shook her lightly.

"Remember me?" he said softly. "The guy who earned a living with his mitts. The guy who was going to make you the Champ's wife someday. Remember?"

"Sure, Joe." She smiled through her tears. "I remember. Sit down and tell me about it."

HE SAT down with her and picked up one of her hands. "There isn't much to tell. There's no dough in it but it's good publicity. I'm fighting some G.I.—a paratrooper. Vic something or other that sounds like a hunky or a Polack. Seems he's got a rep with the Army boys, and they want to match him with an outsider for this here contest. Pete says the kid is good."

May nodded thoughtfully and watched his fingers twining around hers a moment before speaking.

"Joe," she said, without looking up at him. "I just got to ask you once more. After him, there'll be others to fight . . . a lot of them . . . before you can be Champ and quit. Won't you quit now before you get all marked up?"

He shook his head stubbornly. "You got to understand, May. I got to find something out, and then go out my own way."

"Even if it's feet first?"

"Yeah, even feet first. There's no shame in that. It's no shame to be beaten by a man better than you."

"I wonder how the kid you're fighting feels about it. I wonder how he'll feel to go out feet first?"

"I don't get you."

"He's just a kid, a soldier who doesn't know the fight game. He . . . I wonder how he'll feel losing his first big battle. Don't be too tough on him, Joe. Let him look good."

"You sound like you were rooting for him instead of me."

"Don't be silly, Joe! It's just . . . that he's young, and . . ."

"And I'm a has-been!" he said angrily,

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dropping her hand. "An old man who don't know enough to go lie down in the shade somewhere and go to mold . . ."

He said a lot more. Too much more. Out of the hidden springs of fear and doubt in him, he voiced an angry protest against the uncertainties that troubled him. He made May cry, and Butch raised her own thin voice in sympathy, and he shouted his defiance above the din. Then he was sorry and humble, and he tried to still the turmoil he had created with pleading words and soothing fingers. But one thing remained clear: He was determined to fight the paratrooper and anyone after him who might stand in his path toward the title.

A MONTH was not much time in which to train, after two years absence from the ring. But Joe had kept himself in fairly good condition during that time, and the task did not look impossible. As his muscles began to loosen and his wind to improve, he felt once more the exhilarating power and strength of his body, and he cursed himself for his fears. Old? He was just as strong and supple as he had ever been. Age had only sharpened his mind and his timing, and keyed his reflexes to split-second precision. He was good. Spike said so, and Pete Ammers said so. May, who came down occasionally to watch him spar, said so with pride shining in her eyes. What was more important, he felt so himself, and was eager to prove it to the whole world.

He grew restless and impatient as the time for the fight approached, and that, too, was good. He always felt that way before a big fight, but for the first time in his career, he became deeply curious about his opponent. Naturally, he had always been eager to know how hard his opponent was training, or how his weight was going, and what the newspapers said about the man. But, for the first time, he became interested in the man himself.

Joe had pumped Pete Ammers for all the information he could get. Pete said that the kid was sort of good-looking and quiet, and to look at him you wouldn't even think that he'd make much of a soldier. But he had a good build, and in the ring he was smart and careful and quick as a cat. He could hit, too. Harder than any man would guess from the smooth, shuffling way he had of moving his feet.

"He's a tough kid," Pete said. "Tough and strong and clean. He can box!"

Lying on the training table with his sweaty forehead resting on his arm, Joe tried to imagine the clean, tough kid shuffling over the shell-torn ground with a tommy gun tucked under one arm, a knife in his fist, and the bullets and the hot steel darting invisibly toward him through the flame-streaked night. And it didn't add up. Why should the kid need to fight him? There was plenty of fighting ahead of him. The big kind of fighting. Fighting for keeps. No, sir. It just didn't add up.

"I don't get it," he frowned. "What's a kid like that need to fight me for? He knows I can lick him. He's got to know that if he knows anything." . . .

Joe Mulhall trained hard, and thought more and wondered more about the kid than he did about himself, and when the day of the fight came, he was sharp and ready and at the peak of his condition. In the dressing room, he was edgy, as he always was just before time to go on up, and he cussed out Spike McGee for nothing at all, but Spike just winked at Pete and kept his mouth shut.

May came in to wish him luck as she had done for every fight since they had been married. She punched him on the shoulder a couple of times with a fist that wouldn't have hurt Butch and shook her head real wise.

"Tough as nails," she said. "I sure can pick 'em."

"We'll celebrate when this is over," Joe said. "I'll get you pie-eyed on champagne and lobster and carry you over my shoulder to Butch to show her what a terrible family she got herself born into."

"It's a date!" said May.

"I won't keep you waiting," said Joe. "I'll knock him silly in the first round and be right back."

May frowned and hesitated, then laid her hand lightly on Joe's arm.

"Joe . . . I've been thinking. He's got a lot of friends out there to watch him fight. He . . . he'll be going overseas any day now. Joe, let him look good!"

Joe Mulhall glowered at May. His hair-trigger nerves tightened to the breaking point. Unreasonable anger flashed needle-sharp pains at the base of his scalp.

"You mean I should throw the fight to him?" he asked softly through frozen lips. "You mean . . ."

"Joe!" May pleaded in sudden panic. "Joe, all I said was to . . ."

"All you said! You think I don't know what you said and what you meant? I've never thrown a fight in my life . . . and I won't throw this one!" He spun suddenly on Pete Ammers. "And that goes for you, too, with all your fancy talk, and all the sob stuff about the nice, clean-cut, blond kid!"

May stifled a cry with her fist and ran out of the dressing room.

"Easy, boy," said Pete. "Easy does it. Me, personal, I don't give a damn if you knock his block off. Fact, I hope you do. Good publicity never hurt my wallet none."

AS SUDDENLY as fury had swept over Joe, it now left him. He grinned foolishly and shook his head as if to clear it.

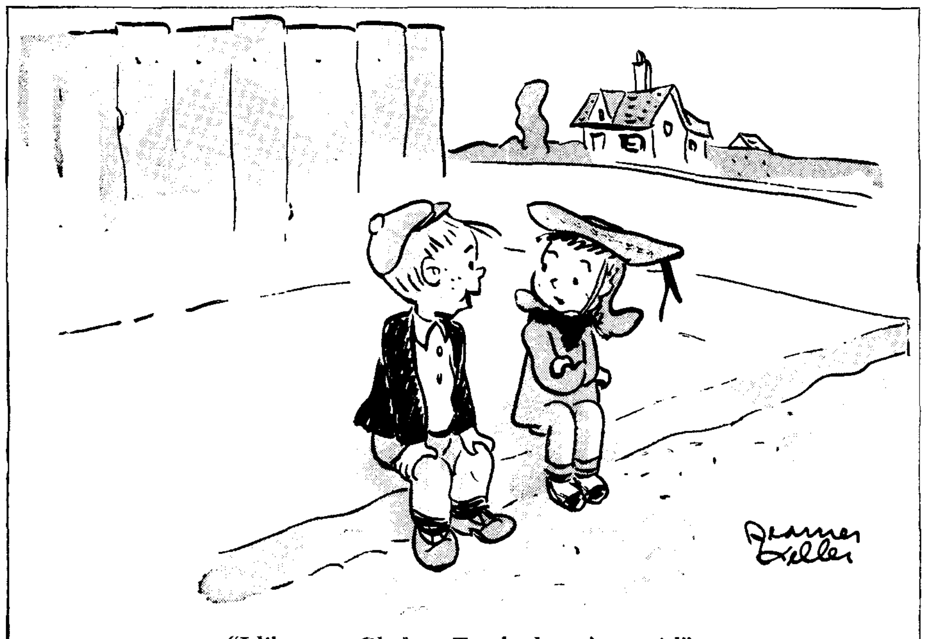
"Boy, I sure fly off the handle before a fight," he said. "I must have scared poor May half to death."

"Yeah, me, too," said Spike, "and you didn't even turn that death ray on me."

"Straighten me up with May, will you, Pete? Tell her it's still a date after the fight."

"Sure, Joe. Sure thing!" said Pete, heaving a sigh of relief and mopping the beads of sweat on his shiny pink face.

Joe sat back on the table and let Spike's calloused hands work softly over him. He



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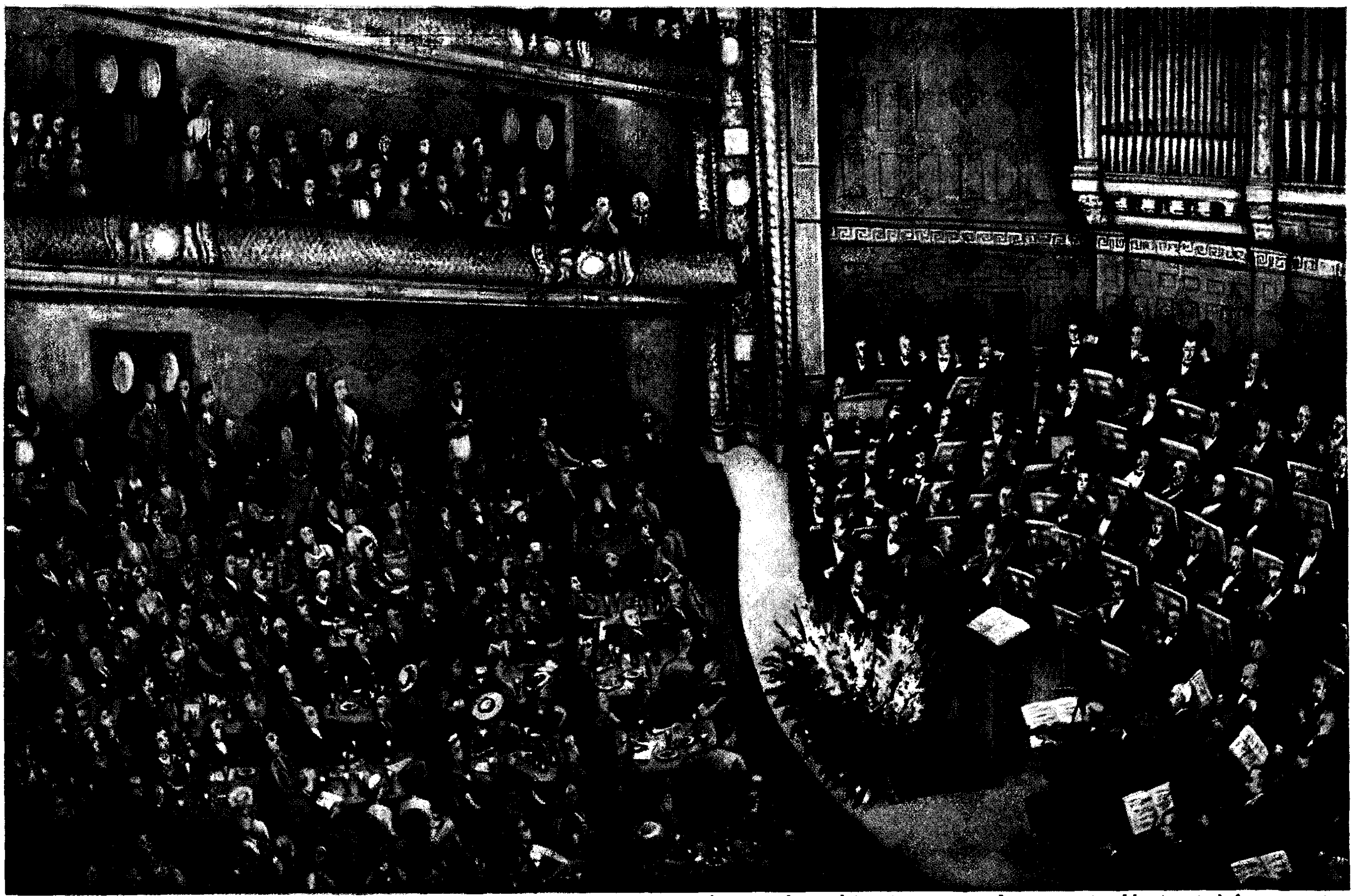

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felt more relaxed now that he had let out some steam. He was still sore at May for suggesting that he throw the fight, but not roaring sore, just surprised and a bit hurt and plenty thoughtful, the way a good right to the chin made him feel sometimes.

When the time came and he walked down the aisle and climbed into the ring, the crowd gave him a good hand, and that was a surprise, too. There were a lot of people in civvies in the boxes around the ring, but a good bit of the crowd was in uniform, and he had half expected catcalls and boos and hisses from the boys who were there to cheer for their champion. But he didn't hear them no matter how hard he strained his ears.

They gave him a good hand, a nice bit of noise and it sort of threw him off. He wanted to be sore, fighting sore and mad, the way he had been with May a few minutes before, but the crowd didn't let him.

Then he heard the noise begin to swell at the edge of the crowd, as the kid started coming toward the ring, and by the time the kid stepped through the ropes, the noise had swelled through the whole house, and his ears were ringing with the sharp whistling and yelling. There was no doubt who those soldiers and sailors were rooting for. They had given Joe a good hand, but this was their boy. This kid was their bright flaming hope.

JOE smiled to himself. Maybe May was right, after all. It sure would be a dirty trick to step right in and feint with his left and cross with his right and smear their boy flat and cold on the canvas. He leaned forward and tried to see the kid but there were a lot of people in front of him, and then they stepped aside, and the kid must have been leaning forward to look at him because their eyes met suddenly.

He was younger than Joe had imagined. It reminded him of the time he had seen a college football game, and afterward was introduced to its star, the big tough guy who tore and slashed and bucked through the line, who now, without the uniform and the helmet and the perspective of distance, was just a nice, soft-spoken, gangly school kid.

He sat, watching this kid he was going to fight, this Vic something or other, just a blond school kid with wavy golden hair and big gray eyes and the roundness of youth still on his face. His arms were smooth and rippling without the bulge of a single bound-up muscle, the legs slick, the chest hairless. . . .

The kid smiled and waved his hand, and Joe smiled and almost waved, too.

"It don't add up," he said to Spike. "I could be his old man."

"You couldn't," said Spike. "You're too dark."

The announcer bellowed into the loudspeaker.

Holocheck, thought Joe. I never could remember that kid's name.

He repeated it over to himself to memorize it, and missed hearing the weights. In trying to remember what the announcer had said about the weights, he forgot the kid's name again. It didn't matter. He probably would never hear it again. The referee came into the ring with arms raised and fingers crooked, beckoning them out of their corners.

"Hello," said the kid. "I used to have pictures of you tacked up on the wall of my room when I was a kid." He said it fast, as if he had been practicing to say it, and there was no dirt meant, the way he smiled when he spoke. "I never thought I'd see the day when I'd be fighting you."

Joe just nodded, and the kid lost his smile and listened to the referee, frowning a bit and blushing a lot. He was smiling again when the bell rang and he came out of his corner and met Joe in the middle of the ring, and Joe shot a quick left to the side of his face just to let him know that the day had come when he was fighting Joe Mulhall.

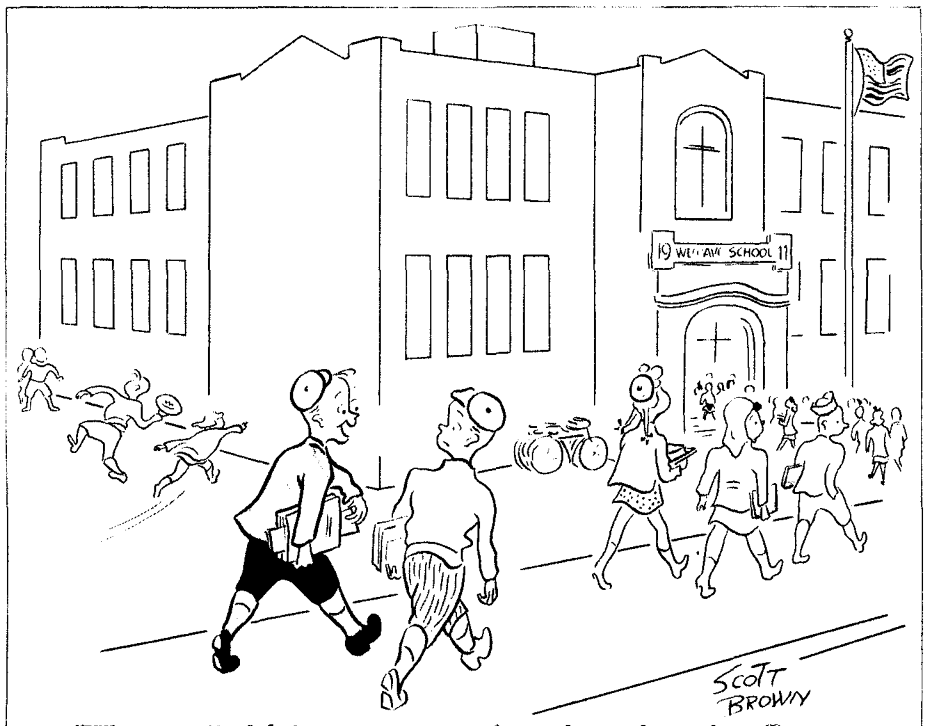
The kid didn't smile after that. He didn't smile but he wasn't scared. He came right in and kept coming in. He had a beautiful left. It darted out, quick as a snake's tongue, traveling no distance at all but stinging like blue blazes when it landed. He came in with a smooth, shuffling crouch, with that darting left probing for an opening, and the right always poised, always threatening.

"He's got my style!" Joe realized suddenly. "He's been copying me!"

It was like looking into a mirror of the past. Change the golden hair to crisp black, darken the skin, cock that right just a bit higher, and there was young Joe Mulhall of ten or twelve years ago. Joe Mulhall, with a battle to win and a name to make for himself, young and cocky, sure of himself and of the power in his shoulders and fists.

Joe ducked suddenly beneath that darting left, and his right exploded against the kid's body. He followed in close behind it and beat out that deadly tattoo that stifled the wind and choked the heart in a man's body. The kid clinched and Joe tried to push him away, but the kid was strong and the ref had to come between them and separate them. Joe went right in after the kid again, but the kid was crouched and that darting left was there flicking stinging hot against his face. Joe heard the sound dying out in the stand even though he had not heard it begin, and he knew that they were yelling for their champion, yelling advice and warning and encouragement, and he wondered if anyone was yelling for him.

He was the professional against the amateur. He was the old ring expert against a young beginner. He felt sudden hate well up blindly within him against the kid who shuffled endlessly toward him, so sure of his youth, so sure of his power and the strength of his arms. Well, he could teach the kid a lesson. He could teach them all a lesson.



"Whenever Dad brings government forms home from the office to fill out I slip in my homework. He does it and doesn't know it"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

He went after the kid then . . . hard—harder than he had ever gone after any man. But when the round ended, the kid was still on his feet, swaying a bit, his face bloody, his body red from the relentless pounding, his lips slightly parted, but still on his feet. For a moment, he raised his gray eyes and looked into Joe's, then he turned and stumbled toward his corner.

"You got him!" Spike cackled, as he worked vigorously over Joe. "You got him, Joe!"

"Shut up!" said Joe.

He leaned his head back and shut his eyes to the bright lights, and saw again the gray eyes looking into his, and the sudden veil of fear that had clouded them. They were no longer young eyes, invincible eyes. They had seen the dream shattered in a fog of pain.

The buzzer sounded, then the bell.

"Go on," said Spike. "Nail 'im!"

The kid came out slower. His lips were set in a hard, thin line but he still came in with that smooth, sliding shuffle and the flicking left trying to open a path for the explosive right always cocked. He was a game kid. He'd keep coming until his arms grew too heavy to lift, until his legs refused to carry his body any longer, until the will in him died.

I'm sorry, kid, Joe thought. Growing up is tough. Growing old is tougher. It's a hard life, kid, but I got to win. I got to win more than I ever had to win before in my life.

The kid's flicking left worked an opening, and the right slashed in. It was a good hard right with plenty of zing to it. As good as the one young Joe Mulhall had had ten-twelve years ago. But the moment had come, and old Joe Mulhall's right was nothing to sneeze at, either, and he whipped it across and it hurt the kid plenty. He went in, then, and the kid didn't back up but stood toe to toe with him and decided to slug it out, which was suicide, as anyone would have told him, because no man had ever stood toe to toe with Joe Mulhall and slugged it out and stayed on his feet for long.

Maybe the kid didn't know about that, because he just stood there and took it, and gave it right back, blow for blow, glove for glove, never covering up, never missing a swing, never moving back an inch. The crowd was yelling like the scream of an earthquake or a hurricane or a thousand bombs falling all at once, and the exploding and the lights spinning, red hot above the ring covered with black shadows, torn, flame-specked . . .

JOE was on the stool, and Spike was working on him, and he had not heard the bell ring, ending the round.

"Third round is your round," Spike said. "You always take them in the third. Mulhall's round coming up. You took Perenni and Duffy and Gordon and Berle and McGuire all in the third. Mulhall's round coming up. Round three coming up. . . ."

"Shut up!" Joe said, and Spike's voice faded in the distance, and the echoes died out inside the giant cathedral bell hissing metallically. "Third round . . . third round . . ."

The huge pink face floated close, swollen like a balloon, and Pete Ammers said, "You'll murder him in the third round," and the balloon deflated and fell away, and Joe wanted to be sick but would not let himself, because the third round was coming up. He was in the middle of the ring, and the kid's face was in front of him all twisted up with fear, and he speared it with his left, and the kid's face bobbed back and up again, and he saw the eyes, the gray, puzzled eyes.

"I got to get you, kid," he said. "I got to get you. It's the third round . . . and I always win in the third round. . . . I got to get you because I got to go out one way or the other . . . but I got to know first."

"Sure," said the kid, "only let me look good." He had a voice like May's and Joe looked across over the kid's shoulder to see if May was there. He could not see her for the wall of faces, the row upon row of faces stretching all the way up and all the way around.

And the eyes in the faces were all looking

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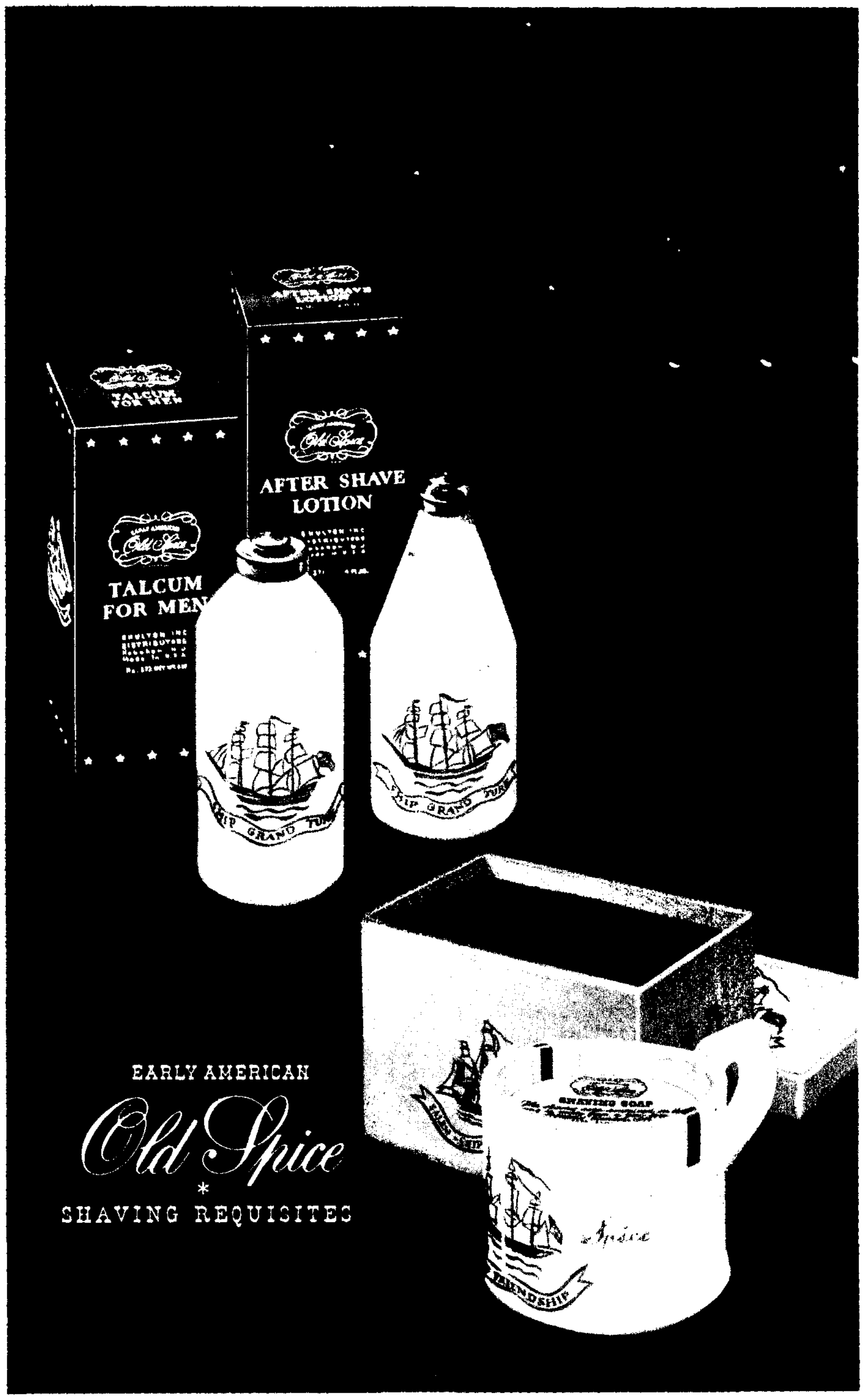

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at the kid. They were his buddies and they had banked on him and bet on him to bring them victory. Whatever his name was, the kid was their boy and he carried their banner, their faith and their hope and their invincibility. And now the banner was torn, and its standard bearer was staggering, and their sighs were a mournful wail of hopelessness that filled the vast hall.

"You need to win," Joe said suddenly, and the kid nodded his bloody head and smiled. And he saw the clean, tough kid shuffling over the shell-torn ground with a tommy gun in one hand and a knife in the other, and the bullets and the hot steel darting invisible toward him out of the hell-torn night, and it all added up now.

"We all need it," the kid said. "We got so little else sometimes . . . just knowing that we've never been licked."

"Sure, kid," Joe said. "I understand. It takes a lot of time for some of us . . . old-timers to get something through our heads. Scramble brains . . ."

His arms were lowered a bit, and the piston rhythm of his shattering blows slowed down. I'm tired he thought. My arms are heavy. I'm an old man. I can't keep my guard as high. I'm going flat on my heels because the kid is young and strong and rushing the fight. I can see it in his eyes now. There's hope in them. He's cocking that right—the right that's as good as mine used to be. I've blocked it pretty near every time, but no fighter can block all of them. Here it comes! A good one. Enough to knock out any man. But I'm not out. I'm just down on the canvas with the hot lights spinning over me. I can hear the count. I can roll over and get up on my elbows. Six . . . seven . . . The crowd is yelling but their yelling is for the kid, not for me, and I'm on my knees and the count is going on . . . eight . . . nine . . .

THE lights spun and stabbed Joe's eyelids open. He was in the dressing room, and Spike was standing over him, and May.

"I'm all right," Joe said. "All I need is a shower."

His mouth felt like he had been chewing brass pennies, and he wanted to be sick but he couldn't with May there, and he said, "Get out, all of you except Spike." They all got out, and Spike helped him to the shower, and he turned it on full force, ice cold. It made him very sick, then he felt better. He got out of the shower, and Spike gave him a rubdown, then helped him dress.

"Don't look so down," Joe said. "Everybody's got to lose sometime."

But Spike only nodded dully. He was dressed, and there was a lot of banging on the door, and he nodded to Spike to open up. It was a bunch of soldiers. One of them came up with his hand held out and for a minute Joe didn't recognize him but the patches of tape over the soldier's eyes helped him out.

"Vic Holocheck," he said shaking hands. "I got to remember that name from now on."

"You're a tough, game guy," Holocheck grinned. "You don't know how near you came to taking me."

"Thanks. I tried. You're okay, soldier."

Then they shook hands again solemnly.

"Good luck," said Joe.

"Sure. I'll drop you a card from Tokyo."

They piled out, and Joe finished dressing. He squeezed Spike's arm as he passed him. "So long, Spike. See you someday."

Outside, May looked at him critically a moment, then took his arm and they started walking toward the exit.

"Hey!" said Joe suddenly. "Are you sniffling? Shucks, it isn't anything to cry about. Every fighter has to lose sometime. Now, I'm out . . . the way I wanted to go. . . ."

"I'm sorry and I'm glad," said May. "But it's those kids have me sniffling. Did you see the faces on them? Every soldier man of them won that fight tonight."

"They're all right," said Joe. "They're all right."

"I was so afraid . . . that you'd finish him in the first."

"He's a good tough boy. He's all right."

"You feel bad losing the fight, don't you, Joe?"

"It's not easy to lose."

"I love you, Joe. I'm so proud of you. After you got mad at me and I left, I was so afraid you might decide to throw the fight to that soldier, Joe. But I wouldn't want that. Not even a fight like this one."

"Women are funny," said Joe. "Now my own wife is happy that I got my block knocked off in the third . . ."

"It was the second, Joe."

"The second what?"

"The second round. Two minutes and thirty-two seconds of the second round."

"Say that again. Slow."

May looked up at him strangely.

"You were in the center of the ring, Joe, slugging it out. He blocked a left hook and crossed with his right. He . . . he hit you awful hard, Joe. I . . . I thought he'd hurt you, you were out so long. There was a crowd around you, and Spike had to sort of hold you up getting out of the ring, and . . ."

"In the second round?"

"Yes, Joe. Two minutes and . . ."

"I know . . . thirty-two seconds! Then, there was no third round."

"Third round?"

"Skip it," said Joe. "I got butterflies in my head."

They went outside and called a taxi, and Joe lay back and rested his head against the back of the seat. His arm drew May close to him, and she rested her head against his shoulder. He shut his eyes and was quiet for so long that she thought he had fallen asleep.

"It was a good fight, Mom," he said sleepily, "and I'm glad I lost. *Really* lost."

"Joe . . ."

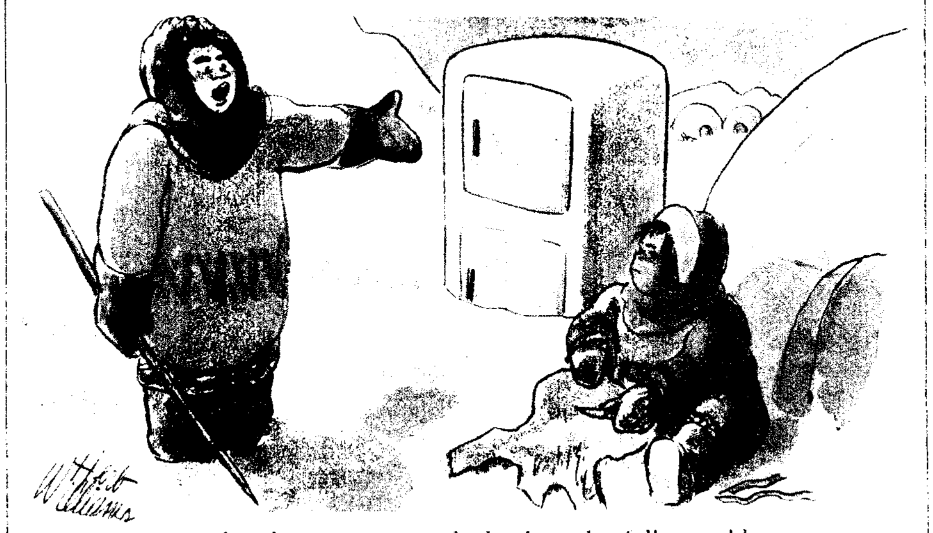
He sat up suddenly. "Now for lobsters and champagne!" he said.

"If you're tired, Joe . . ."

He scooped her up in his arms and sat her on his lap.

"Don't you start growing a beard on me," he laughed. "The one I grew on myself wasn't becoming. Shucks, I'm going to have a drink of champagne to the kid that gave me a clean shave tonight!"

THE END



"Remember how you squawked when the fellow sold me that? Well, what do you think I've been offered for it now?"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

How Superman Died

Continued from page 17

machine gun. Tich and he decided to talk fast. "Listen, you guys," Smith said, "I will give you till twelve noon to surrender."

The Germans went down into the cellar to talk it over and Smith could hear the captain who wanted to surrender telling old superman that the Americans had panzers all around the town and while some might be knocked out with bazookas, all of them couldn't be. Smith and Tich were really sweating because it looked as if old Tightpants just wasn't going to make up his mind to quit.

"Then just about that time," Smith said, "from out of nowhere, two of our assault guns opened up and sent shells crashing near the town. Old superman's ears wiggled when he heard that. 'Will you agree to allow me and my force to pull back outside the town,' he asked, 'where we can fight it out with you?'

"'If you don't hurry up and surrender,' Smith told him. 'I'll give you all the fight you want, captain, but I won't let you pull back and get ready for it.'"

The little captain thought it over and then told Smith that, as he had fought for five years, he wished to keep fighting. If Smith would let him try to slip through the American lines and rejoin his army, he would surrender his men. Bobcat Smith agreed and told him to get going.

The little German who still believed in superman took his automatic in one hand and a Schmeisser burp gun in the other. The last time anyone saw him, he was waddling across the fields toward his own lines. By the time Smith returned from looking after the surrender of the fifteen hundred Germans in the town, he had already disappeared. Smith felt bad about that because he had halfway planned to shoot him.

"Perhaps before the war is over," Bobcat said, "we will meet again and I'll really blow him sky-high. You just wait and see."

The Sixth Armored continued pushing north, and the prisoners kept streaming back until the tankers were at times almost overwhelmed.

One sergeant complained, "Hell, you can't even afford to halt to catch your breath now. If you do, in about two minutes you are so burdened down with prisoners that you don't know what to do about it."

That was not true on all sectors, however. The guards at a prison camp located at Ziegenhain, about 20 miles south of Kassel, didn't know they were licked. In this camp were 1,279 American prisoners most of them noncommissioned officers and most of them captured last December or January in the Rundstedt counteroffensive. Every day these guards told the Americans: "You will see. The Yanks are *kaput*."

A Plea to Old Blood and Guts

But the Americans had a radio concealed in their quarters and every night they listened to the BBC. When they heard the Sixth Armored was rolling their way they started singing, to the tune of John Brown's Body, a parody that one of them made up. It began: "Oh, Georgie Patton, won't you come and set us free?"

The Germans heard the Sixth was coming, too, and so they decided to pull out in the direction of Mühlhausen. They told all 5,000 prisoners in the camp they would be moved the next day. The 700 British didn't complain, the French didn't complain and the Russians didn't complain, but the Americans were led by a tough-minded medical officer of a famous airborne unit. He had been captured in Holland when he elected to remain behind with a group of men who had been badly shot up.

This officer told all American prisoners to stage a mass sick call. Every man was to fall down and discover some ailment. Some of the men ate soap and foamed at the mouth. Some collapsed on the floor, grabbing their sides and screaming.

The medical captain went to the German prison commandant. "Sir," he said, "your treatment is killing my men. They are all flat on their backs today." The scene was so convincing that one German guard openly cried.

The German commandant ranted and stormed, but there was nothing he could do about it short of mass executions. Finally, he screamed, "All right, you Yankees have made your bed and you'll have to lie in it. I'll just leave you here."

The captain laughed when he talked about it. That was just what he wanted. They marched away about 3,000 prisoners. The next day our tankers came. One black-haired youth from the prison camp was the first to see Bobcat Smith and the others rolling along.

"When I heard those American voices I just couldn't answer," the youth said. "I collapsed and cried. Then later when I was walking back to camp with the news, a civilian told me that 300 Hungarian Jewish women whom the Nazis had brought into a near-by town to work in a munitions factory were hiding in a barn and afraid to leave. I walked over to the barn and opened the door. When they heard me say I was American, they all broke out crying and everybody tried to kiss me. I started crying, too, and we sat there on the floor weeping together."

Nazi Prisoners Threaten Yanks

Then the Sixth Armored tankers pressed northeast and then swung due east just south of Kassel toward the Fulda River. Something was afoot; there was a change in the air. German prisoners began coming in with their heads up and their eyes clear.

"All right, Yanks," they said, "we are through quitting now. When you cross the Fulda, you will find we are ready to fight. We will keep you back from Leipzig or Berlin."

In the command post of one of the Sixth Armored's columns there was gloom that night. They had been ordered to cross the Fulda and they had no satisfactory bridging equipment and no boats. The colonel sat staring at the floor.

"How can I get them across?" he asked aloud. "Can I expect them to swim it? Can I expect them to wade it? If they do, they'll be no good in the morning—all wringing wet. And on the other side, the supermen are waiting to fight."

The general came in just before 10 P.M., a stern-faced man with iron-gray hair. He knew men and he knew war. This was something that he disliked as much as any other man, but the men had to go across, even if one swam over with a rope and pulled the others behind him. There was no argument about it.

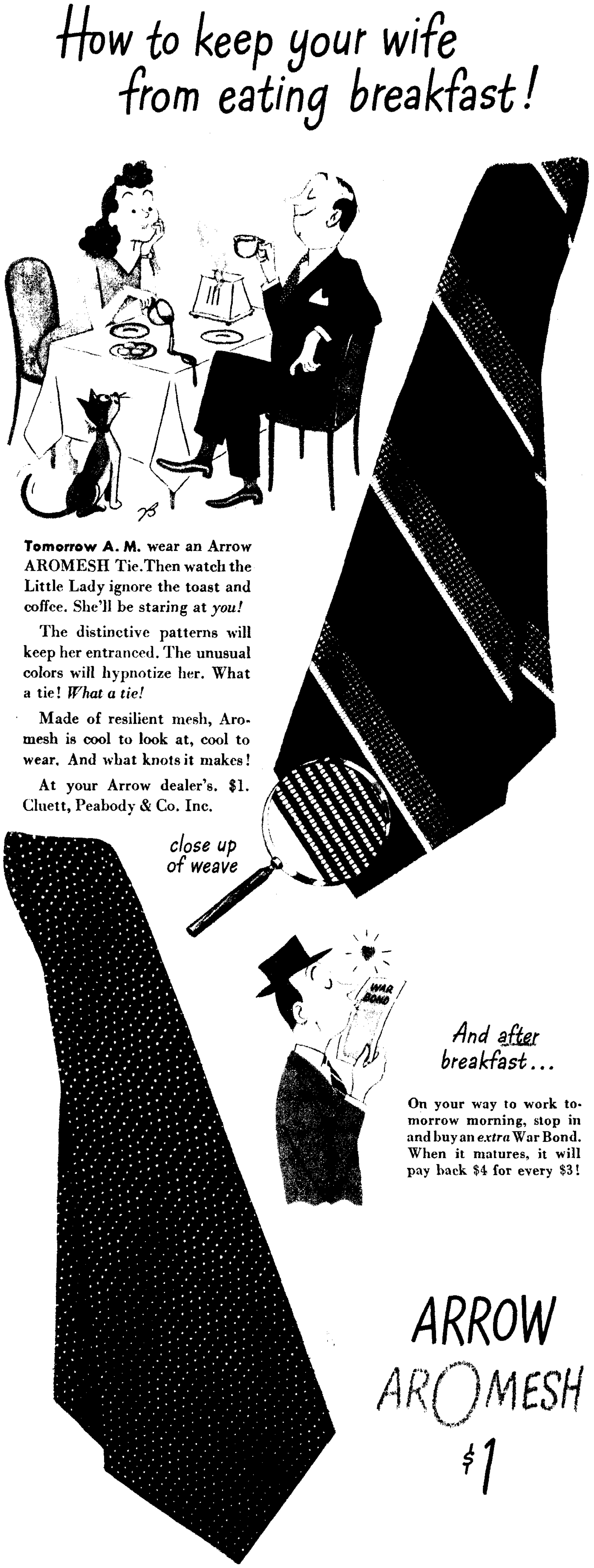
The doughboys of the 80th Infantry Division, working along with the Sixth, got across that night despite all obstacles; and, despite their war talk, the Germans never opened fire. By midmorning on Easter Sunday, bridges were across and the tanks were rumbling on their way east again. They took up the Kraut hunt where they had left off—pushing in the general direction of Leipzig and Berlin.

The Sixth Armored Division felt the same thing that the Third Army officer had expressed. If they wished, there was no place in Germany that they couldn't go. Along with the Fourth Armored, they had the situation well in hand. If it asked for battle, there was no German force left that they could not lick.

Along the Third Army front the tankers still rode hard. Major Bobcat Smith bounced along in his tiny jeep, one hand on that .50-caliber machine gun.

"I hope I run into him over here," he said. "I hope I'm riding along the road, and he bobs up and tries to halt me. Boy! What I won't do to the bastard!" He was talking about Tightpants, the little German captain who had refused to surrender at Friedberg—one of the last of the Germans who still believes in the superman.

THE END



Tomorrow A. M. wear an Arrow AROMESH Tie. Then watch the Little Lady ignore the toast and coffee. She'll be staring at *you!*

The distinctive patterns will keep her entranced. The unusual colors will hypnotize her. What a tie! *What a tie!*

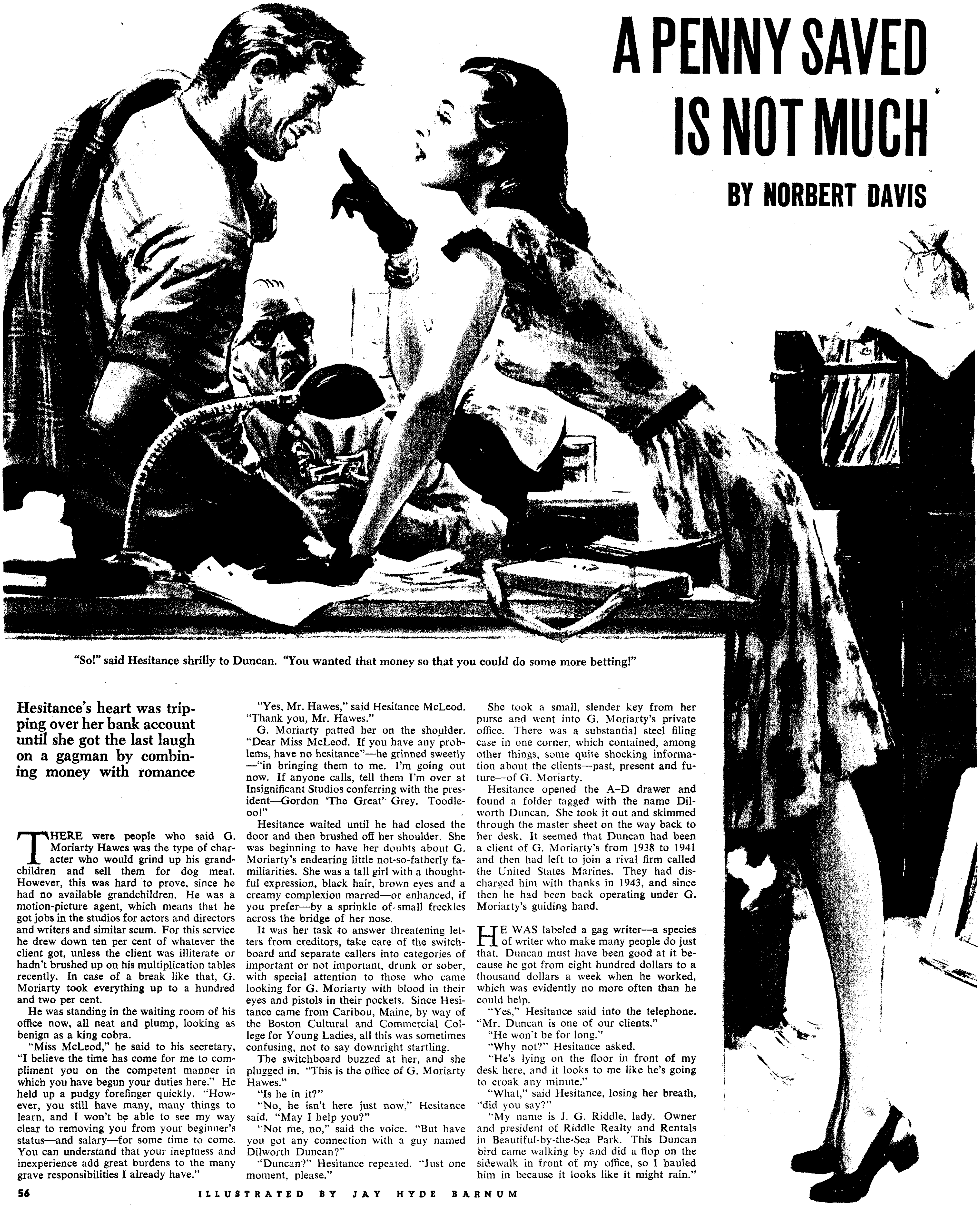
Made of resilient mesh, Aromesh is cool to look at, cool to wear. And what knots it makes!

At your Arrow dealer's, $1. Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc.

On your way to work tomorrow morning, stop in and buy an *extra* War Bond. When it matures, it will pay back $4 for every $3!

A PENNY SAVED IS NOT MUCH

BY NORBERT DAVIS



"So!" said Hesitance shrilly to Duncan. "You wanted that money so that you could do some more betting!"

Hesitance's heart was tripping over her bank account until she got the last laugh on a gagman by combining money with romance

THERE were people who said G. Moriarty Hawes was the type of character who would grind up his grandchildren and sell them for dog meat. However, this was hard to prove, since he had no available grandchildren. He was a motion-picture agent, which means that he got jobs in the studios for actors and directors and writers and similar scum. For this service he drew down ten per cent of whatever the client got, unless the client was illiterate or hadn't brushed up on his multiplication tables recently. In case of a break like that, G. Moriarty took everything up to a hundred and two per cent.

He was standing in the waiting room of his office now, all neat and plump, looking as benign as a king cobra.

"Miss McLeod," he said to his secretary, "I believe the time has come for me to compliment you on the competent manner in which you have begun your duties here." He held up a pudgy forefinger quickly. "However, you still have many, many things to learn, and I won't be able to see my way clear to removing you from your beginner's status—and salary—for some time to come. You can understand that your ineptness and inexperience add great burdens to the many grave responsibilities I already have."

"Yes, Mr. Hawes," said Hesitance McLeod. "Thank you, Mr. Hawes."

G. Moriarty patted her on the shoulder. "Dear Miss McLeod. If you have any problems, have no hesitance"—he grinned sweetly—"in bringing them to me. I'm going out now. If anyone calls, tell them I'm over at Insignificant Studios conferring with the president—Gordon 'The Great' Grey. Toodle-oo!"

Hesitance waited until he had closed the door and then brushed off her shoulder. She was beginning to have her doubts about G. Moriarty's endearing little not-so-fatherly familiarities. She was a tall girl with a thoughtful expression, black hair, brown eyes and a creamy complexion marred—or enhanced, if you prefer—by a sprinkle of small freckles across the bridge of her nose.

It was her task to answer threatening letters from creditors, take care of the switchboard and separate callers into categories of important or not important, drunk or sober, with special attention to those who came looking for G. Moriarty with blood in their eyes and pistols in their pockets. Since Hesitance came from Caribou, Maine, by way of the Boston Cultural and Commercial College for Young Ladies, all this was sometimes confusing, not to say downright startling.

The switchboard buzzed at her, and she plugged in. "This is the office of G. Moriarty Hawes."

"Is he in it?"

"No, he isn't here just now," Hesitance said. "May I help you?"

"Not me, no," said the voice. "But have you got any connection with a guy named Dilworth Duncan?"

"Duncan?" Hesitance repeated. "Just one moment, please."

She took a small, slender key from her purse and went into G. Moriarty's private office. There was a substantial steel filing case in one corner, which contained, among other things, some quite shocking information about the clients—past, present and future—of G. Moriarty.

Hesitance opened the A–D drawer and found a folder tagged with the name Dilworth Duncan. She took it out and skimmed through the master sheet on the way back to her desk. It seemed that Duncan had been a client of G. Moriarty's from 1938 to 1941 and then had left to join a rival firm called the United States Marines. They had discharged him with thanks in 1943, and since then he had been back operating under G. Moriarty's guiding hand.

HE WAS labeled a gag writer—a species of writer who make many people do just that. Duncan must have been good at it because he got from eight hundred dollars to a thousand dollars a week when he worked, which was evidently no more often than he could help.

"Yes," Hesitance said into the telephone. "Mr. Duncan is one of our clients."

"He won't be for long."

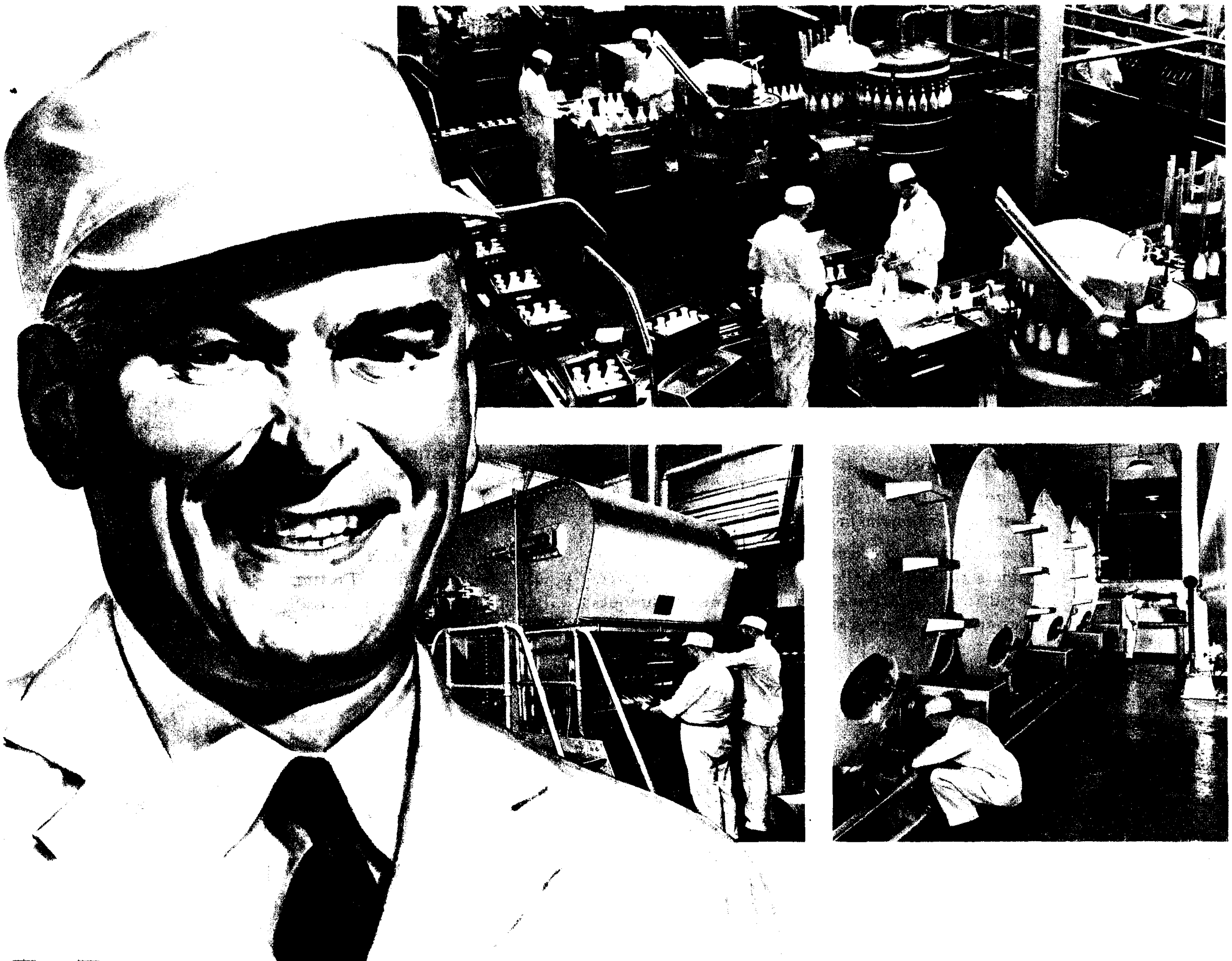
"Why not?" Hesitance asked.

"He's lying on the floor in front of my desk here, and it looks to me like he's going to croak any minute."

"What," said Hesitance, losing her breath, "did you say?"

"My name is J. G. Riddle, lady. Owner and president of Riddle Realty and Rentals in Beautiful-by-the-Sea Park. This Duncan bird came walking by and did a flop on the sidewalk in front of my office, so I hauled him in because it looks like it might rain."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



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But it spends at least *twelve* hours a day getting ready to do that eight hours of work!

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Under his eagle eye, every single piece of equipment used in pasteurizing and bottling is taken apart after each day's operation, washed, scrubbed, inspected and finally sterilized by live steam.

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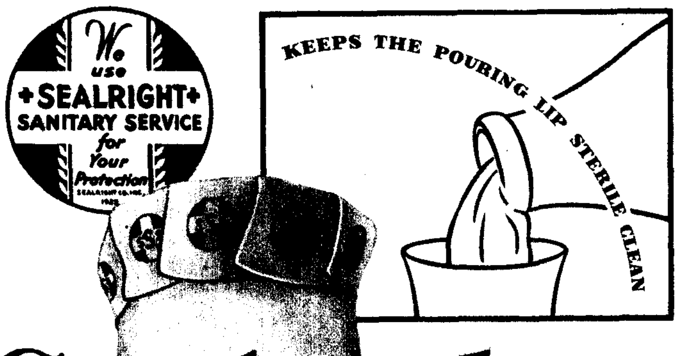

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FOR THAT SAFE FEELING WHEN YOU DRIVE–

Choose the name you can trust in Rubber

Today there is only ONE factor on which you can safely judge tire quality.

It's *not* the raw material used—ALL tires today are made from the *same* synthetic, GRS (Government Rubber Styrene).

It's *not* the prewar popularity of a tire—today, no tire is the same as it was prewar.

It's *not* "longer experience" in manufacturing tires of synthetic rubber—after Pearl Harbor all manufacturers started at the *same time* to develop the new techniques necessary to build tires from GRS.

It is the skill of the maker!

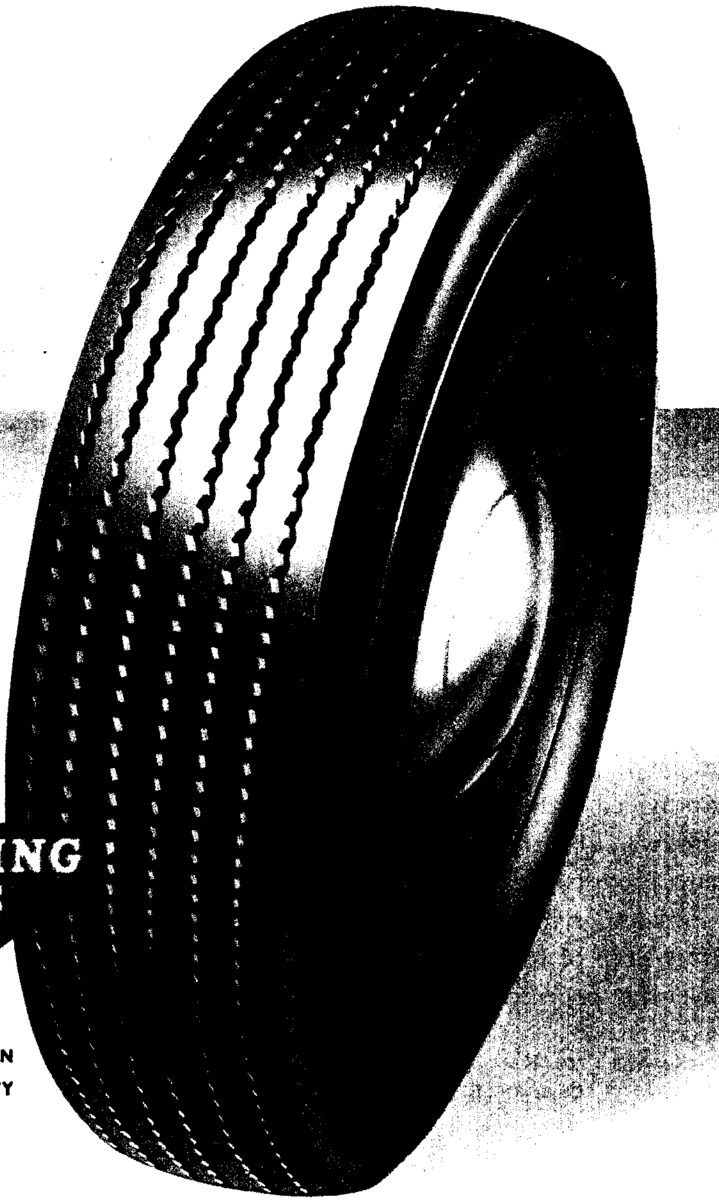
On that factor ALONE depends the extra quality of a GRS tire!

Real skill in tire building is not achieved overnight. It comes only from long years of striving always to *build better*—long years such as Seiberling has devoted to building fine quality tires.

Such skill and the ideals that maintain it have become a Seiberling tradition. They find expression in the finer quality, longer wear and greater safety of tires bearing the Seiberling name, *The Name You Can Trust In Rubber.*

SEIBERLING

Experts in Rubber



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RETAILED ONLY BY FREE,
INDEPENDENT BUSINESS MEN
DISPLAYING THIS SIGN OF QUALITY

THE BATTLE OF RUBBER IS FAR FROM WON!

This war is consuming tires at a rate so fast no one could possibly have foreseen it. One fighting unit alone requires 5000 in 24 hours. Help win the Battle of Rubber by making *your* tires last. And help win the Fight for Freedom—

BUY BIGGER BONDS
IN THE
7th WAR LOAN!

"What did you do then?" Hesitance demanded.

"Looked through his pockets. He don't have a dime on him, but he did have a card saying to notify your office in case of accident or sickness or both, so that's why I called."

"But—but didn't you do anything else for him?"

"Yeah. I called an ambulance, but it didn't do any good."

"Didn't do any good!" Hesitance repeated numbly. "What do you mean?"

"I already told you—the guy is broke. The ambulance won't pick him up unless he pays in advance."

"What!" Hesitance exclaimed. "Is that ambulance there? You let me talk to the man in charge of it!"

"Hello," a new voice said casually. "This is the ambulance driver. My name is Parsons."

"I don't care what your name is! You take Mr. Duncan to the hospital immediately!"

"No can do. I'm from the Lux Lying-In Hospital—we're not a charity outfit."

"Mr. Duncan is no charity case; he's a veteran—a discharged Marine!"

"He's lucky, then. They'll bury him for free. What you should do is call the Marine Hospital in San Diego and tell them to come and get him."

"San Diego!" Hesitance shrilled. "That's a hundred and twenty miles from here!"

"Yup. Or, since he's busted, you can call the General Receiving Hospital downtown. But it'll take them a couple of hours to get here, and frankly I don't think this jerk is going to last that long."

"Oh!" said Hesitance. "Well, just wait a moment. Hold the line."

SHE shifted that connection into neutral, flipped through her list of important numbers and then plugged in on the other line and dialed hastily.

A bored feminine voice said: "Insignificant Studios."

"Will you connect me with Mr. Gordon 'The Great' Grey, please?" Hesitance asked.

"What for?"

"He's having a conference with Mr. G. Moriarty Hawes, and I wish to get in touch with Mr. Hawes. I'm his secretary."

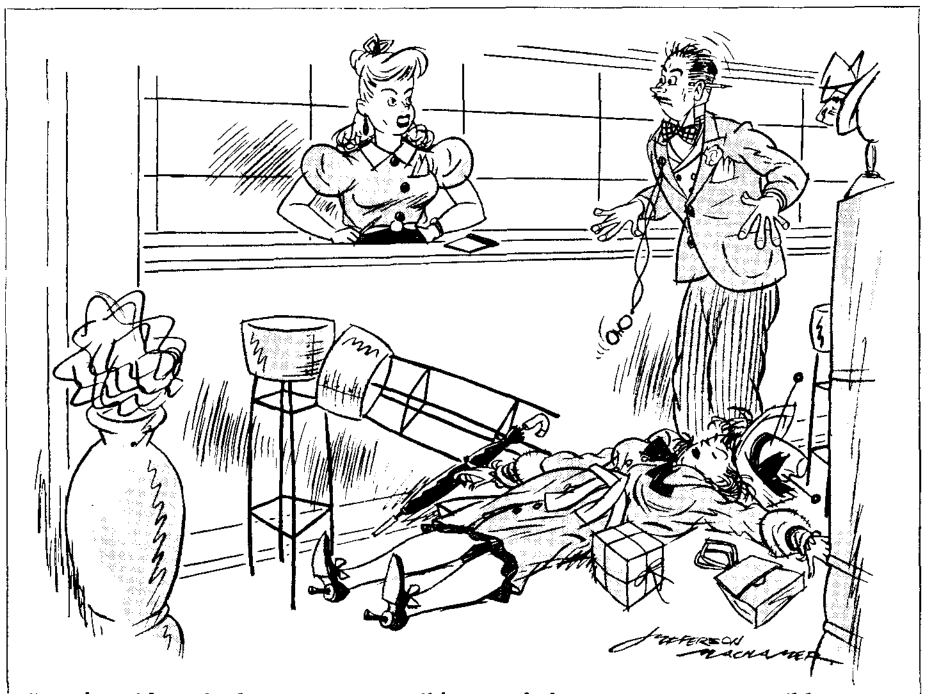
"Are you kidding, dearie?" said the bored voice. "We wouldn't allow that fat rat inside the front gate. If he's missing, try the county jail."

The line clicked with finality. Hesitance made little dithering sounds to herself and shifted the first line back into high.

"Hello, hello!"

"Yup. I'm still here."

"You've got to take Mr. Duncan right to the hospital! How much will you charge?"



"I only said we had no three-inch ribbon and that we were just terribly sorry and hoped she would try us soon again and thanked her gratefully for coming in"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Ummmm. . . . It's an unusual case. We're a lying-in hospital, and even I can see this guy ain't likely to have a baby. . . . But I expect I can slide him in for a hundred bucks down—in advance."

Hesitance fumbled in her purse and came up with a bank book. It showed that the bank was in her debt to the tune of $127.07.

"All right!" she said. "You wait there! I'll come out with the money!"

"Corner of Sycamore Terrace and Lilymore Avenue. Don't hurry on my account, miss. I got lots of time, but I don't think your pal Duncan has."

BEAUTIFUL-by-the-Sea Park was one of those districts that squat around the edge of Los Angeles waiting for the population to catch up with its promoter's dreams. Hesitance came pottering down Sycamore Terrace in her agedly conservative coupé and stopped at Lilymore Avenue. There was nothing on any of the four corners but a neat, half-size bungalow with a sign in front of it that said:

WE BUY, WE SELL
WE RENT, WE LEASE
WE DISPOSSESS, WE REPOSSESS
COME RIGHT IN

Hesitance opened the door and looked into a small office. There were two men visible. One was sitting behind the desk in the corner, cleaning his fingernails with a pearl-handled pen knife. He was thin, and he wore horn-rimmed glasses, and he looked as though he had just taken a large bite of a small lemon. The second man was a lean and frowsy out-at-the-elbows sort of character who was sweeping the floor with gentle and considerate care.

"Mr. Riddle?" Hesitance said inquiringly.

"Here," said the one behind the desk. "Did you bring the money?"

"Yes, but where is Mr. Duncan?"

"He began to get green around the ears, so the ambulance driver decided to take a chance on you. He dragged the guy over to the hospital." Riddle held out his hand. "Give me the dough."

Hesitance handed him the folded bills. "But—"

Riddle snapped his fingers. "Bum! Take this and run over to the hospital with it. Hurry up, before they throw that poor guy out in the gutter."

"Yes, sir!" said the frowsy character. He dropped his broom, seized the money and dashed out the rear door of the office.

"He can run across lots quicker than you can drive there," Riddle explained to Hesitance.

"But— Perhaps I'd better go over and see how Mr. Duncan is."

Riddle nodded. "Good idea. Them bums are liable to park him in the coal bin if you don't check up. The hospital is on Blaney Avenue and Blair Street."

"All right. Well—thanks for everything."

"Don't mention it," said Riddle.

Hesitance hurried down the walk, frowning to herself in a worried way. She reached out for the door handle of the coupé, then stiffened suddenly. She stayed in that position, rigid, for a good thirty seconds. After that she dropped her arm, drew a long, slow breath, turned around and marched back up the walk and into the office.

The frowsy character was leaning over the desk, and Riddle was carefully counting bills out on its top.

". . . ninety, one hundred," Riddle said. "Okay. That cleans you up."

"Here!" said Hesitance loudly.

The frowsy character looked sideways at her. "Beat it, babe. Give G. Moriarty my worst regards."

"You!" said Hesitance. "You're Dilworth Duncan! You're no bum!"

Riddle said: "Well, you're half right. He's Duncan. But I can't go far with you on that no bum stuff."

"Dust off, dizzy," Duncan said to Hesitance absently. "We're busy men. Now listen, Riddle. I'm all paid up, so my credit ought to be good again."

"Ha-ha-ha," said Riddle.

"Be reasonable," Duncan urged. "Señor Sombrero in the fourth at Tijuana Park is money from home. Cuff me for ten on its snoot."

"Ha-ha-ha."

"Get smart, stupid," Duncan said. "The rest of those beat-up dogs in that race couldn't catch cold. I'll tell you. I'll split my winnings fifty-fifty with you."

"Fifty per cent of the profit, I could go for," Riddle told him. "What I don't like is taking one hundred per cent of the loss."

"So!" said Hesitance shrilly to Duncan. "You wanted that money to pay him what you owed so you could bet on the races some more!" She pointed an accusing finger at him. "And you!" she said to Riddle. "You're nothing but an illegal gambler! You're a—a racing bookmaker!"

RIDDLE winked at her. "Them's hard words, lady. They'd scare me—if you could prove them."

"You give me that money!"

"Tell G. Moriarty to hold it out of my next check," Duncan advised her. "What are you squalling about, anyway? It's not your dough."

"It is, too! I couldn't locate Mr. Hawes, and I drew the money out of my own bank account."

"Hah!" said Duncan. "Are you a boob! But relax. I'll pay you back sometime or other."

Hesitance stood there glaring. After a while she swallowed hard and said: "Will you sign a note for it?"

Duncan shrugged. "Sure."

Hesitance looked at Riddle. "Will you sign as witness?"

"Why not?" said Riddle carelessly.

Hesitance took two sheets of paper and a pen from Riddle's desk, went over to the slanting counter against the side wall and began to write carefully.

"What are you making two copies for?" Duncan asked.

"One for you and one for me," Hesitance said. She handed the pen to him. "Sign here and here."

Duncan scribbled his name. Hesitance took the papers over to Riddle's desk.

"Sign there and there."

Riddle wrote his name with an artistic flourish.

"Now you should be all happy and gay and back at the office," said Duncan. "So run along."

Hesitance went as far as the door. She stopped there with one foot in and one foot out, and she held up one of the papers and shook it at Riddle.

"Do you want me to read you what you just signed? 'I, J. G. Riddle, do hereby freely admit and confess that I have been operating an illegal bookmaking and gambling establishment on the premises at Sycamore—' "

Riddle lunged half out of his chair.

"Stay right there," Hesitance warned. "If

For Clear-Eyed

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Try This Tonight

IF YOU wake up tired and listless—if your freshness and "sparkle" are slipping away in the stress of these strenuous times—you should know this!

Thousands are drinking a cup of Ovaltine night and morning—for radiant morning freshness and vigorous days.

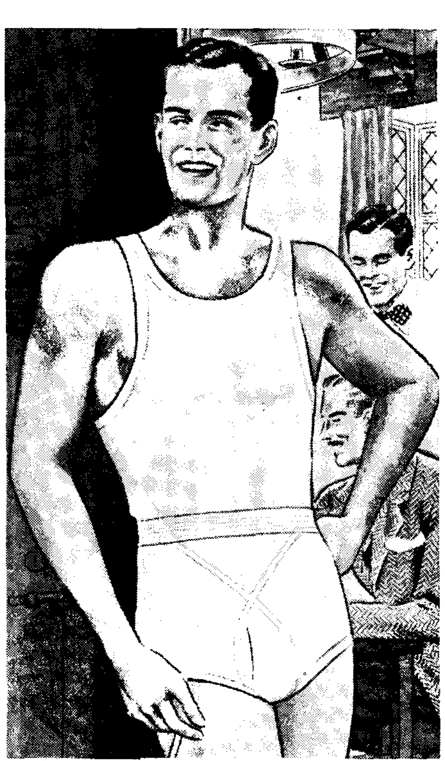
For Ovaltine is a scientific *food*-concentrate designed to do two important things.

First, taken warm at bedtime, it fosters sound sleep, without drugs.

Second, it helps to build you up while you sleep. Two cups daily, made with milk as directed, supply all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need for utmost vitality—provided you just eat 3 normal meals a day, including citrus fruit or tomatoes. In addition Ovaltine also provides the *basic* food elements absolutely necessary to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells, and for vitality and endurance.

So why not turn to Ovaltine tonight, for better sleep and for morning freshness?

OVALTINE



Background for Trimness..

Achieve a sleek poised uplift. Duocraft's non-stretching cross-stays, suspended from two points on the elastic waistband, provide *flexible* support that keeps you in a glow of comfort. Knit Briefs—a la floor show. Knit Shorts—with some leg coverage. No ironing—no buttons. Shirts to match. Supply is limited by war. Duofold, Inc., Mohawk, N.Y.

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USO
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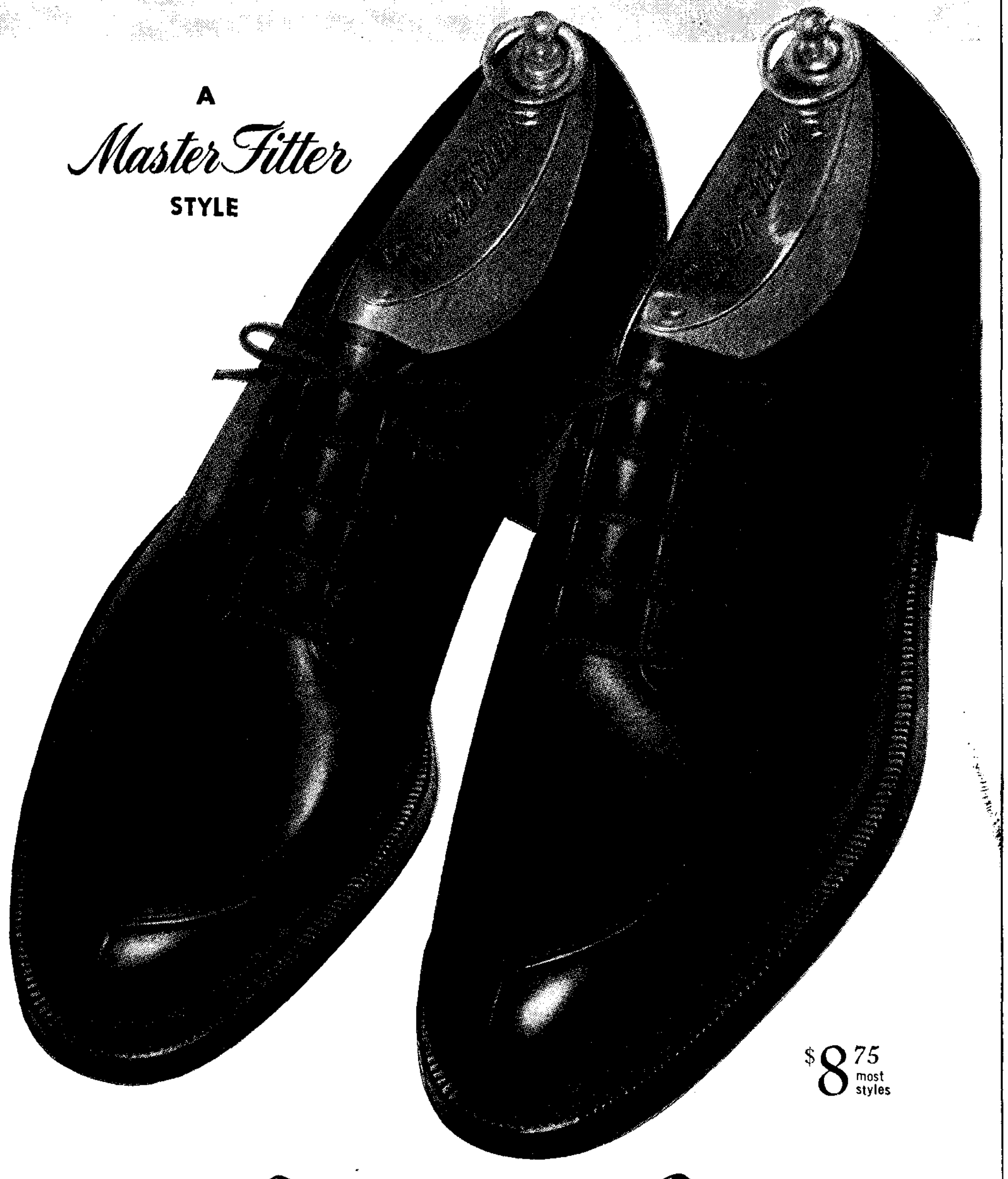
"These comfortable Master Fitters of dad's are my 'secret weapons' for G I jive nights"

NO SECRET about the easy comfort of Master Fitter shoes . . . the good word has spread like wild fire. And any eye can see that in *good looks*, too, these smart shoes rate at the head of the class field. Built by perfectionists, of fine quality leathers, they fit extra well and wear extra long. For your dealer's name write Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis.

A *Master Fitter* STYLE

IT'S A FREEMAN SHOE

WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS



you come any closer, I'll start running and screaming, and I'll keep it up until I find a policeman."

Riddle collapsed soggily. "Take it easy, lady. I'm not moving. Just tell me what you want, that's all. Whatever it is, it's yours."

"Give me my money."

"Sure," said Riddle instantly, holding it out. "Here."

"You hand it to me," Hesitance said to Duncan. "Don't you come close to me, either."

Grinning widely, Duncan took the money from Riddle and extended it at arm's length. Hesitance retrieved it and put it in her purse, keeping a careful eye on Riddle.

"Please, lady," he said. "I apologize. I'm crawling in the dirt. This was all that Duncan louse's idea. All I did was say what he told me to. Please, now. Give me that paper."

Hesitance crumpled it up and threw it on his desk. Riddle pounced on it.

"Oh," he said shakily. "If I ever sign anything again without reading it . . ."

Duncan chortled. "That was a dilly. Riddle, I don't care who you give your money to, but just remember I paid you what I owed you."

Riddle turned his head slowly and ominously. "I hope you drop dead," he said. "And if you ever poke your puss in this place again, you will."

Duncan nodded at Hesitance. "Isn't he a card? I might as well ride in with you since you're handy."

They went out and got into Hesitance's coupé.

"What's your name?" Duncan asked.

"Hesitance McLeod."

"What?" said Duncan. "What was that first? Have no hesitance about telling me."

Hesitance grated the gears. "I don't like people to make fun of my name!"

"Then you should change it. Hesitance! What a handle! But that was a good gag you pulled on Riddle."

"The one you pulled on me was a mean, dirty trick!"

"Relax," Duncan advised. "G. Moriarty always keeps a roll in his filing case because he might have to leave town in a rush. I figured even if you were new there, you'd be smart enough to tap it in an emergency. I was just maneuvering to get me an informal loan."

"I was badly worried. You were very convincing as an ambulance driver."

"To you, maybe," said Duncan. "Not to anyone halfway smart."

Hesitance paused on that, her eyes narrowing slowly. "You know, if you shaved and got your hair cut and your shoes shined and your suit pressed, you'd be a fairly decent-looking character."

"Oh, better than that," said Duncan. "I'd be handsome. You'd fall for me like a ton of bricks. But it's easier to borrow money if I look worn around the edges."

"Well, why don't you go to work instead of acting like a bum?"

"Work?" Duncan repeated, horrified. "If I went to work I'd make a lot of money and then I'd start worrying about my income tax and sicken and die, and my relatives would start suing one another over my estate. I love my relatives dearly. I wouldn't want to bring all that trouble on them."

"Somebody should take you in hand," said Hesitance.

"But no one's going to," said Duncan. "Just drop me off at the Bamboola. It's four blocks this way from G. Moriarty's den."

WHEN Hesitance arrived, G. Moriarty was occupying the forepart of his den. He was pacing slowly and majestically up and down in front of her desk.

"Ah," he said in a voice as soft and cold as new-fallen snow. "Did you enjoy your furlough, my dear?"

Hesitance said, "I had to go—"

"No doubt. Do you remember me telling you something unimportant about this switchboard?"

"You said not to leave it untended without telling you."

"But you did leave it, didn't you? Without telling me. And then there's that filing case in my office. It seems to me I made some boring remark about that, too, if you recall."

"You said never to leave it unlocked."

"But you did, didn't you? Unlocked and with your key in it. Do you see that little white envelope on your desk?"

"Yes."

"In it you'll find a week's salary. I do hope it comes in handy, my dear, while you're seeking a new position."

"But I want to explain—"

G. Moriarty walked around her and opened the door. "Good luck, my dear! Toodle-oo!"

THE Bamboola was a reasonable facsimile of a prewar South Sea trading post complete with artificial rain dribbling on its phony tin roof. Instead of a beachcomber, it had Dilworth Duncan to add local color.

"Hi, kiddie," he said when Hesitance came into the bar. "Sit down and take a drink and don't scoff at the bartender's ugly face. He's in training to beat the postwar depression by playing Zip, the What-Is-It, in carnival sideshows."

"You're in rare form today, Duncan," said the bartender. "What will you have, miss?"

"A lemonade, please," said Hesitance.

"I'll have an old-fashioned," said Duncan.

"Who'll pay for it?" the bartender asked.

"She will," Duncan said.

The bartender looked at her. "Will you?"

"Well, yes," said Hesitance. She turned to Duncan. "As a result of that trick you played on me, I got fired from my job."

"How too bad," said Duncan. "You must tell me all about it some other time. But right now, give me my note back. You got your dough from Riddle."

"I'm not going to give you your note back," said Hesitance, "because it isn't a note. It's a contract. I noticed when I looked in your file that your contract with Mr. Hawes ran on a year-to-year basis and carried an automatic cancellation clause. It expired three months ago and hadn't been renewed. Mr. Hawes fired me before I could explain, so now I think I'll handle it—and you—myself."

"Well," said Duncan. "And just how do you figure on doing that?"

"You can finish that drink, and then you're going to go and get pressed and shaved and polished. Tomorrow we'll start going from studio to studio until we find you a job. After that, I'll collect your check each week and take out ten per cent for myself plus seventy per cent—that's in the contract, too —for an investment fund which I will handle for you until you show signs of being able to manage your own finances."

"Ten plus seventy . . ." Duncan said, stunned. "Eighty per cent! That only leaves me twenty! That's slavery!"

"It's not. I took several courses in business law in college. This contract is ironclad."

"You got it by fraud and trickery! You deceived me in cold blood!"

"You'll have to prove that, and from the way Mr. Riddle was looking at you when I last saw him, I don't believe his testimony will help."

"I won't work!"

"You won't live on borrowed money, either, because I have to approve your personal loans. It's in the contract."

"I'll quit the motion-picture business!"

"All right," said Hesitance complacently. "I don't think you'd make a very good ditch-digger, but if you want to try to live on twenty per cent of thirty dollars a week, go ahead."

"You look pale, Duncan," said the bartender. "Don't you feel as cute and clever as usual?"

"Shut up," said Duncan. He leaned forward and glared savagely at Hesitance. "Eighty per cent! Why, you might just as well marry me and take it all!"

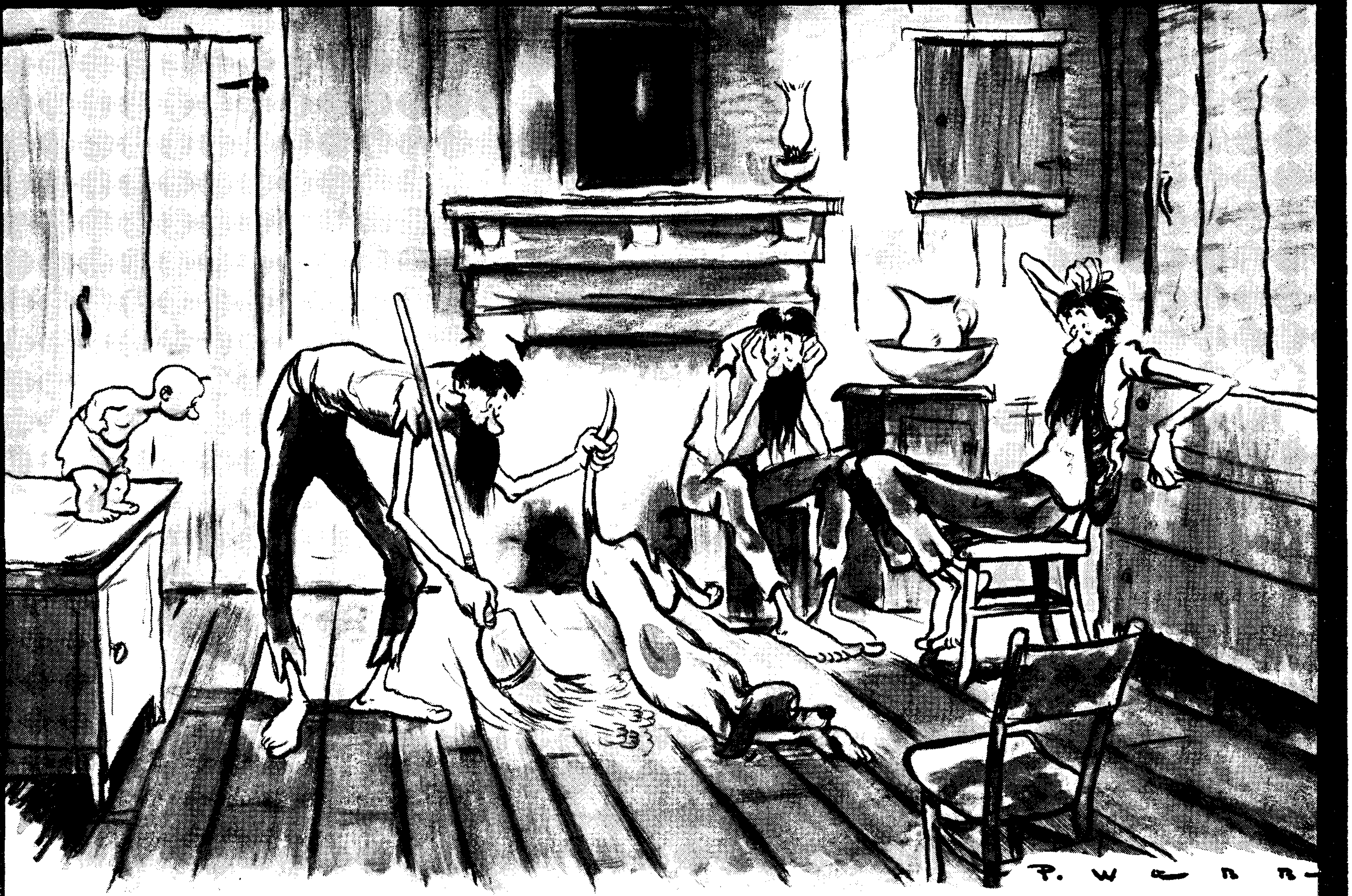
"I can't give you an answer on that until I know you better," Hesitance told him. "But I'll file the suggestion for future consideration."

"Oh, no, you won't!" Duncan shouted. "You're not going to marry me! Never!"

"Would you like to lay a small bet on that, Duncan?" the bartender inquired. "I'll give you odds."

THE END

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



"Cain't hide dirt under Lightnin', Willie . . . he gits up most every day."

FIX DIRTY SPARK PLUGS THE "PLUG-CHEK" WAY

Cleaning a spark plug often isn't enough. The plugs may be faulty, the wrong type or improperly gapped. Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" inspection service is the quick and accurate way to find what corrections should be made to improve gas mileage up to 12%, according to tests made by the American Automobile Association.

Have your spark plugs inspected the "Plug-Chek" way by your friendly Auto-Lite dealer. But if new plugs are needed, ask for Auto-Lite spark plugs—they're ignition engineered.

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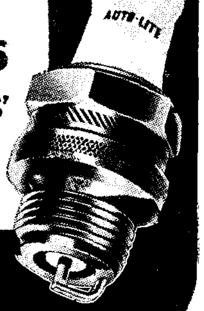
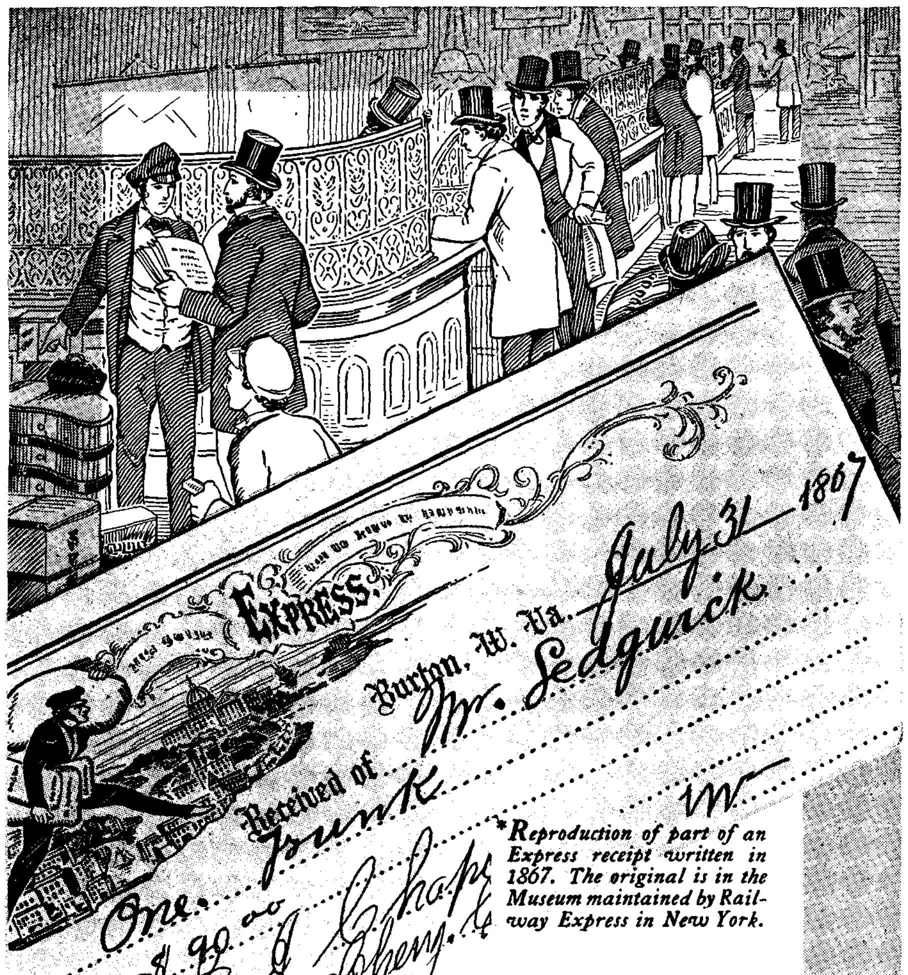


IN ITS 22 GREAT MANUFACTURING PLANTS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR



*Reproduction of part of an Express receipt written in 1867. The original is in the Museum maintained by Railway Express in New York.

Mr. Sedgwick's Receipt is now a *Museum Piece

The practice of *giving* a receipt for Express shipments began with the first transaction more than a hundred years ago. It is, in effect, a contract setting forth the terms of responsibility of the Express Agency. The receipt *taken* at delivery is a record of fulfillment of service.

In 1839, Express receipts covered shipments only from Boston to New York and return. Today, Express receipts are written for every conceivable variety of goods – war items, commercial, personal – for delivery throughout the nation. Every foot of the way from shipper to receiver, direct responsibility for safe transportation, by rail and air, remains with Railway Express.

BUY BIGGER BONDS FOR THE BIG 7th

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

Sentimental Week End

Continued from page 15

made this journey to Windmill House, and her mind fled back to it.

Deliberately she returned to that July day when, for the first time, she had made the trip to Slyvanus Horne's house.

She had stepped out on the wooden station platform at noon of that hot Saturday, and the heat had struck at her like a great angry hand. Sophie was parked alone by the platform in her long sleek black roadster.

"Hello, Flower," said Sophie. "Nice day."

Valentine moaned and slid into the leather-covered seat. "You look like a mint sherbet. I could kill you."

Sophie put the car into motion. "I look like something fried in deep fat. Lydia is a monster to think this up."

Valentine lifted the hair off the back of her neck and let the breeze blow through it. She asked carefully, "What exactly is it that Lydia has thought up? I never was more at a loss. A polite note from her, asking if I could spare the week end to go to her brother's house. Why? Who is her brother? And why does his house need to be gone to?"

Sophie turned off the main street onto an elm-shaded macadam road. "Her brother is Sylvanus Horne—you know—the Voice man. He's also an eminent sociologist, but nobody seems to remember that. He's on some kind of hush-hush mission in South America, and he's inherited a house from an aged uncle or something. So Lydia's doing it over for him."

"Does Mr. Horne want his house done over?"

"I don't imagine so," Sophie said placidly. "But Lydia wouldn't let that bother her."

"But I've only met Lydia Herrick two or three times—and I've never seen her brother in my life."

Sophie grinned and glanced sidelong from under her big straw hat. Her black eyes gleamed. "I know, darling, but she's taken a fancy to you. As a sister-in-law."

Valentine sat up with a jerk. *"What?"*

Sophie turned onto a winding dirt road. "Relax. Lydia has made it her life work to marry Syl off. She never gives up. And you, my dove, are the favorite at the moment."

Valentine said crossly, "Mr. Horne and I are certain to loathe each other. It always works that way. And anyway—the Voice of America!". . .

VALENTINE remembered that day so well. The climbing dirt road, coming out triumphantly at last on a windswept ridge . . . the long gray house under its giant oaks . . . Lydia's brisk kindness—and then the big shadowy hall filled with Uncle Samuel Horne's overpowering furniture. Outside, the sunshine making deep blue shadows in the tall grass and a locust drilling an industrious hole in the hot silence . . .

"It's a thousand miles from a lemon, darling." Sophie sounded shocked.

Lydia glanced at her with tight lips and tugged at her white cotton gloves. "Aren't the lines of the staircase divine?" she said.

"Why couldn't you have chosen a house within reach of civilization?" Sophie demanded fretfully. "I'll bet out here the natives are still scalping the whites."

"Judging by the grocer in the village," Lydia said tartly, "you are quite right, dear."

"I think," Valentine had said suddenly, "that it is perfectly lovely. Let's look at it all."

By the time they had reached the second floor, even Sophie had begun to be enthusiastic. "But these rooms could be heavenly," she cried. "Val, Lydia, come—look here! We could make this place marvelous—"

"But that's my idea," Lydia said a little smugly. "We three—we'll make ourselves into a committee. Syl's committee. I'll be responsible for the stupid things—you know, pots and pans and sheets and doormats—and you, Sophie, will manage the budget. And you, Val—well, it's a huge job, darling, and I suppose I'm dreadful to ask you when you don't even *know* Syl yet. But you *are* an artist, aren't you—and I always do think—"

"What," Sophie asked patiently, "is Val to do, build a wing?"

"Well, decorate it," Lydia said simply.

Then that day melted, in Val's memory, into all the other days. The day she had at last found the English chintz for the living room, all aristocratic birds and fruits in muted colors. The day the enormous van had come with Sylvanus' family furniture . . . the day Sylvanus himself came.

She had been astonished, at first, at his good temper in accepting the absurd situation his sister had presented him with: three women, one a total stranger, who were apparently determined to manage his life for him. Nevertheless that was a lovely day. . . .

The Stamford station flashed past; it was nearly time to get off. Valentine slipped into her fur coat and pulled her suitcase down from the rack. . . .

HE WAS older than she was—and she had wanted to model a head of him at once. Eventually, she had done it; and those weeks in her studio when she had committed to clay his beautifully shaped head, his compact features, his eyes that could only be blind in clay—these weeks had been the happiest of her life. Not one word that either had spoken had been misunderstood by the other. She had felt, as though it were her own, Sylvanus' restlessness, his passionate and yet humble urge to help in setting the world right; and she had been ridiculously moved by his enormous sense of appreciation—of humor, of people, of events.

Finally, stroking the clay was not enough. Valentine had caught herself thinking of Sylvanus' shoulders, the shape and the feeling of his hands, which were always dry and warm, how his skin would feel if she touched it—and she had withdrawn into some inner self to look austerely at the outer. This was falling in love and she was afraid of it—afraid of utter dependence on another human being. She had learned, perhaps too young, that whatever else they are, human beings are not dependable.

Then had come that day, last October, when Sylvanus had insisted upon taking her away from a great, boiling cocktail party of Sophie's and back to her own studio. She had known exactly why he did it, and the knowledge had made her a little giddy; it was coming, somehow, too soon. She had wanted to wait, a little longer, to do without words, even to wonder—perhaps just a little longer.

But it had been an exquisite evening, and other evenings had followed it. Valentine was never sure when she had known it was going wrong. But sometime, some night, she had drifted off to sleep with a nameless black cloud of apprehension growing in her mind, and she had waked in the morning to the sure knowledge of bitter disappointment.

Sylvanus was failing her, failing in her expectations of what a man should be. She had promised to marry him, and unconsciously—childishly, perhaps—she had expected him to disband the committee, at once, with a high hand.

Such a step had apparently never occurred to him. Lydia and Sophie continued to busy themselves with the mechanics of his life; and Sylvanus continued to devote himself quietly to Valentine. But Valentine . . .

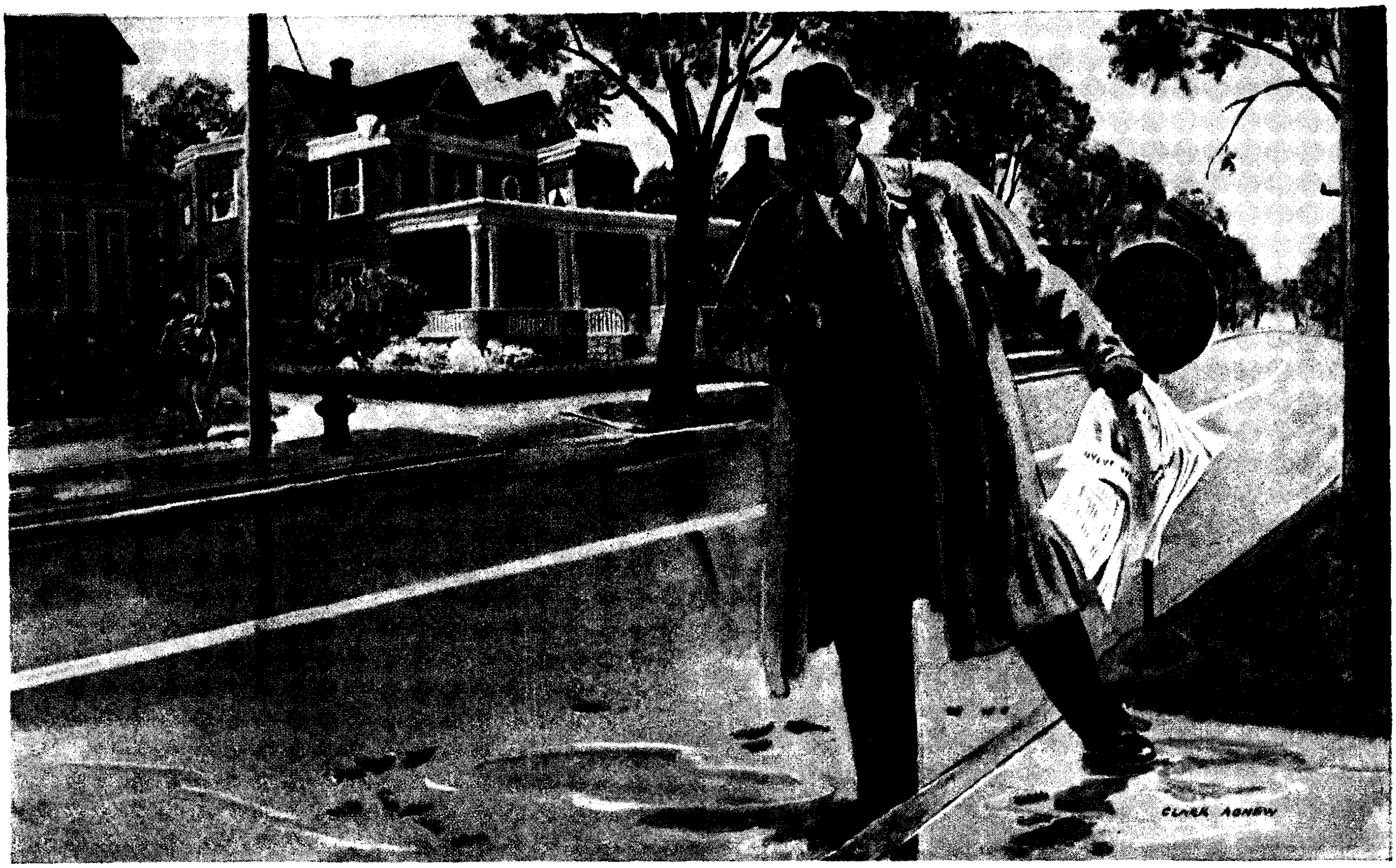
Valentine began to remember the bitter lesson of her youth: human beings are not dependable. The weak people invariably win in life, because the strong are forced to protect them, to take care of them. . . .

The conductor crowed like a rooster, at the other end of the car, "South *Nor*walk!" and Valentine clambered off onto the platform.

Bedlow, Sylvanus' butler, came to meet her and took her bag. He was a tall man, with a large, sad face, passionately devoted to Sylvanus, under whose command he had served in the last war.

Now he said in a doomed sort of voice, "How-do, Miss Valentine. Looks like snow."

Valentine shivered in the chilly air. There



Mr. Whitney is waiting for a miracle

Mr. Whitney thinks it's the 8 A.M. bus he's expecting. Actually, it's a miracle.

It's this way: Mr. Whitney's car was one of the 3,000 that died of old age yesterday—just as 3,000 did the day before. And will today. And tomorrow.

Mr. Whitney was upset, sure. But the bus line would do, he said.

But the bus line *couldn't* do. Too many of those 3,000-car days had passed. Their bereaved owners had squeezed onto buses. It would take a miracle to make room for Mr. Whitney.

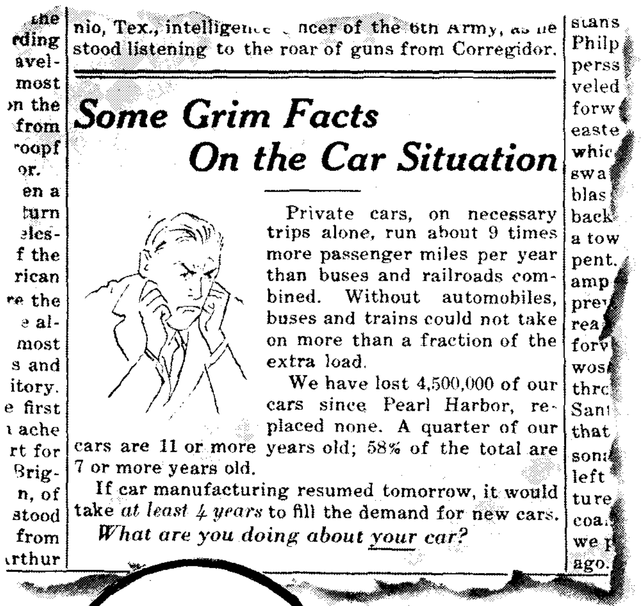
Look. The average age of ALL our cars is over 7 years. We're all close to Mr. Whitney's situation. Nationally, we're in a spot.

Fortunately, we have two aces left. First, the service man. That hardworking, wear-fighting expert with the grease gun. Not only the thousands of him in Tide Water Associated stations—but in *all* service stations.

Second, we have superb ammunition for the service man to fight with. Like Veedol Motor Oil, triple-refined from 100% Pennsylvania crude, for keeping engines trouble-free. Like the famous five Veedol chassis lubricants to protect vital parts.

There you have it. The Veedol dealer has the products, the equipment and the know-how. *You* have a car that needs them—desperately. Bring them together today. It's too late to wait.

Remember, every car counts. *Yours* most of all.



nio, Tex., intelligence officer of the 6th Army, as he stood listening to the roar of guns from Corregidor.

Some Grim Facts On the Car Situation

Private cars, on necessary trips alone, run about 9 times more passenger miles per year than buses and railroads combined. Without automobiles, buses and trains could not take on more than a fraction of the extra load.

We have lost 4,500,000 of our cars since Pearl Harbor, replaced none. A quarter of our cars are 11 or more years old; 58% of the total are 7 or more years old.

If car manufacturing resumed tomorrow, it would take *at least 4 years* to fill the demand for new cars.

What are you doing about your car?

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Trust your car to Veedol — it will see you through

Tide Water Associated Oil Company, *New York, Tulsa, San Francisco* • Makers of World-Famous Veedol Motor Oil

First among fine whiskies
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RESERVE

Enjoy this fine Whiskey . . .

AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST!

Rare pre-war *whiskies in Three Feathers are skillfully blended with the choicest American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers . . . at its pre-war best . . . is deservedly termed "First Among Fine Whiskies". Try it today!

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!...Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. *The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits.

it was again! Snow. She had a moment's insane impulse to board the train again, to escape—anywhere. There was an odd menace in the cold dampness of the day; all the way to Windmill House, the chains on the station-wagon tires seemed to say: Can't get away. Can't get away. Can't get away. . . .

Bedlow carried her bag upstairs and said, "Tea in the living room, Miss Valentine." And she was alone again.

She took her dressing gown and slippers out of her suitcase and shook them absent-mindedly. Suppose there was a blizzard. . . . She felt suddenly trapped; not to be able to get away from Sylvanus' house would be the last, breaking straw. I should have claustrophobia and go mad, she told herself with bleak conviction; and she thought of them all under those peculiar circumstances: Sylvanus appalled and tender, Sophie hiding her fright and sympathy under hardheaded practicality, Lydia terribly kind and understanding. . . . Dear Val, she's been working too hard. I could have told her . . . overstrained . . .

VALENTINE grinned. And all the time it would be Sylvanus himself who had caused the strain. The grin vanished. . . .

She sat down in one of the little slipper chairs and burrowed in her big suède bag for a cigarette. Somehow, this week end she had to tell Sylvanus how she felt and at the same time she must keep from Lydia, and even from Sophie, the fact that there was anything wrong.

She got up and went over to the mahogany mirror. You have to think about Sylvanus, she told herself tensely. You have to think what you're going to tell him. You can't go on this way, pushing the situation out of sight, pretending it doesn't exist. She looked at herself critically . . . Pale, shining hair and big, shining gray eyes. A sensitive, sardonic mouth. I look too damned *sweet*, she told her face. I look like St. Joan or something. She picked up her hair and put it on top of her head. I'll wear it up tonight. It makes me feel arrogant. Like Daddy . . .

Absently, she let her hair drop to her shoulders and went back to her suitcase. The white cashmere sweater felt like petals . . . the sort of clothes her father would have loved, and always bought, even when he had no intention whatever of paying the bill. How could Daddy have kept his fine, sharp arrogance all those years, even when they were living on a five-pound note, borrowed from some embarrassed friend, or sharing a nasty little apartment on the Left Bank with another painter—and probably the painter's mistress as well?

Not that the mistresses Valentine had known had been nasty. It had been the wives, the mothers of girls her own age in various schools, who had, in Val's experience, been the difficult ones . . . "Your mother is no longer alive, is she, dear? Such a pity. And your father—he's painting in Spain, now, isn't he? Such a distinguished man . . ." But afterward the little Valentine, with her big, asking eyes and her sharp, child's ears, had heard them murmuring: "Way to bring up a child . . . shocking. . . . Strange little girl . . . never can tell . . ."

Probably, Val thought dispassionately, she had been a strange little girl. Few little girls learn before they are twelve to hide their emotions rather than endure pity, to keep their opinions unspoken and safe, and to judge human beings as individuals, independently of background, clothes or speech. Above all, very few girls of twelve know their fathers as well as little Valentine Ashe had known hers. Certainly the schools she had been to in France and England and Italy had found Howard Ashe's daughter unsatisfactory. Talented, they said, or a good student, or well-behaved-on-the-whole, but unco-operative, secretive, difficult. . . .

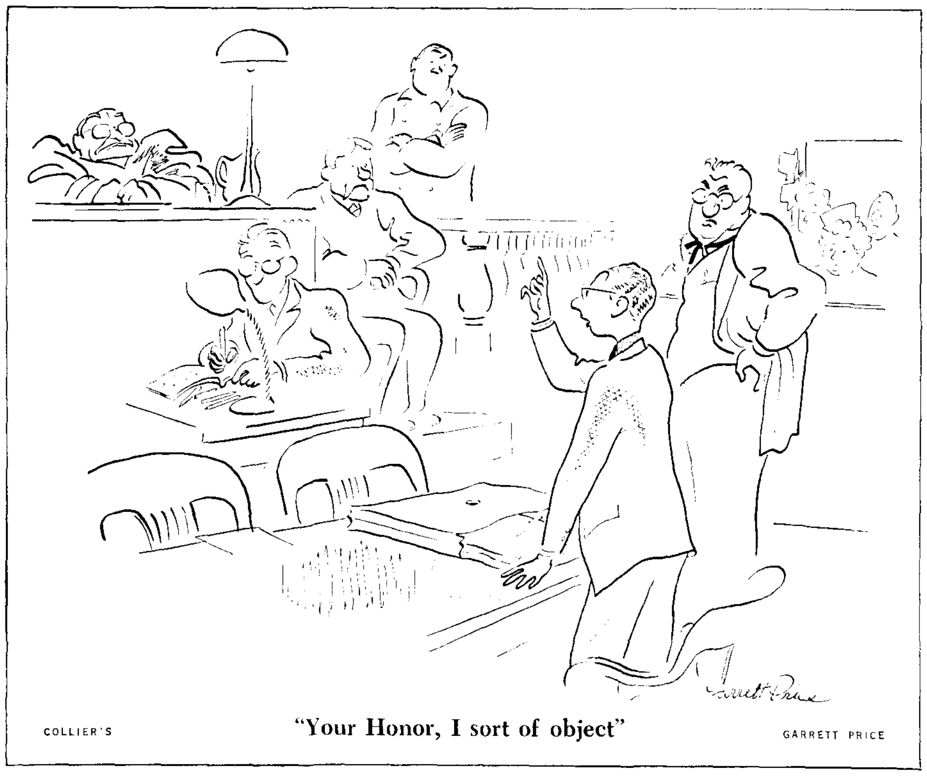
It had been at Miss Monnier's that she had met Sophie Burnham and Sophie was her first friend. Sophie was cleverer than Val, in that she was a rebel who seemed to conform—who even enjoyed conforming in some respects. Val had understood Sophie's soft heart and acid, realistic tongue; and when Howard Ashe had died it had been natural for her to go back to America, where Sophie was. Her mother had long ago left her a small, but quite adequate income, firmly hedged about so that her father could never touch it. Valentine was used to being alone, mentally if not physically, and she refused to share Sophie's small smart apartment, preferring to have one of her own. Equally she refused to share her problems. Sylvanus was her problem and hers alone.

SHE stood now at the bureau, running her forefinger down the bristles of her hairbrush. It was an unpleasant sensation and after a moment she stopped and stared at the brush. There was nothing to do but face it; she no longer loved Sylvanus enough to marry him, and she would have to tell him so.

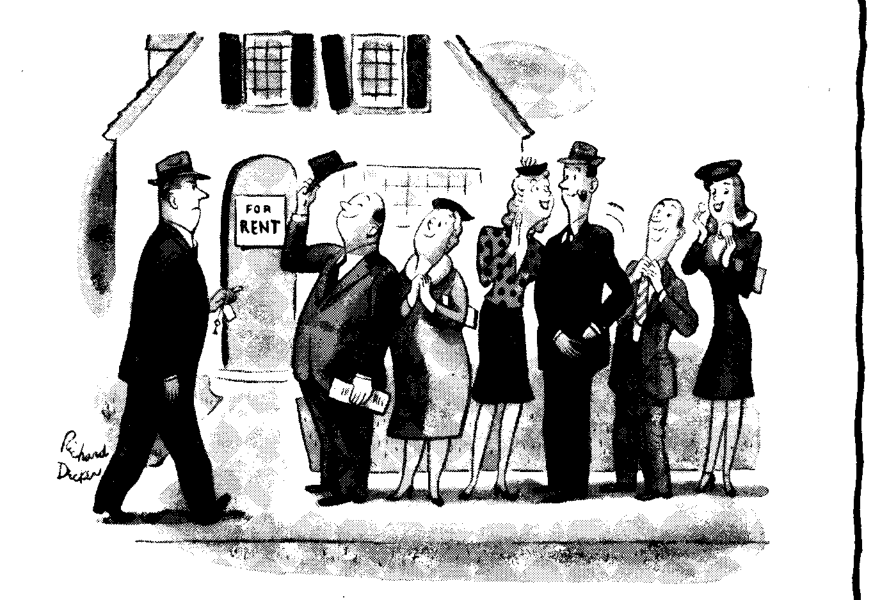
There was a brisk knock on the door.

"Val?" It was Lydia's voice. "Hurry up, darling. We want to get the committee meeting over before tea." Her footsteps went on down the hall, and Val put down the brush and reluctantly followed her. . . .

Sophie Burnham was lying on the living-room sofa, staring at the flames with unblinking eyes, like a cat. The dark red of her hair looked nearly copper-colored in the firelight. By some miracle, she had found a sweater whose left half precisely matched her hair, and whose right half was lemon yellow, the exact shade of her wool slacks. Sophie wasn't precisely pretty, but she seemed to have been born chic. It was in the angles of her thumbs, the way her hair grew, the manner in which she walked and moved. She



COLLIER'S "Your Honor, I sort of object" GARRETT PRICE



"Here comes the renting agent, dear. Start smoking your Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"

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FREE! *24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

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"You'd be smart to change to REIS Scandals for the mild support you need"

Reis Scandals are scientifically designed to follow male anatomy. Exclusive *Dart*-stitched pouch provides real crotch comfort... fights fatigue, too!

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(Left) "Hi-Waist" design for perfect fit. Full seat coverage. No seams to sit on. (Right) Matching shirt absorbs perspiration. Cut to follow the legline of Reis Scandals.

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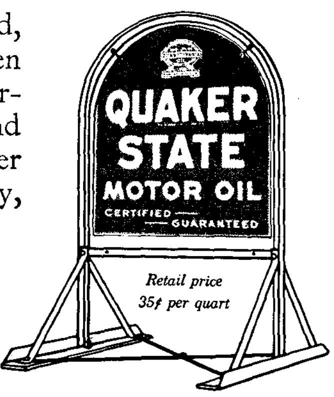


escaped hardness by a hair's breadth, but she was enormously attractive.

Lydia herself sat across the room, at Sylvanus' flat-topped desk with an open ledger before her and her horn-rimmed spectacles on. Where Sophie was chic, Lydia was merely smart. Her tweed suit was expensive and becoming, but no one would have wanted to copy it. She was, in her early thirties, still a pretty woman, but her prettiness was the sort that one sees on Long Island golf courses, or giving valuable and efficient service on charity committees.

Now she cleared her throat and put down her fountain pen; the meeting, it was understood, would please come to order. Sophie continued to stare into the fire irritatingly. Valentine merely waited.

Sophie looked up at Val. "Have you heard? Eva Szekely is coming for the week end. And she may take over the house for a year."

"Who's she?" Val asked blankly.

Lydia's face expressed exasperated amusement. She took her spectacles off. "Darling *really*—I didn't suppose there was anyone in the world who hadn't at least *heard* of the Countess Szekely."

"Oh, yes, *that* countess," said Val, settling herself comfortably in the deep window seat. "She's everywhere, isn't she?"

Everywhere . . . but why here? Valentine frowned to herself. It seemed rather odd of Sylvanus to ask for a whole week end a woman whom they scarcely knew. . . .

But perhaps he knows her, she thought. Perhaps he's known her a long time and never thought to mention it. And after all, it *is* his house. . . . She shook off her preoccupation, but a tiny sense of discomfort remained.

Lydia had put her spectacles on again and was talking briskly. "Girls," she said, importantly, "we have a very important question to decide. Beryl has demanded a raise."

Valentine thought insanely of Beryl, whose feet she had always thought looked like loaves of French bread. She was wise enough to keep this bit of whimsey to herself, however; Lydia disliked interruptions. But Sophie, who had no such delicate reluctance, remarked that in her opinion the committee would do well to put its mind on the countess, who was due to arrive before dinner.

"Darling," Lydia told her patiently, "in these days cooks are more important than countesses."

"What does Sylvanus say?" Valentine asked, without thinking.

Lydia was still patient. "What *would* Sylvanus say, dear? He doesn't even know he has a cook."

Sophie observed that she loved intellectual giants. "They live in such a fog," she said. "Sylvanus Horne, The Voice of America, eminent author of that brilliant book 'Are We Civilized?', and world-famous sociologist, is not aware that he has a cook. He thinks everything comes from Room Service."

VALENTINE looked out of the window at the bare, frozen garden, the lonely beige stalks of dead chrysanthemums like empty flagstaffs. He *doesn't* live in a fog, she protested silently. He knows what he wants. He wants something I can't give him—because I won't.

For a moment the ache of an irreparable loss blurred her eyes with tears. She kept her head turned away, in terror lest the other two notice . . . the chrysanthemum stalks swam together, separated again and were thin, abandoned signals of winter.

Sophie's voice asked languidly, "Well, does Beryl get this raise, or not?"

"Actually," said Lydia, "I don't see how we can do anything else, with things the way they are now. . . . She wants twenty dollars a month more."

Sometimes the temptation to bait Lydia was more than Valentine could withstand. She turned back to the firelit room again and said: "Sylvanus has lots of lovely income, hasn't he?"

"It's not the income, dear," Sophie giggled, "it's the principal."

"As a matter of fact," Lydia interrupted with decision, "I think he's going to *have* to afford it. I've just gone through it and I know. I had to fire my nurse because she spoiled Sylvia and picked on Buddy. And Buddy's already so jealous because I go to Washington every other week end, to see Charles. . . ."

Sophie sat up suddenly and exploded: "There you are—that's my chief objection to modern marriage. The whole thing is nothing but a system of double-entry bookkeeping. Everything has to *balance*—your checkbook, your children's emotions, your social life—it's all so sterilized!"

"All right, Sophie," said Lydia, stiffly, "but as a matter of fact, marriage is very satisfying. Of course it depends partly on one's husband."

"Partly, I should think," Sophie agreed.

"You ought to get married yourself—both of you." Lydia was stern. "Here's Val, famous and successful, giving one-man shows—and here are you, the fashion editor of Mode. Both of you lead the most glamorous lives—and yet you're not satisfied. And you're not getting any younger, dear—"

The beautiful irony of this almost made Val grin. Of course we're not satisfied—either of us. But what Lydia doesn't realize is that we'd rather have nothing than a miserable compromise. If she suspected for an instant that Sylvanus and I—

Sophie's voice brought her back: "Anyway, I shall never marry until I find a man who gives me butterflies in my stomach. No butterflies—no wedding."

"Butterflies—what on earth are you talking about?"

SOPHIE twisted around and eyed Lydia with a shocked expression. "Do you mean to say when you first met Charles you didn't have *butterflies* in your *stomach?*"

Lydia's lips tightened in a way that was essentially Lydia. "When I first met Charles I was eight years old. He threw sand in my hair and beat me over the head with a tin spade. I did *not* have butterflies in my stomach. And, please, what about Beryl?"

"Listen," Sophie cried, "I have an idea! If Sylvanus decides to give this house to this countess woman, couldn't we just leave Beryl in it, as a sort of housewarming present?"

Lydia raised her eyebrows. "If *Sylvanus* decides to give his house to the countess! Sylvanus put the whole problem in my—I mean our hands, just as usual. He said that if we thought it was a good idea, he'd do it; and if we didn't—personally, I think he's afraid of the woman. He is such an old silly about women, anyway."

For a moment, Val was seized with an impulse to shout: He is *not* an old silly about women! You don't know anything about him at all—

But the impulse drained away as quickly as it had arisen. She had thought once that she knew all about him—and she had been wrong. Surely Lydia, his own sister, must be right? Sylvanus was probably as weak about women as he was about everything else—

Sophie lay back and looked at the fire. "You know that's one of the reasons why I adore Sylvanus. He spends his entire life worrying about humanity, and he can't tie his own shoelaces. If it weren't for you, Lydia, and Bedlow—"

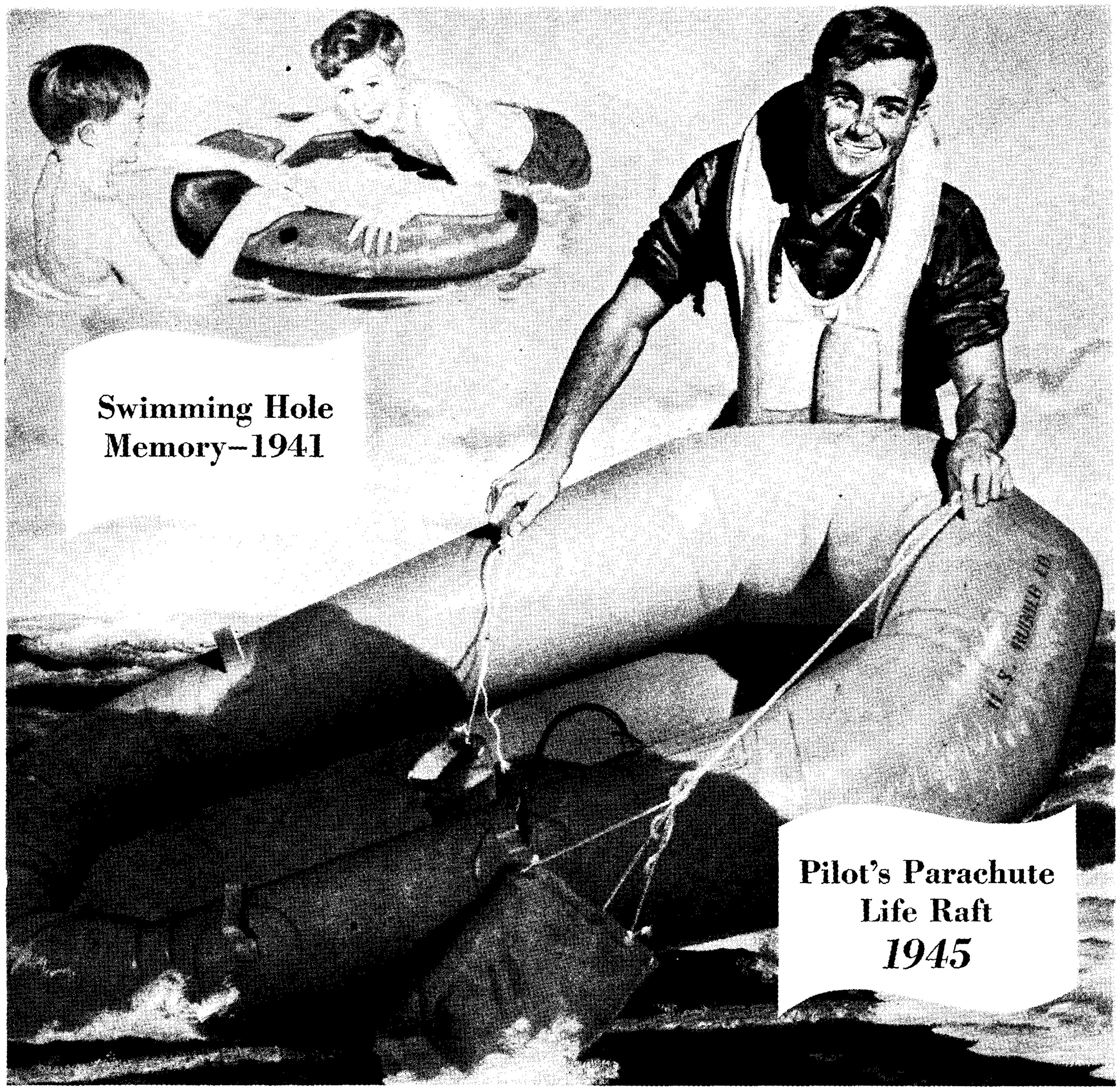
"What Sylvanus needs is a wife," said Lydia. "I've said so for years."

Sophie sighed. "Darling, you're oversexed."

Lydia threw a speaking look at the sofa and retired into the ledger with some dignity. Valentine turned over and stretched full length on the window seat.

Why on earth had she thought this would be easy? She should have seen Sylvanus in town, and told him there—not come out here, where everyone would be in one another's pockets. Only it had seemed last week as though coming out for this week end as they had planned—doing the natural thing—was the only way to hide from Lydia and Sophie and all the people she and Sylvanus knew. She realized now that the only sure way to hide was behind gaiety . . . and that wasn't easy, either, when your spirits kept sinking lower and lower, like mercury in a thermometer. . . . Just inside the leaded panes was a barometer on a bracket. If you could only force up the fluid in a barometer—She said aloud: "The glass is falling."

Sophie shrieked with unexpected pleasure. "Darling, what a really divinely aristocratic



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remark!" She drooped like a lily. "'I say, Lady Smashpipes, look here, the glass is falling. I'm afraid we're in for a bit of weather. Hadn't we better lash down the Louis Quinze love seat?'"

"Well, I'll bet we are." Valentine was dogged. "I'll bet we have a blizzard."

Sophie groaned. "That's a perfectly marvelous idea! First God sends us a Hungarian countess and then He sends us a blizzard."

"You know," said Valentine, "I think there's something sort of dreamy about being a countess—like having four good tires."

Lydia looked up from the ledger. "I can't see why you're both so nasty about this friend of Sylvanus'. You haven't seen her yet."

"I don't have to," Sophie assured her. "Hungarians rouse the beast in me. All nostalgia and long earrings."

"Is she pure Hungarian?" Valentine asked, to separate them.

Sophie said viciously, "She's a native of Pest," and put her feet up again.

Lydia closed the ledger. "Well, Sylvanus has practically promised her this house for a year. And people say she's charming."

"People will say anything," Sophie said coldly. "You can't pay any attention to *that* kind of gossip."

Lydia got up and put the ledger away announcing that she, for one, saw nothing to worry about in the countess.

"Listen, darling," Sophie said, "the surest way to get under a man's skin is to begin by getting under his roof. It's so damn' cozy."

"I still think you're making a great fuss about nothing," Lydia told her.

Sophie's voice was judicial: "Perhaps—but as a matter of fact, I distrust the way Sylvanus has been behaving lately."

"What do you mean?" Lydia demanded quickly.

"All this talk about closing the house—where's he going to live himself? What's he going to *do?* I bet Sylvanus has plans."

"Plans he hasn't told *us* about?" Lydia was aghast.

"It hardly seems possible," Valentine said sardonically.

BEDLOW came majestically into the room with a tea tray, which he put down in front of Sophie. He then said, as though he had never seen any of them before in his life: "Mr. Horne will be here in just a moment."

Sophie, peering at the brioches, said chattily: "Bedlow, have you ever seen this Countess Szekely?"

Bedlow paused, quite without expression. "No, Miss Sophie."

Valentine asked idly from the window seat, "Do you know anything about her—any nice front-stairs gossip?"

Bedlow remained expressionless. "No, Miss Valentine."

Lydia disapproved of talking to the servants; nevertheless she could not resist a little investigation of her own. "If Mr. Horne does lend her the house, will you stay and work for her?" she asked.

Bedlow looked chill with horror. "No, Madam," he said, emptily.

"Bedlow," said Sophie suddenly, "*you* ought to know—what's Mr. Horne up to?"

Bedlow was clearly longing to go. "I couldn't say, I'm sure."

Sophie looked at him crossly. "Oh, come on, Bedlow, loosen your stays. This is serious."

Bedlow hesitated, and Sophie said impatiently, "Yes, yes, yes?" A resigned expression settled upon his face.

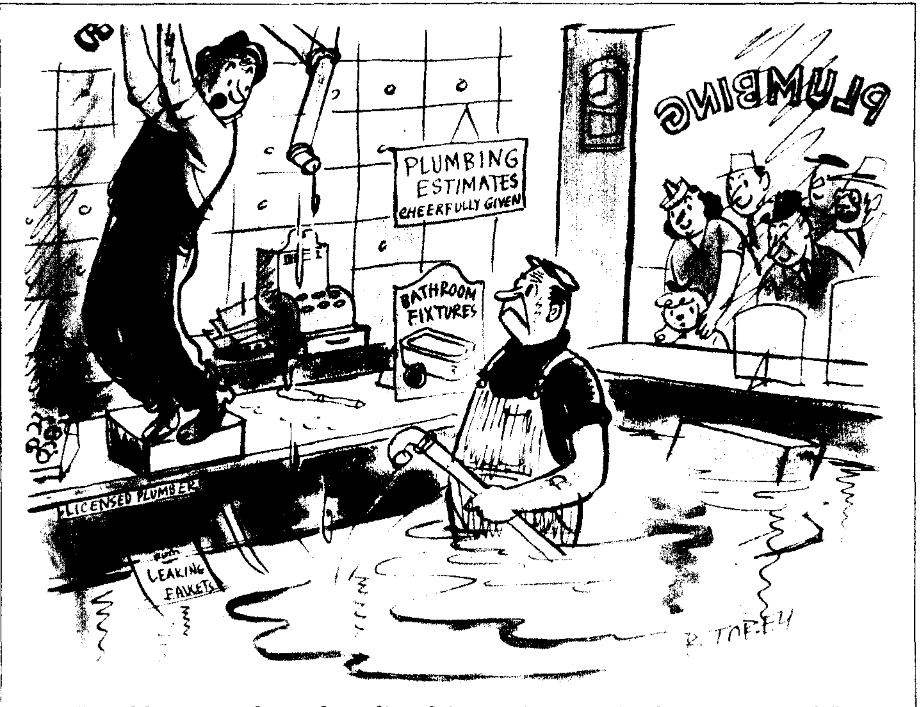
"Well, Miss Sophie," he said . . . "the Army?"

Valentine sat up slowly. "You mean he's planning to enlist?" But he couldn't be, she thought. He would have told her something about it, surely. She had known he was restless and preoccupied about the state of the world but that was what you'd expect. . . .

"But Syl's far too old!" Lydia expostulated. "And there are so many more useful things he can do—"

Sophie shrugged. "As a matter of fact I'm afraid he's not a bit too old, Lyd."

Valentine said: "He's too old to be a Commando and that's the only thing he'd consider." Bedlow threw her an enigmatic look.



"Could you stop being humiliated for a minute and help get this fixed?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

Sophie giggled. "You think he couldn't learn to fight dirty, Bedlow?"

Bedlow struggled unhappily and Valentine came to his rescue: "I know what you mean, Bedlow. I wonder whether the countess fights dirty?"

Val glanced up, as though in answer to some subconscious warning, and Sylvanus was standing in the hall doorway, that little dry half-smile on his lips. It was curious that even after you'd ceased to care about a man, he could still give that little jolt to your heart; as though your heart had contracted a habit that your mind couldn't break.

"The countess," said Sylvanus, coming into the room, "is as clean as a hound's tooth." Everyone jumped a little, and Bedlow melted thankfully away.

Sophie began to pour tea. "How revolting," she observed calmly.

SYLVANUS took a big wing chair near the fire and grinned. "I never saw four people more obviously sunk in guilt in my life. I bet you've been arranging my future again."

Sophie said sharply, "You seem to have done a little arranging yourself, darling. Giving away your house to strange women—two lumps, isn't it?" Sylvanus reached for the cup, and Val's eyes followed his hands. They were beautiful hands—just the sort of squarish strong-looking hands a man should have. Fool, she said to herself, angrily. No doubt he has beautiful feet, too—and what of it?

Lydia put on her spectacles. "Exactly who is this Countess Szekely, Sylvanus?"

"And exactly how far have you gone with her?" Sophie added.

"What do you know about her anyway?" Lydia pursued relentlessly.

Sylvanus regarded them with an expression Val found hard to interpret. "I wish you'd stop acting like a lot of district attorneys," he said. "It's barely possible that you may like her."

"But Sylvanus, dear," Lydia insisted, "*how* did you happen—"

Sylvanus sighed in resignation. "Well, I met her at the Ralph Morrises' over Thanksgiving week end. And she said something about wanting to live very quietly in the country. You see, she's—er—writing a book."

Val couldn't help herself. She inquired sweetly, "Not by *any* chance her autobiography?"

Sylvanus stirred his tea. "Well, as a matter of fact, she's had some harrowing escapes—"

"From what?" Sophie asked, leering.

Lydia finished it: "So you said you were thinking of closing this house anyway, and perhaps she'd like to take it over."

Sylvanus looked very uncomfortable. "Well, I did say—I mean I explained that it was up to you three. I told her that if you agreed to the plan—and only if you agreed—"

Valentine got up suddenly from the window seat. "You *didn't*, Syl!" she said.

Lydia looked rather pleased. "Really, Syl, darling—what a thing to say!"

"But it *is* up to you—of course," Sylvanus protested. "I shouldn't dream of making such an important decision without the approval of my committee."

There was a moment's uncomfortable silence. Then Sylvanus said, "Look here, Eva Szekely is a very charming woman. I'm sure she understands the situation perfectly."

Sophie snorted in delight. "Oh, I'm sure she does, darling. She's already got a picture of you wallowing around in happy rural decadence. You and your three concubines."

Lydia snatched off her spectacles. "Sophie, *really!*"

"No, Sophie—" Sylvanus protested. "Listen—"

"You're scared! You're chattering!" Sophie cried. "How far *did* you go, Syl, darling?"

Lydia asked patiently what the countess was like.

Sylvanus leaned over and took another brioche. "She's—well, she's very attractive, really," he said, with his mouth full.

Valentine got out of the window seat and prowled among the book shelves. Somewhere among Sylvanus' reference books, she remembered seeing one. There was the book. She took it down and opened it. Behind her, Lydia was insisting on a description. "Is she young?—old?—talented?—pathetic?—beautiful—?"

And Sylvanus was answering vaguely: "She's young and—er-r rather beautiful. I don't know that she's exactly talented but she's certainly not pathetic. She's—well—she's gay and continental and—what *are* Hungarians like?"

VALENTINE looked up. "Well, here's what they're like. This is a very informative book, called Hungary and Kossuth, by a gentleman named Tefft. Mr. Tefft knows all about the Hungarian woman. He describes her. He says: 'Her eyes and hair are dark. . . . Hers is not the face of a mere physical beauty, destitute of thought. There is a soul beaming through every feature. . . . Her national dress is tasteful, elegant and rich. Her bust is exhibited in a tight bodice, laced in front by pearl-covered bands, terminating in a flowing train. . . . She is not inclined to laugh. . . .'"

"Exhibiting your bust is no laughing matter," said Sophie severely.

"I feel as though I'd know her anywhere," Valentine observed dreamily.

Lydia looked up from a housekeeping list. "I've put her in the strawberry bedroom, Sylvanus," she said efficiently; but he wasn't listening.

He had one hand in the pocket of his tweed jacket and his pleasant brown eyes wore an expression of dismay. "Oh, gosh, I've done something awful!" he said. "I completely forgot about this. It came this morning," and he handed a crumpled telegram to Val who opened it, curiously.

She felt the others looking at her and she read: "'If convenient, taking you up on week end. Arrive Waterhead six-ten this afternoon. Hugh Lomas.' Who's Hugh Lomas?"

"Lieutenant Colonel Hugh Lomas of the Scottish Rifles," Sylvanus explained. "He's an Englishman. I used to know his brother, Nick, when I was up at Cambridge."

Valentine glanced at the other two. Really, this was so like him it was absurd, and yet it was absurdly annoying. Val kept her voice light, her protest good-tempered: "Syl, had you really thought this week end *through?* I mean first a Hungarian house wrecker and now the British army . . ."

Sylvanus looked guilty. "Yes, I know—but I couldn't help it, honestly. You see, I met him in Washington last week—"

"Washington!" Lydia screamed. "What on earth were you doing in Washington?"

"Hush, dear," Sophie soothed her—"he was practicing being homeless. Go on, Syl."

"Well, you see, I used to visit his people in Sussex. And now that he's in America, the least I can do is to ask him here. Besides, I used to be very fond of him, as a lad—"

Valentine interrupted: "What sort of Britisher *is* Colonel Lomas? I think we ought to be prepared, Syl. Is he hearty and reddish? Or is he kind of startled, like Bambi?"

SYLVANUS got up and stood before the yellow fire; the right-hand pocket of his tweed coat sagged. The right-hand pockets of all his coats sagged a little. It used to rouse a wave of tenderness in her every time Valentine saw those pockets; the fabric had become, somehow, Sylvanus himself, had taken on a little of his own identity. She forced herself now to look steadily, impersonally at the pocket. . . . It was all right, she told herself. Nothing stirred her when she looked at his pocket now. . . . She brought her attention sharply back to his voice.

"Well, he's not in the least reddish," Sylvanus was saying. "But on the other hand, I imagine he'd be difficult to startle."

Sophie looked suddenly aghast. "Don't say he comes from some Outhouse of Empire—always changing his clothes to keep up the morale of the natives? He probably bathes before and after every meal."

Sylvanus reassured her. "Hugh's a very nice fellow. As a matter of fact, he's here on some kind of a mission."

Lydia immediately began to bustle. "I'll give him the downstairs guest room," she said. "I must speak to Bedlow about another place at dinner. Is he married, Sylvanus?"

"Darling, of course not!" Sophie was shocked. "He's the Lawrence of Arabia type. Can't you tell?"

Bedlow said from the hall doorway, "Pardon me, sir. Mrs. Herrick is wanted on the telephone."

"Me?" Lydia snatched off her spectacles. "Heavens, I hope it's not one of the children—thank you, Bedlow. I was just coming to speak to you." She followed Bedlow out into the hall.

From the telephone cupboard they could hear her voice, "Charles, darling! where are you? Why, of course, I know he will. . . . Yes, I will. . . . Yes, we are. . . . All right, darling—that's wonderful. Are you all right? Oh, yes, never better. . . ."

Charles is coming, Valentine thought. That was all right; she was fond of Charles. Perhaps not a very unusual man, but nice. Though why they don't both die of boredom, she thought, and stopped, ashamed of her own lack of charity.

Lydia came in again, looking flushed and young, saying excitedly, "Sylvanus, that was Charles on the phone—he's on his way here! I told him it was all right. He'll be in on the six-ten. He said he got away in such an awful rush he didn't even have time for a wire. I must speak to Bedlow about dinner again. I suppose I've got to speak to Beryl, too."

Sophie got languidly off the sofa. "I'm sure Beryl will be very happy about it all. Life must be so rich and full for her—every

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"My uncanny prophetic sense tells me," said Valentine, "that Beryl is about to get a raise of twenty dollars a month."

"Don't let her put the bite on you, Lyd," Sophie urged, wandering toward the hall.

Lydia said with some dignity, "Thank you, Sophie. I'm perfectly capable of coping with a cook."

"Well, I'm not," Sophie said lightly. "I prefer the brutal and licentious soldiery."

Lydia said as they reached the door, "Now don't use up all the hot water, will you, Sophie?"

"I am bathing in milk this evening, dear," Sophie replied airily, and went off up the stairs.

VALENTINE stared at the fire and sat very still. Behind her she heard Sylvanus making the small sounds of wood on wood that meant he was opening and closing his humidor, filling his pipe, and then the sharp scratch of a match. She had the curious illusion for a moment that she could feel the silence on her skin, like fog. She had to tell him now. Now. It was here. She swallowed and said perversely: "I must go and change, too."

Sylvanus said quickly—just as she had known he would, "No, don't—not yet. I haven't seen you in weeks."

"Why, we had dinner at the Mounts' last Thursday!"

"Mm, but I mean really *see* you." He sat down beside her. "I keep saving up things to tell you and then when I do see you, there are always crowds of people, and somehow the things have grown too small to tell. What's happened, Val?"

Valentine shrugged. "I don't know. Nothing. I suppose we've both been busy." She wanted to sound casual, remote—but her voice had unexpectedly become very small.

Sylvanus took her hand and looked at its long, square-tipped fingers. "You know, three months ago—two months ago—it seemed to me we could almost read each other's minds. There was none of that muddiness between us that you feel with most people—as though you couldn't quite see them. It was so—I don't know—so *clear*. It's changed."

She wanted to say brutally: "Yes, it's changed, Syl. I've waked up." Instead she turned her head toward the fire and said shortly: "Things do change."

Sylvanus shook his head. "Not our kind of thing. I'm not a child—I don't believe love endures forever just because it *is* love," he hesitated, and then finished gently, "But with us . . . You put all the color into life, Val. If you go away into yourself this way, you take the color with you."

Oh, I can't do it, she thought, and a wave of unhappiness rose in her; it made her feel a little ill, and she pulled herself together to fight it as she would have fought illness.

"You're unhappy about something," he said.

Valentine took a deep breath. "Yes."

He looked at her gravely. "What is it, Val?" he asked gently.

Suddenly she felt angry and merciless. *Sylvanus had hurt her* by being less than she had thought him; now she wanted, passionately, to hurt him, with nothing but the simple, inescapable truth.

"You're weak, Sylvanus."

She waited, braced for the expression of wounded incredulity which she would see in his brown eyes. But he looked merely a little surprised, even politely questioning.

"Why do you say that?"

For a moment she was disarmed. He was so reasonable, so calm. Could she, by any possible chance, be wrong? Her hands felt cold, and she tried to draw away the one he held. He continued to hold it for a moment, and then suddenly released it. She looked down, trying to think of the right words.

"Syl, this committee. Doesn't it—humiliate you a little?"

He looked at his pipe and smiled. "No. Why should it? It gives me a chance to see more of you."

"What a feeble excuse! You can see as much of me as you want!"

"I can now," he agreed quietly, and Valentine rushed on:

"But can't you see, Syl, why I hate you to accept it? It's a form of escape—a protection from reality. You can *talk* about the world to millions of people, Syl—but you can't live in it."

He was more puzzled, still, than hurt; it took a good deal to rouse Sylvanus to personal anger. He countered, reasonably: "Can *you*—the way it is now? I'm only trying in my small way to fix the world up so men *can* live in it."

"Yes—but don't you see that meanwhile you're denying every one of your own principles?"

He smiled a little. "I can't say that I do see it, no."

Perhaps it was the smile that stung Valentine. She said: "You've built a whole world economy on the strong looking out for the weak—and you let three women nurse you as though you were a baby. Does that make you strong?"

Sylvanus said promptly: "As a horse." But his brown eyes had a gleam in them.

Valentine got up abruptly. "You don't even care."

"I would if I knew what you were talking about," he said, still good-naturedly. "I've asked you to marry me and you say I'm not a realist. If it isn't realistic to—"

She interrupted him violently, looking down at him, so comfortable in the big wing chair. "I say you're asking me to marry you because you want the final, the ultimate in nursing!"

To her astonishment, Sylvanus stood up and took her by the shoulder.

"Who said anything about nursing?" he asked, and before she could stop him, he was kissing her. She jerked away from him, so angry that she was almost in tears.

"Stop it!" she said.

"Why?" said Sylvanus shortly.

"Because I don't want you to do that," she told him hotly, childishly. "I don't want you to do it again—ever." And then, because the expression on his face showed her that at last she had succeeded in hurting him, she wanted to hurt him more. "You and your silly countess!" she flared. "Women—that's all you surround yourself with—just a lot of women to admire you!"

Sylvanus looked at her and for a moment she thought he was going to smile. "Are you by any chance jealous, darling?"

"Why," she asked, keeping her voice steady, "should I be jealous? I don't suppose for a minute you're in love with this Szekely woman. You just want from her what you want from every woman—protection."

He said stiffly: "You're not making sense."

"You don't like the sense I'm making. The truth of the matter is, you're scared to death of this countess."

THE gleam in his eye was rather alarming now; Valentine had seen him angry before, but never at her, and she found it a little frightening. Perversely, she was also rather pleased.

He said sternly: "Eva Szekely needs help and it happens that I can help her."

"Nonsense," said Valentine shortly and walked across the room to the silver cigarette box.

Sylvanus knocked his pipe out against the fireplace. "Well, of course, if you think trying to help a friend is nonsense—"

"It's nonsense because you're not really doing it to help her at all. If you were, you'd do it the way you always help everyone—quietly, secretly, even; you certainly wouldn't leave the decision to us. Oh, no, Sylvanus! You may be fooling yourself, but you're not fooling me for a minute."

Sylvanus came toward her slowly. He said as though he were making a shocking discovery: "I thought I knew you better than anyone else on earth. And I thought you knew and understood me."

Valentine swallowed hard. When she spoke, it was without heat, quite steadily: "I think I do. I used not to—and then one day I suddenly recognized the pattern." She paused. This is the hard part, she thought; this is the part I've been dreading.

When she spoke, she sounded almost cold: "Don't you think I've been through all this a hundred times before? Don't you think I know the symptoms—after all those years of pretending to Daddy that because he was a great artist he had a right to live a life without any real responsibilities at all?"

Sylvanus was speechless with shock.

"You're exactly like him," she went on. "You want to live at secondhand, with someone between you and reality. No, Sylvanus, I've had enough of that. I don't want a man who needs mothering."

Sylvanus said with a bitterness she had never heard before, "You want a man of iron, don't you?"

"At least I don't want a man of straw," she whipped out, and then caught a glimpse of his face as he turned back to the fire. "Oh, Syl, I don't mean to be cold and cruel! You're the best person I know, man or woman—there's nobody like you. But—oh, it drives me crazy to watch! You talk about the issues that face humanity and people listen to you—and think you're wonderful—and every time an issue comes up in your own life, you sidestep it." He continued to look down at the fire. "You've got things fixed now so you think you can sidestep anything. But, maybe this time you're up against something you'll have to face."

"I haven't the slightest idea what you mean," he said.

"I mean," Valentine told him, "I don't think your Hungarian girl friend is going to like being filed under Unfinished Business."

"Oh, to hell with Hungary!"

VALENTINE crossed the room and stood just behind him. It was over now: what had to be said was said. She put her hand on his arm. "Syl, if I've been horrid, I'm sorry."

"Are you?" Sylvanus asked in a tone to which there could be no answer.

Valentine stared at his brown tweed shoulders, knowing that she had done it now. He knew. It was over. Aloud, she said, "I think I'd better go and change." Sylvanus said nothing. She hesitated, waiting, and then went quietly out and up the stairs.

If Lydia comes in now, she told herself, and talks about how the children's nurse shrinks their sweaters whenever she washes them, I shall scream. I've torn everything up and thrown it away. I'd like to be left alone to sit among the ruins.

But when she opened the door of her room, it was Sophie who was sitting at the dressing table.

Sophie looked up as the door opened. She eyed Val narrowly in the mirror, thinking: Something the matter there, but you can't ever count on Val to tell you. Maybe that's what makes her a good artist. All boiling away inside—it has to come out somehow.

Valentine threw herself on the chaise longue and lit a cigarette.

Sophie said deliberately to the mirror: "I think I shall vamp the pants off this Colonel Lomas."

"If you think it would help cement our relations with Great Britain to undermine the morale of the military," Val told her courteously, "do so by all means. I'll help."

"You needn't," Sophie told her hastily. "You just go on and dream around and pretend you don't notice anything. Me, I've been working too hard on that foul magazine I've sold my soft white body to. And besides, the men I've seen in the past six weeks have been about as thrilling as the Pig Who Built His House of Brick. I'm simply spoiling to be ruthless, alluring and undecipherable."

Valentine crawled off the sofa and went to investigate her dinner dress. "The colonel will have you decoded in five minutes, my girl. You underestimate the British. Just because we licked them once . . ."

Sophie turned around. "Look, Ducky, if I really get going, the colonel will think a Panzer division has rolled over him. Do you think I have time for a facial?"

"Why bother? He'll never know. You look just the same afterward as before."

"Now that," said Sophie, "I consider a really catty remark. . . . Val, do you think I'm bitchy?"

Val took her head out of the closet. "No," she said, surprised. "Why?"

Sophie looked back at herself in the mirror. "Well—I say terrible things sometimes."

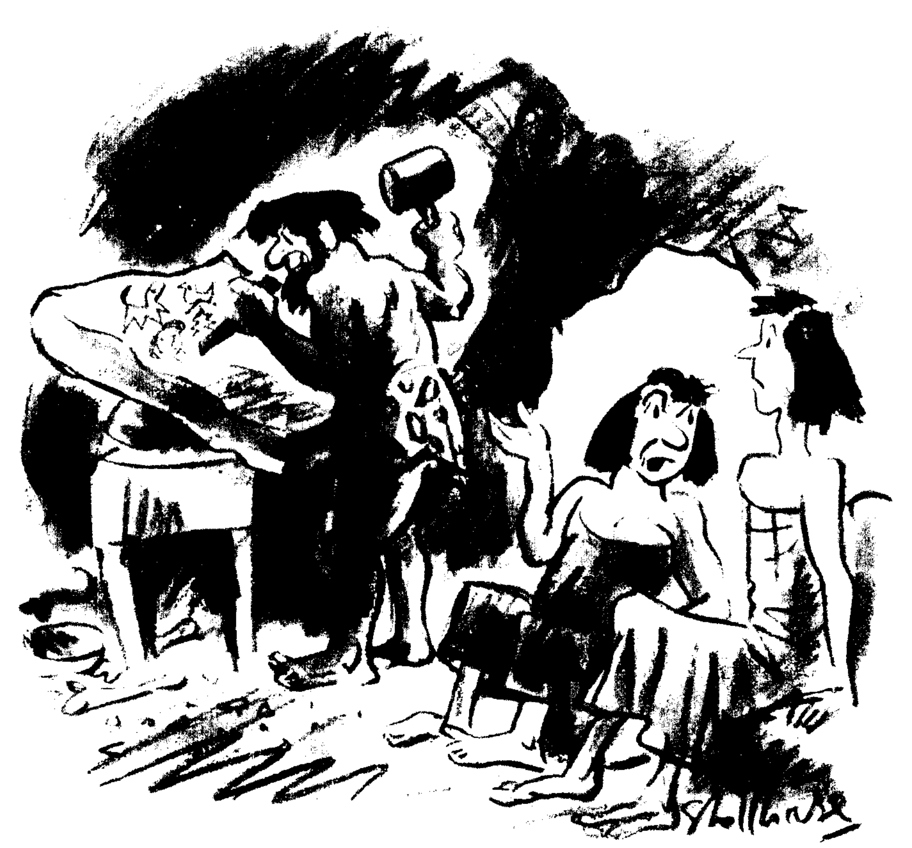
Valentine considered. "No." She shook her head. "Not really. You have an acid tongue, my love, as nobody can deny, but you never attack the defenseless."

"How sweet of me," Sophie murmured, putting green eyeshadow on her lips.

Valentine unwrapped her evening sandals. "But you know, I'm pretentious and sick. But you know, I'm pretentious and hypocrisy. That's what you're bitchy about."

Sophie observed the effect of the green eyeshadow on her mouth. "It makes me look sort of dead, doesn't it? Or, anyway, awfully sick. But you know, I'm pretentious and hypocritical myself, quite a lot of the time. We all are."

"No," Val said decidedly, "you only pretend to be. Have you forgotten the time we went to the movies and they showed the Dionnes in the newsreel and you went *Ahhhh* with the rest of the audience before you remembered you weren't alone?"



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IT'S QUINK WITH SOLV-X When Parker scientists perfected magic *solv-x* and added it to every drop of brilliant, free-flowing Parker Quink, they produced an ink that can add years to the life of your pen! Yet it costs no more than ordinary inks.

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"Good old Val," Sophie said, dispassionately. "You never forgive a person for giving himself away, do you?"

Val stood in the middle of the floor and stared at her. "I don't know. Don't I? I don't think I know what you mean."

Sophie looked at her with puzzled affection. "Never mind," she said. "If I take over the colonel, will you manage this countess thing?"

Val moved over to the the chest of drawers and began looking at her evening stockings carefully. "I think Lydia will do a better job of it."

Sophie sighed and got up. It was always this way, she thought. When Val needed you most she pushed you aside most firmly. "Okay, darling. You won. I'm sorry I tried to dig it out of you."

Val smiled, her sudden charming smile. "You can have the lipstick. It's too dark for me."

"I wonder if the colonel would like me better if I chewed betel nut before dinner? He may have been in the East a lot and prefer his women to wear black teeth."

"Oh, go away," Val said. . . .

Just the same, it's not quite true, Sophie thought, turning on the hot water in her tub. I do lay about me at perfectly defenseless people. Lydia, for instance. She *makes* me disagree with her. That speech about marriage, for instance, that I made her this afternoon . . . but you couldn't expect me to admit to Lydia that I envy her—not to *Lydia*. And, anyway, I don't envy her Charles. He's a dear but I couldn't live with him for ten minutes. I wonder what I do want? I keep looking and looking, and I'm not even very sure what I'm looking for.

She sat in the tub and childishly made her small flat stomach into an island, around which the hot water rose and fell in creeping tides. I have beautiful feet, she thought with satisfaction, and very good health and an eye for line. And that's practically all you can say for me. . . .

I wonder why girls like me so seldom marry? Or so seldom marry happily? In my case it's because I never can find the right combination of qualities . . . like shopping for an evening dress. If it fits, the color's wrong or you can't afford it. All the quiet men are afraid of me, and I can't fall in love with a man like *me*. Maybe I'll never find anyone I want who wants me . . . permanently.

She got out of the tub fast and wrapped herself in one of the enormous soft towels . . . Lydia does very well by Sylvanus. Val would do just as well, though. What's the matter with all of us anyhow? Why can't we be simple and uncomplicated and stop being scared of each other? . . . Dear me, Miss Burnham, aren't we getting awfully psychological all of a sudden? Come along, put on your clothes and be thankful so many men are silly enough to fall for you. And don't forget, the Redcoats are coming.

Sophie put on her girdle.

SYLVANUS sat in front of the fire, carefully examining a small glass paperweight which he was never able to look at subsequently without a strong wave of distaste. He stared at its brilliant mosaic of imprisoned tiny flowers, and struggled to right his emotions, which threatened either to blow sky-high into impotent rage or slip into a swamp of self-pity.

Valentine had made it plain that she thought him a weakling, incapable of escaping from feminine domination. He smiled wryly at the paperweight. She looked upon Lydia's absurd committee as a slur on his masculinity; the truth was it simply failed to touch him at all. He was the grown-up, around whom three small girls were playing house. In the small world of their imagination, he had been given the role of baby. But that did not, in reality, make him the baby.

Valentine, however, saw the situation differently. She saw him as a self-indulgent sponger, like her father. And it was that that stung.

He got up suddenly and replaced the paperweight with care. That Val should think that. . . .

Bedlow came into the room as delicately as a trained nurse. He looked anxiously at Sylvanus, who promptly turned his back. Then, still with nerve-racking caution, he moved quietly about the room, not turning on all the lamps at once, but switching on one here, one there, as he collected the tea things.

How Bedlow was able to sense his moods at a glance, Sylvanus had never known. It was maddening to a degree. It was like living with a mind reader. He sat down again and stared at the fire. Behind him, Bedlow fiddled softly with cigarette boxes.

SUDDENLY all the restlessness of the past few months rose up in Sylvanus and formed a great, spreading pool of doubt. He had wanted to do something to help the crisis that the world was in—something more than talking once a week into a small square mechanism to an unseen, unresponsive audience. And he hadn't. Perhaps Val was right: he was a weakling. He must be. No one but a weakling would have lost anything so precious as she was. Not only the quick perception of her mind, as though they walked intellectually in step and hand in hand, but all the tiny qualities that made her herself. . . .

BOUQUET WOOGIE

To judge by Nature's indices,
There'll be a crimson flame
Where I have planted thing-
    ummies
Down by the what's-its-name.

My heart again will know delight
When garden nooks and crannies
Are lavender and blue and white
With early hootenannies.

And later, there will run amuck
The reddest of the reds;
For I have taken time to tuck
Doohickies in their beds.

I'm always curious to see
What summertime will bring us—
Pink what's-its for the potpourri,
Or morning-blooming dingus.

I really think, when summer's
    come
We're going to be in clover;
Because it isn't just my thumb—
You see, I'm green all over!

—Rod Maclean

And he had allowed her to slip away from him. It's impossible, he thought, grimly. I've got to make her see. Damn this week-end party, anyway. They'll get between us. . . .

Perhaps it had been a mistake to ask Eva Szekely here this week end and yet how was he to know what would happen? Eva was a sweet and very charming woman who was badly in need of the sort of help and advice that a man was best able to give. If she was possibly a little flirtatious in her manner, one put that down to her European background. Women abroad were never entirely unconscious of their sex—nor of yours; Sylvanus frequently found it rather attractive.

AND it wouldn't, he reflected in a sudden uncharacteristic spate of waspishness, do Val any harm to worry about Eva—even though it was ridiculous, on the face of it.

Bedlow softly rattled the curtains at the big window, and Sylvanus felt his nerves tensing. What was the fool up to? Bedlow cleared his throat modestly and banged a teacup on its saucer, and Sylvanus said in a voice shaking with exasperation: "You might drop the tray."

Bedlow jumped and all but saluted. "Sir?"

"Drop the tray—throw a lamp at the wall—but *stop* darting about and rattling things. It's like having a bird in the room. Why don't you come right out and say it?"

Bedlow swallowed miserably. "Say what, sir?"

"Whatever piece of advice you've been bursting to give me for the past five minutes." Sylvanus glared at him. "Say it, and get out."

"Yes, sir," said Bedlow quickly. "Remember Belleau Wood?"

"What?" Sylvanus stared at him. Bedlow went doggedly on.

"Remember that little inn at Compiègne and the girl who was driving an ambulance for the American Red Cross? She had—h'm—red hair. Remember the time we found the seven bottles of Château Lafite '11 in the basement?"

"I do," said Sylvanus with some grimness.

Bedlow became winning: "Remember the old general and the French interpreter?"

"Look," Sylvanus inquired acidly. "What is it you're trying to say?"

Bedlow swallowed again and said reverently: "The Army, sir."

Sylvanus leaned back and pulled out his pipe. There was no use in trying to buck Bedlow; you only wore yourself out. "Are you by any chance suggesting that I re-enlist?"

"Well—both of us, sir."

"Don't you know that the War Department is being driven crazy by optimistic fools like you? What do you think you are—twenty-five?"

"No, sir. But with our experience—"

"I've had twenty years' experience, all of it varied," Sylvanus interrupted bitterly. "There's *something* better for me to do than go back into the Army—or be an air-raid warden."

"I'm afraid, sir, the war will be over. Captain, let's join up."

Sylvanus summoned up the look he had used to quell Corporal Bedlow, twenty-five years before, and used it. "Go away," he said. "I'm not going to join up. I don't know what I'm going to do. Get out, will you?"

BEDLOW picked up the tea tray and started for the door. His expression was so patient, so wounded, that for a moment Sylvanus was tempted to stop him. But what could he say?

He let Bedlow go, and as the dining-room door shut behind him, there was a tremendous clack on the front-door knocker. Sylvanus jumped in spite of himself. They were coming, then—the train was in—and now it all began. He fixed some kind of welcome on his face and made for the front door. He'd let them in himself. He'd like to set the key with Eva Szekely—

A blast of cold air rushed in from out-of-doors, and two men came in with it. Charles Herrick's pleasant face was red with cold and his officer's cap was damp with melting snow. He greeted Sylvanus with the easy cordiality of a brother-in-law.

"This is splendid!" Sylvanus said, and, to his own surprise, he meant it. It *was* splendid to see two men whom he liked and trusted. Two *men*. The thought flitted through his mind and was gone: maybe Val's right; too many women are curiously suffocating! "Hugh!" he said and shook Colonel Lomas' hand. "Fine you could get away. Come in to the fire. What a night!"

Hugh Lomas shed his coat. He was a big, fine-looking fellow in his late thirties, with that oddly shy and boyish air about him which Americans frequently—and most mistakenly—believe indicates a lack of poise. "How are you, Horne? Awfully good of you to put me up."

"I'm delighted you could come—both of you." Sylvanus shepherded them toward the living room. "I suppose you picked each other up at the station?"

Charles Herrick said. "We found ourselves generously offering each other half of a taxi which was apparently owned and operated by a gremlin."

(Continued on page 74)

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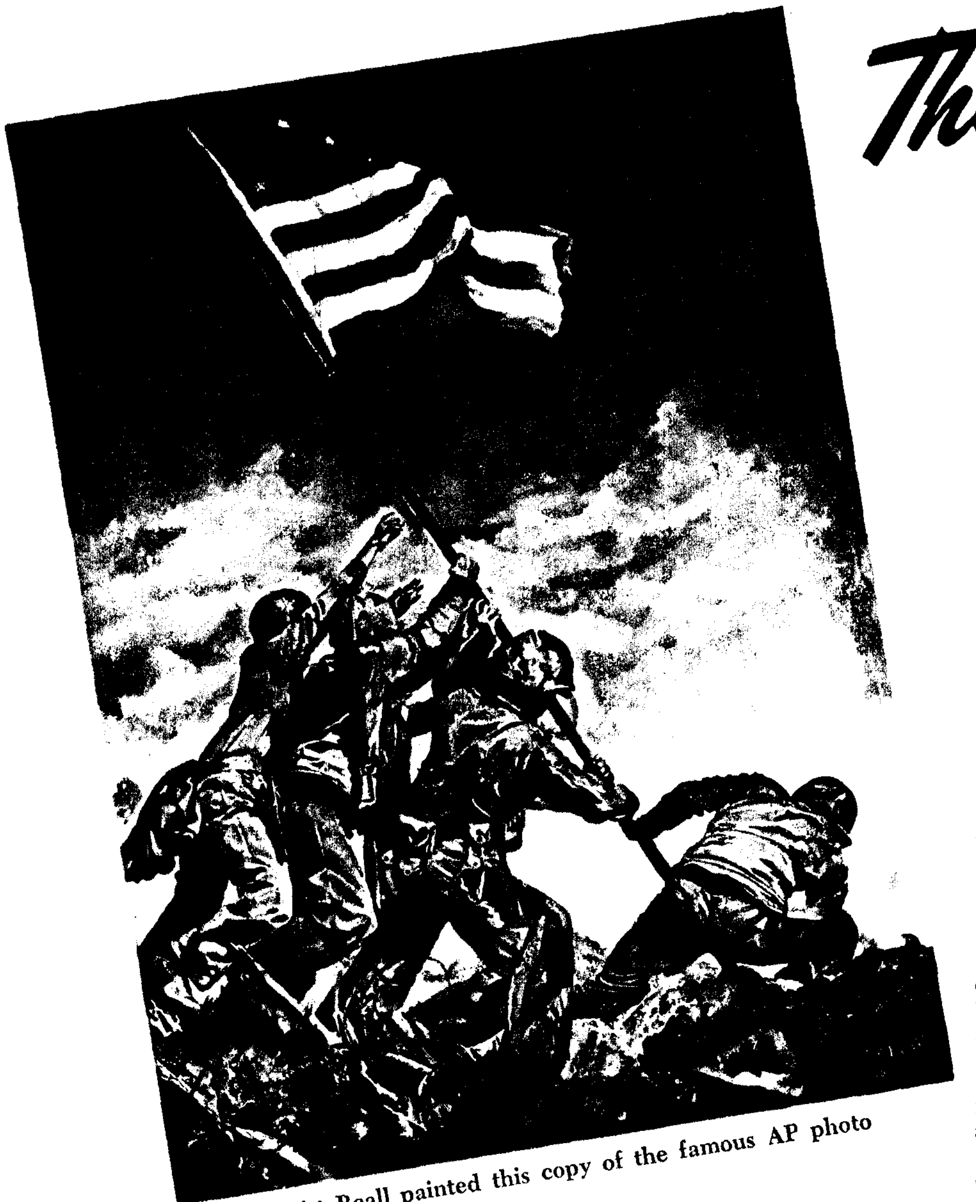
The Week's Work



Artist Beall painted this copy of the famous AP photo

THE official poster for the Seventh War Loan was bound to be what it is—the now-famous picture of Marines raising our flag on Iwo Jima. To increase its appeal, the Treasury Department asked Collier's Artist C. C. Beall to copy the original black-and-white Associated Press photograph in oil and to warm it with color. Its title is the War Loan slogan, Now . . . All Together.

Within the next few weeks, you are going to get to know the Beall painting, reproduced on this page, at least as well as you know your own name. Two million copies have been distributed through field offices of the War Finance Division to the state and county level—down to the last garage at the end of Main Street, the bowling alley, the grocery store and the local chapter of your lodge. Another million and a quarter copies were sent to retail stores, some of which have built window displays around them. The Army ordered 116,000 for its camp bulletin boards and its civilian establishments; the Navy, 64,000, some to be pasted up on ships heading back to Iwo Jima; 28,474 were sent to schools, another 18,500 to theaters for lobby display; 3,000 decorate subway cars; 30,000 are to be seen in railroad stations, 20,500 more in banks; 20,000 in various business houses.

Writing to Henry La Cossitt, editor of Collier's, a Treasury spokesman says: "While we admit this total of more than 3½ million guarantees that our Now . . . All Together poster is going to get around in most places, we decided also to put it into Collier's, which goes everywhere."

Beall was the logical man to do the painting, since many of his Collier's covers have been posterized and then sold at auction for as high as a million dollars each in War Bonds. He did the job in five days, copying the Joe Rosenthal photograph exactly, except at a few points where motion had made for fuzzy focus. Beall's uncle and his son (of the Army Air Forces) served as models for head and hand detail.

This painting, too, will be auctioned off in War Bonds, with the highest bidder earning the privilege of presenting it to the Marine Corps. Any earnings from future reproduction also will go to the Marine Corps.

Of the six Marines in the picture, three have been killed, one wounded. The six have been identified, left to right, as: Pfc. Franklin R. Sousley, dead; Pvt. Ira Hamilton Hayes; Sergeant Michael Strank, dead; Navy Pharmacist's Mate John H. Bradley, Sr., wounded; Pvt. Rene Gagnon; and Sergeant Henry O. Hansen, dead.

Undoubtedly, Now . . . All Together will come to be as important historically as The Spirit of '76 and Washington Crossing the Delaware.

John Chapman

OUTSIDERS always say to John Chapman, drama critic: "Your job must be wonderful, going to all the first nights and knowing all the stars and everything."

Chapman always answers: "That's right, it is wonderful."

Chapman, who in this issue reviews not a play but a Broadway producer of plays (Platinum-Plated Pitchman, p. 18), loves his job. After many years of professionally covering Broadway for the New York Daily News, he still enjoys a pleasant excitement on every opening night. It's always possible that this show, the one he's going to see tonight, will be the greatest show of the decade.

His optimistic expectations have been well rewarded this season, he says, with the best collection of shows in years. Musicals especially show progress, he thinks, with music and dancing of superlative quality, and with good taste taking precedence over vulgarity.

Chapman has a good batting average on picking hits—although his judgment was wrong, he says, concerning On the Town. He was the only New York critic to give it a poor review, and it turned out that the other critics were right. He was a little bit wrong, too, about Mae West's show, Catherine Was Great, although all should be forgiven after his good line about her: "I am afraid this is going to be a bust," he said, "which is one more than Mae West needs."

Chapman entered the newspaper business by applying for a job with his father, the celebrated Arthur Chapman of the Denver Times. His father liked the boy's work, all right, but he observed that things had come to a pretty pass when one's own son joined the rest of the help in signing a round robin request for more pay. John left Denver to attend Columbia University in New York, but before a year was up, he joined the staff of the Daily News, as combination photographer and reporter.

In 1924, he went to Paris, for three years of high living combined with some work as head of a Paris photo bureau, and he spent six pleasant months in Rome waiting for Mussolini to be deposed. Then back to his New York paper as assistant to the late Burns Mantle, as movie and Broadway columnist, and finally as drama critic.

S. L. Gomberg

WHEN a young writer sells his first short story, it's time to celebrate. Lieutenant S. L. (Sy) Gomberg was doing just that when we saw him, because he had sold When Leo Came Marching Home (p. 20). Lieutenant Gomberg had a double reason to rejoice, for this first story has sold to the movies as well, Fox being the buyer.

Sy Gomberg always knew he was going to write. That's why he enrolled for a course in cinematography (including script-writing) at the University of Southern California. A one-act play he wrote there won the National Intercollegiate Playwriting Contest of 1941. It was a grim play, he says, which killed off all characters in the end and appealed to no potential buyer.

He had to work his way through school, and this involved taking care of babies, walking dogs, waiting table, serving as a super in the opera Manon, starring Lily Pons (he was the warrior who had to prod Miss Pons with his spear, taking care to prod only between trills). Once, as his first contact with war, he played a dead soldier in Gone with the Wind. He played dead for ten days, sleeping through most of that time.

In 1942, he enlisted in the Army Air Forces and was assigned to the motion-picture unit. He now writes scripts for Air Forces training films—the best known of these productions being the Land and Live series, teaching fliers how to survive in the jungle, the desert, the arctic. . . . A. P.

Sentimental Week End

Continued from page 72

"That would be Chet Millet." Sylvanus laughed. "He *is* a bit queer."

"He had some pretty queer things in the back of his taxi," Charles remarked. "This fire feels good, Syl."

Sylvanus cleared his throat. "You didn't notice a tall, dark woman, did you? Rather *striking looking*?"

"Oh, come now, Sylvanus," Charles protested, "that seems rather a lot to expect—even of Mr. Millet."

"No, no, I mean, did you see her on the platform? She was supposed to have been on your train. She said she'd take a taxi up."

"I didn't notice any mysterious dark woman, did you, Colonel?" Charles asked. "Who is she, Syl?"

Sylvanus said stiffly, "She's the Countess Szekely."

THERE was a little pause, as unexpected in its quality of suddenness as an apple dropping off a tree. Then Hugh Lomas said, quite casually: "Szekely? Wasn't she in England?"

"Oh, I don't think so, Hugh," Sylvanus said easily. "I believe she came here from Spain."

Hugh Lomas glanced at him oddly and was silent.

Charles said, good-naturedly: "I understand the lady has a rather high voltage. Did you invite her for yourself, Syl, or the colonel, here?"

Sylvanus glanced at him. Charles could sometimes be undeniably heavy-handed.

"The colonel," he replied, "is a notorious woman hater."

Hugh Lomas demurred: "Not at all. It's just that I seem to be terrified by small talk—and the smaller it goes the more terrified I am."

Charles laughed. "Don't let my wife know of your weakness or you'll be married by Monday. Where is Lydia, by the way?"

"They're all upstairs, dressing, I believe," Sylvanus told him. "Do you want to go up, or would you rather have a drink first?"

"I believe I'll run up," Charles said, and Sylvanus turned back to his other guest.

"Well, this is perfect, Hugh," he said. "I was afraid you wouldn't be able to make it."

"As a matter of fact," Colonel Lomas said slowly, "I am here on false pretenses, I'm afraid—or at least partly."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I'd like to have a bit of a chat with you, if I may," Lomas said. "Officially, so to speak . . . soon as possible—want to give you plenty of time to think it over. May want to ask me some questions, and that sort of thing. That is, if you don't say no straight off."

"This sounds very mysterious," Sylvanus smiled at him. "You've roused my curiosity. Shall we have a drink now? Or—I'll tell you—let me show you your room, and Bedlow can bring us a whisky-and-soda there. How about it? Then we shan't be interrupted."

"First-rate."

Bedlow appeared in the living-room door.

"Take the colonel's bag to his room, will you, Bedlow?" Sylvanus said. "And then bring us a couple of highballs there."

As Bedlow left the room, Lomas cleared his throat and said. "Er—I say, Syl, have you known this—er—countess long?"

"No, not awfully," Sylvanus told him. "She's a friend of friends of mine, though. I wonder where she is? Hope she didn't take the wrong train."

He opened the door to the guest-room wing and followed Hugh Lomas through. It would be a nuisance if Eva Szekely had got herself lost, he thought—it was beginning to snow.

THE knocker gave a great, arrogant clack, and Bedlow materialized by the dining-room door.

"Wait a minute, Bedlow!" Valentine called. She ran quickly down the stairs. "Let me answer it, will you?" she murmured. "It's the Countess Szekely, I think."

For the fraction of an instant a spark kindled in Bedlow's pale blue eyes—a flash of

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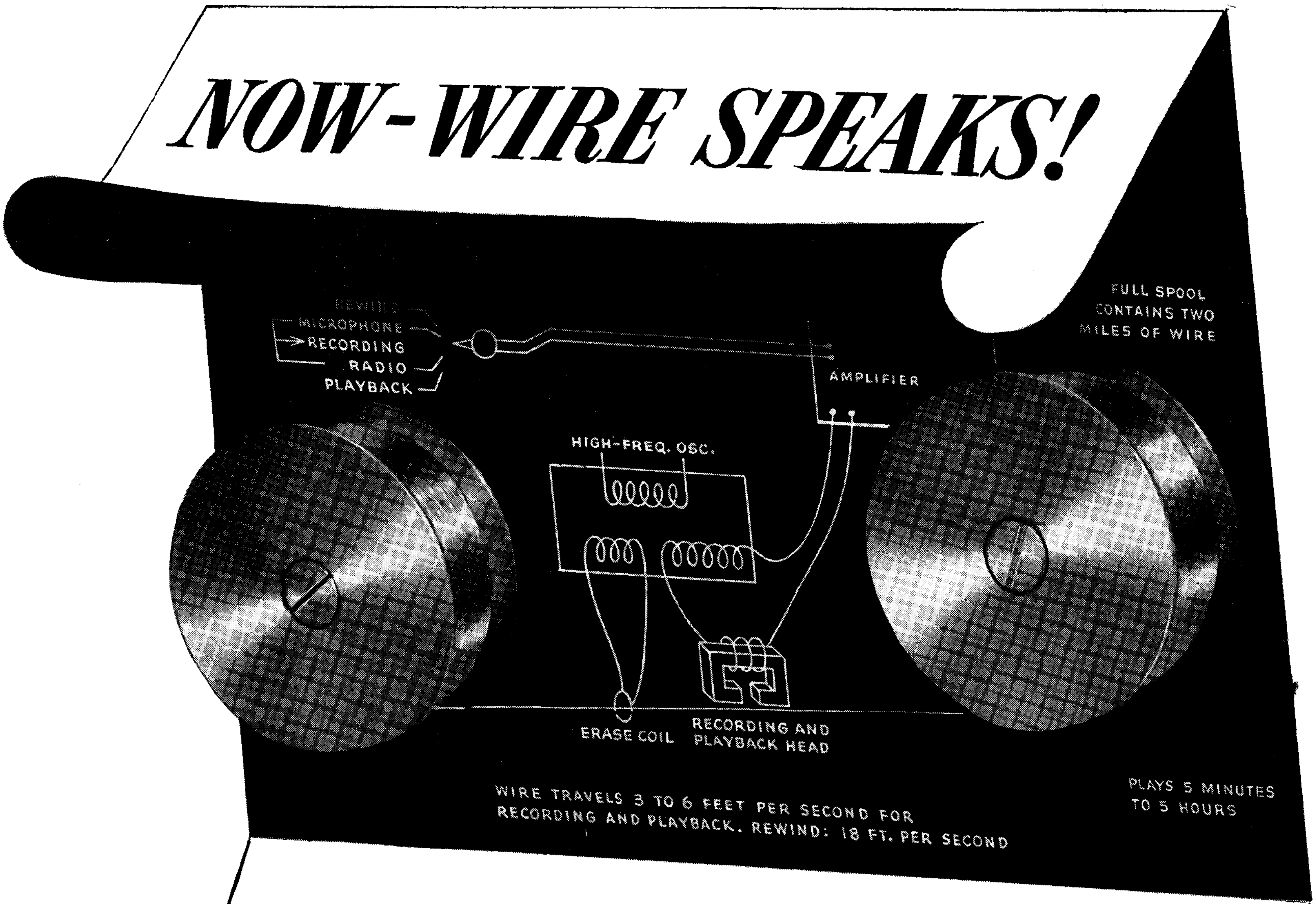
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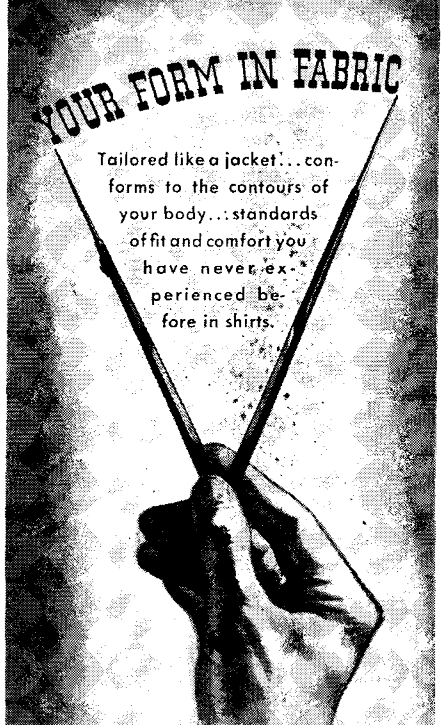
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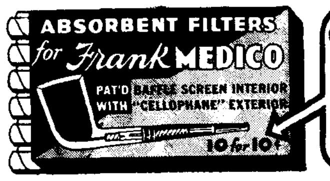

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almost small-boy pleasure which died as soon as it was born. He turned aside to let her precede him.

Valentine paused, unconsciously setting her shoulders back. Her high-necked, long-sleeved dinner dress was a creamy-white wool; on Sophie it would have been voluptuous. On herself, she realized well, it was almost angelic—but not quite; almost naïve—but not quite. She opened the door. Bedlow stood at attention.

The wind assisted the Countess Szekely's entrance in a properly dramatic manner. Bedlow closed the door against the blowing snow and Val looked at the woman who turned to face her. There was no question, she saw at once, that the countess was a striking-looking woman.

She was dark with a clear, colorless skin and very black eyes. Whether or not she was beautiful no one would ever know, for her make-up was superior to any examination, her carriage was flawless, and her mannerisms were those of a life-long beauty, who takes her own glamor for granted. The way she moved her hands as she unfastened her silky sable cape was elegant without being in the least self-conscious. The turn of her shining black head, as she glanced about the hall was commanding. And although she was wind-blown, and covered with melting snow, she was superbly patronizing.

She smiled, almost indulgently, and her teeth were square and white like a child's. "I presume this is Mr. Sylvanus Horne's house?" she said, and her accent was strong.

Valentine answered her with grave courtesy. "Yes, it is. Have you any luggage?"

The countess peeled off her gloves. "This I have given to the taxi man. He takes them to the kitchen."

Val, thinking of Beryl's pungent comments on this maneuver, felt an unexpected spring of delight rising in her.

"Won't you take your things off?" she inquired, with the dutiful manner of a good child.

"Thank you," said the countess casually. "In a moment, perhaps. When I am warmer. This is rather a charming old house."

"Yes, it is," Valentine agreed, colorlessly.

The countess threw her gloves on the hall table. "Yes, I think I shall be quite happy here."

"I hope so. I believe you're in the strawberry bedroom. If you'd like me to show you . . ."

The countess smiled at her. "You do not know, perhaps, that Mr. Horne has given this house to me?"

Valentine opened her eyes innocently. "Well, there was a sort of rumor . . ."

The countess looked her over and then said kindly: "Perhaps we introduce ourselves. I am Eva Szekely."

"Yes, I know. I am Valentine Ashe."

"You are spending the week end? A young friend of Bubi's?"

"*Bubi?*" The word was jolted out before she could stop herself.

The countess smiled. "This is what I call him—Mr. Horne. He is such a dear fellow, I call him by a little love name. Bubi. It suits him, no?"

VAL swallowed. Wait till Sophie hears this, she thought. And Sylvanus, she wondered suddenly, has Sylvanus heard himself called Bubi? And does he mind? Or does he, perhaps, think it's sweet of this creature to give it to him? Speculation flashed in her mind, like a streak of lightning lifting a black countryside into vivid clarity: Perhaps Sylvanus has known this woman for a long time—has even been in love with her. We kept our meetings secret—from Lydia and everyone else. Did he do that with Eva Szekely? Is *this* what Sylvanus is really like? An affair with a woman like this? Quite suddenly she felt cold, detached, even rather amused.

Aloud she said: "Oh, I think a little love name is just what Mr. Horne needs."

The countess walked to the door of the living room and glanced in. "Yes, I think I shall be happy here," she said and she sounded to Val's ears like a cat with cream. "This room could be very nice. . . . Ah, if only I had my little blue satin chairs! The Emperor Franz Joseph gave them to me. I gave them to my grandmother, and she gave them to me. I had to leave them behind. So sad. But no matter—we shall find something else. I am naturally artistic, you see. Color, form, composition—these things are easy for me."

She slipped off her cape and its folds fell in priceless polished folds over a chair. "You have an interest?"

Valentine made her voice ineffably flat. "I like to model in clay," she said.

The countess raised her eyebrows indulgently and took a cigarette out of a case on which was a rather complicated crest in pearls and small rubies—or what looked like rubies. Then she drew closer and became whimsically confidential; a grown-up, asking advice from a little girl.

"Tell me; there is something perhaps *you* know. What is this committee that Bubi tells me about? He says he gives me his house, perhaps until the war is over—only a committee must give him permission to do this."

ALL at once, something was released in Valentine. Later she would be unhappy again, as she had been unhappy for the past few weeks. But now—now this was too tempting; you couldn't resist this situation. It had nothing to do with Sylvanus, or her opinion of him, which remained unchanged. It was just that she foresaw that she and Sophie together would make hay of this incredible countess. She grinned amiably at the Countess Szekely and said airily: "Oh, yes, there is a committee that handles Mr. Horne's affairs, but I shouldn't worry about it, Countess. Just three women, you know."

The countess looked puzzled. "Women? His mother—his sisters?"

"Well—one of them is his sister. The other two are just—er—women."

"Ah, of course! The outworn mistresses."

Valentine suppressed a shriek of pleasure and said, "Well—not exactly. As a matter of fact, they're all here this week end. . . ."

"All three? Here?"

"Yes, I believe they've come to look you over." Valentine took a cigarette and lit it, watching the countess out of the corner of her eye. She added, exquisitely matter-of-fact: "To see whether they approve."

"To see whether they approve of *me?*" The countess' dark eyes grew large and then abruptly narrowed. "But this is very amusing! I am, then, all week end to comport myself carefully, like a schoolgirl? Ach, no, such a foolishness! It will all be between me and Bubi. These three—women—are of no importance whatsoever."

"Oh, I do think you're so right, Countess." Valentine bestowed upon her a smile which she hoped was fatuous. "If I were you, I shouldn't pay the slightest attention to any of them. You just concentrate on Bubi."

But the countess was a little short: "*Au contraire,* it is Bubi who concentrate on me. . . . I wonder where is my luggage? And Mr. Horne?"

"I think everyone's dressing," Val said, high-voiced and innocent. "I'm sure Mr. Horne is shaving, for you."

The countess smiled at her suddenly. "You know how many husbands I have married?"

Valentine blinked. "No, I'm afraid I don't."

"Five husbands I have married. Five. And all of them mad for me. I do not know why it is like this. I do nothing—I say nothing—and they are mad for me. Casare has even promised to kill himself if I should grow bored."

"How considerate of him," said Valentine. "And did he?"

Bedlow came into the hall, carrying two dressing cases.

The countess shrugged. "He tried. But Casare is never what you call good with his hands. Some men are like that, no? Helpless! But Bubi—ah, there is something different! So sweet! So amiable! So American!"

"Er—yes," said Val. "Bedlow will show you your room, Countess."

She watched them go up the stairs. Bedlow, the perfect servant, and Eva Szekely, the perfect countess. She went into the living room and threw her cigarette into the fire. Oh, Sophie, she gloated, wait till you see what we've got for the week end! Better than a British colonel, darling, better than anything we've *ever* had.

(To be continued next week)

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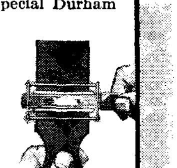

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When Leo Came Marching Home

Continued from page 21

"Grab your guns everybody!" the co-pilot bellowed.

Poor Leo didn't know what was happening. All the while the pilot was trying to get the Fort's nose into the clouds, the Messerschmitts were climbing up to intercept them, and the ack-ack began to burst around their plane. Leo switched off the safety on his gun with nervous fingers. He wasn't ready for this, yet.

Even with the four throttles wide open, the B-17 seemed to be only creeping toward the clouds. In the meantime the Nazi fighters were clawing up like a swarm of hungry eagles. But they never hit the Fortress. The ack-ack got it first. There was a terrific explosion, then two more, and the first thing Leo knew, the pilot was yelling for everybody to jump.

Leo almost broke two fingers getting his chute back on. By this time the Fort was in a spin, the Messerschmitts were taking pot shots at it for luck—and Leo was buckling his chute straps and crawling forward to a hatch, at the same time. Once, through one of the waist windows, he caught a glimpse of a group of open parachutes, and counted eleven of them. He was alone, and the ship was going down in crazy circles, dips, bucks.

Looking out of the open hatch at the spinning ground below, Leo got dizzy and weak. He started to pull back, but a burst of machine-gun fire ripped through the floor beside him. So he fell out into space.

How far he fell, or when his parachute opened, Leo never knew. He just suddenly stopped falling, with a shock that almost tore his head off, and then he started swinging back and forth, like a pendulum. He opened one eye; his chute was caught in a fairly tall tree, suspending him about thirty feet from the ground.

Leo tried everything, but he couldn't get down. He thought he could pull himself up by the shroud lines, but he only got tangled up more, and then he couldn't straighten back out, so he found himself hanging upside down, with one of the lines twisted around his neck. So for the next hour Leo did nothing but chew through parachute cord, which is like biting soft cables. But he managed to get through six shroud lines, and the last one did it!

He was hanging feet down again. Only he was still hanging.

That was when he first saw the people below. He couldn't tell who they were or how many, because of the branches and the leaves in his way, and suddenly he began remembering stories of Germans shooting Allied parachutists, of underground patriots shooting German parachutists, and of quislings shooting anybody in a parachute. So he put his hands up and hung there, swaying in the noon breeze, praying the whole thing would turn out to be only a nightmare.

Down below there was a murmur of voices in a language he couldn't understand, and then a few seconds later, a large tough-looking man started climbing up the tree. When he reached a branch near Leo, he took out a long knife and Leo started to yell, then kicked at him, but the guy threatened him with the knife, and Leo shut up.

Satisfied, the man started cutting the shroud lines, and tying the cut ends to the branch. In a couple of minutes, the guy was able to pull him up to his branch, the shroud lines were untied, and Leo climbed down, his knees shaking.

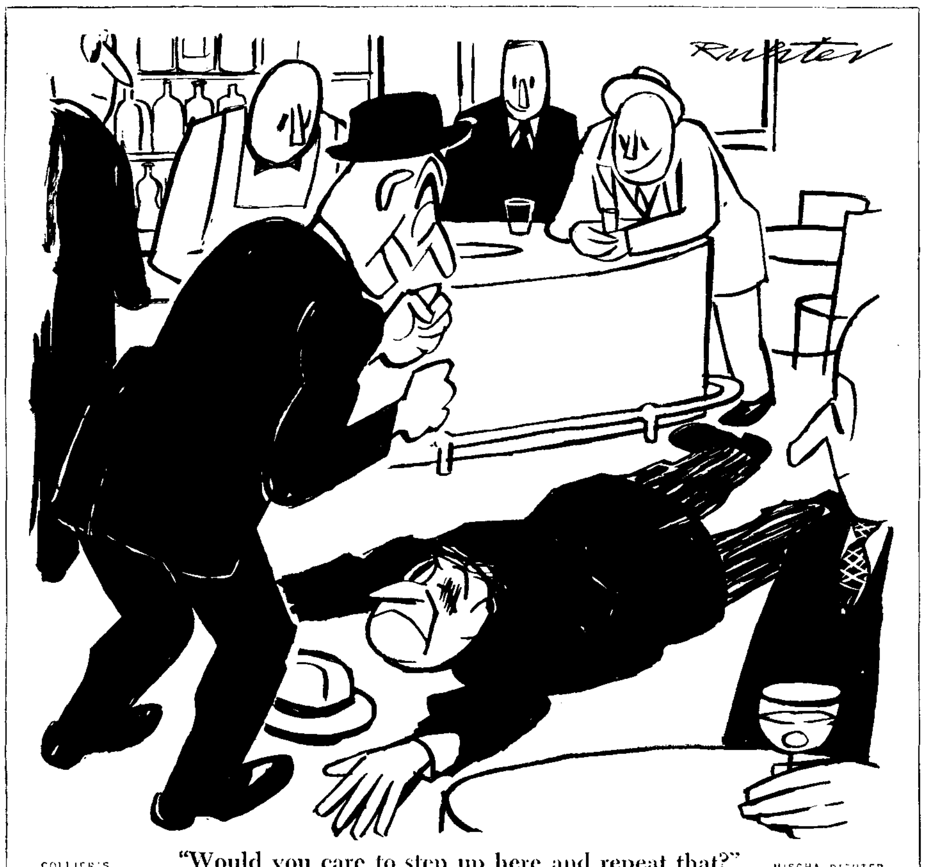
THERE were about twenty people under that tree, and all of them had guns, knives, and clubs in their hands. A stocky man with gray hair asked Leo questions in a strange language, then searched him. Everything he found he handed over to a bright-eyed woman, who looked them over carefully—Leo's wallet, dog tags, comic book (Superman) from his jacket pocket, and a crossword puzzle he had started working on before he left the States.

"You are *Americain?*" the woman asked.

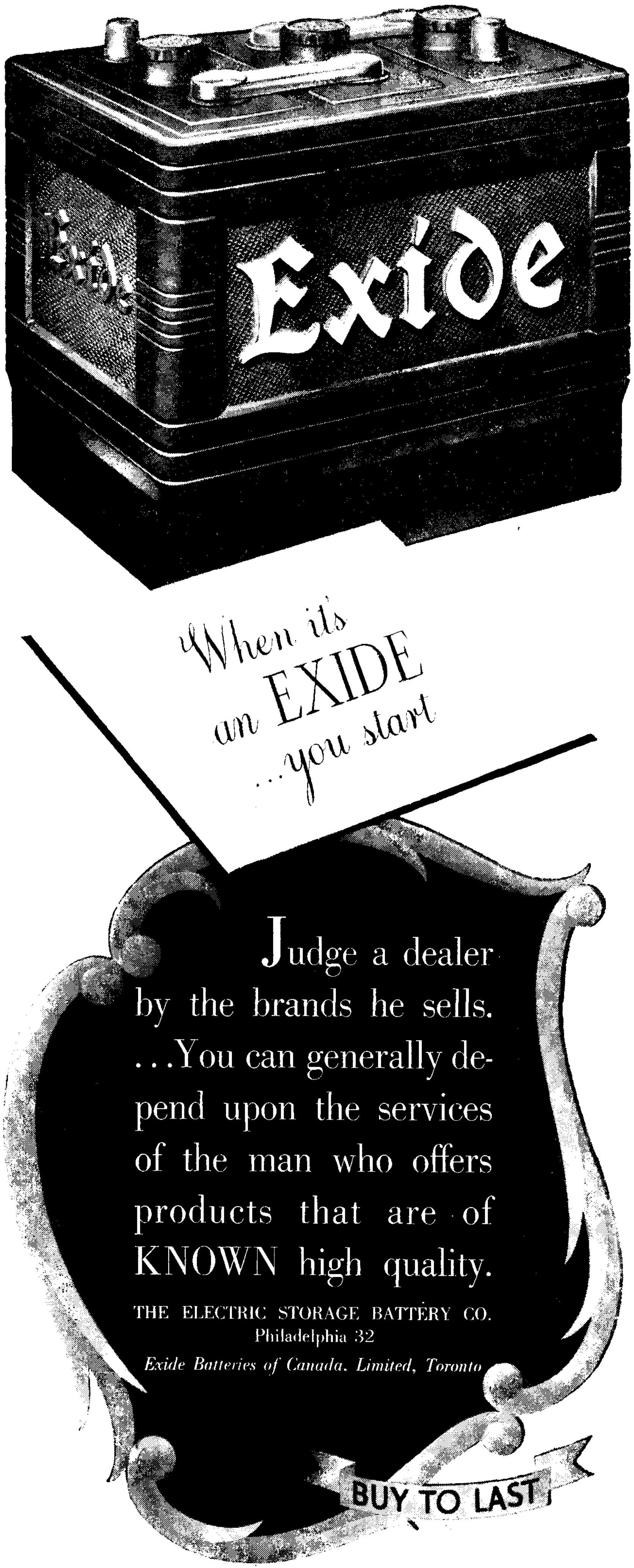
Leo nodded, waiting for them to jump at him. When she didn't say anything more, he gave his name, rank, and serial number, which she checked against his dog tags. "My airplane, a Flying Fortress, was just shot down, about an hour ago." His voice sounded very odd to him. It broke, twice.

They all turned to the woman, when he finished speaking. She was watching Leo like a hawk, her eyes digging into him, and he shivered a little. Then she looked at the things they had taken from him, especially the crossword puzzle. It had been on the top of a newspaper page, when he cut it out, and the date of two days ago was there, with the name of his town in Pennsylvania.

"I wance leeved een Peetzbourgh," she told him, then kissed him, hard, on both cheeks. Before he knew what was happening, everybody, even the man with the knife, was kissing him and laughing and shaking his hand



COLLIER'S "Would you care to step up here and repeat that?" MISCHA RICHTER



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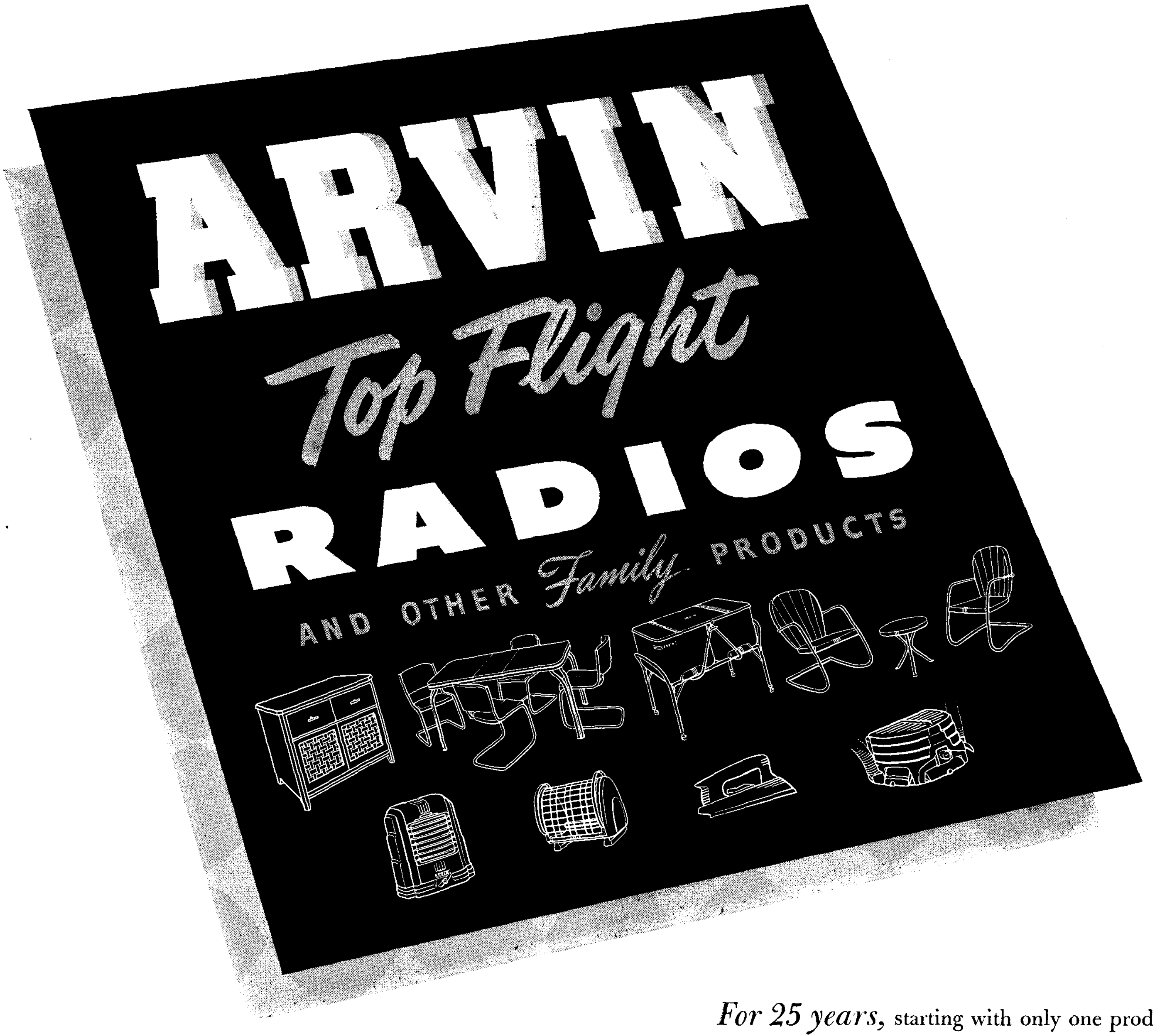

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and giving him wine to drink. So he knew he had landed in France.

What happened after that, happened so fast it took Leo a while to believe it was really happening. First they made him hide with them, and he watched a detachment of Nazi soldiers searching the woods all around them. The French had even hidden his chute, so there was nothing for the Jerries to find, but they tramped all over, beating the bushes, and looking up into the trees.

Then, after the Germans had gone, the French gave him some clothes like their own to wear, and buried his uniform and all his stuff. When he got used to walking in the wooden shoes, they led him through the trees to a dirt road where they were met by a rickety cart drawn by an old horse. There was also a girl and a man with a beard. The girl was very pretty. She smiled at Leo.

"Thees ees Yvonne," the woman who had lived in Pittsburgh told him. "She weel be your wife, an' your name ees Marcel."

Before Leo could say a word, they poured a couple of gallons of wine all over him.

"You air varry dronk," the woman went on, "becauz you 'ave jus' marry thees gorl, Yvonne. An' now you are gawn to her fader's house near Dunkirk before ze curfew. Yvonne 'as all your papers."

Leo started to say something, but couldn't think what in hell to say, so the woman continued. "Ef zee Nazi stop you, jus' laugh lak you air dronk, an' sing song widout words. Jus' sing an' laugh. Yvonne an' Henri weel teach you on zee way. Here."

She handed him a small piece of paper. "Eef you need more help from people in France, show thees paper. Eef Nazis gat you, eat eet! You promise?"

Leo nodded, and they all kissed him again, poured more wine on him, and pushed him into the cart on a floor of hay, with Yvonne. "Some day you weel come back, to a free France," the woman told him. But before he could even say, "Thanks," the cart started moving, and the people disappeared in the woods.

Right from the beginning, Yvonne lay close to him, her arm around his neck. Leo didn't know if it was all right, but he was too scared to think of much more than those Nazis he had seen. As they rattled along, Yvonne moved even closer, and sang a song softly, over and over again for him, until he almost learned the words. It went something like this:

"Frare Jacke, Frare Jacke,
Dormay voo, dormay voo.
Sunna lay mattina, Sunna lay mattina,
Ding dong dung. Ding dong dung."

And it came in handy, because they were stopped at the first bridge by a German sentry. Yvonne was singing when the Nazi yelled at them. Naturally, Leo got scared stiff, but she kept on singing and poked him in the ribs. So Leo started chanting, "Ding dong dung. Ding dong dung," with his head buried in Yvonne's hair and his arms around her, tight.

He heard Henri say something; then he heard the German clump over to the cart. He sang his "Ding dong dungs" louder, and held Yvonne tighter. She giggled as she sang, and kissed him loudly on the neck. A minute later the cart started moving again! *"Cheri, cheri, wonderment!"* she whispered to him. And she didn't try to move away, at all.

IF HE hadn't been so scared, Leo would have been enjoying himself. They were stopped, inspected, and passed three times. The third time Yvonne kissed him full on the lips, while the German soldiers watched and laughed at some joke. (If he had been at home, Leo would have taken a poke at both of them.) Then right after that, Leo could smell the ocean. He knew it was close because the hay in the cart was sweet, the smell of wine was heavy, and Yvonne—well, he couldn't decide which was more fragrant, her hair or her lips. At that second, he was sure she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. By far.

As the cart began rolling over sand, they both sat up. They were heading along a sandy road behind some dunes. Over the dunes, Leo could see the masts of boats and tops of wooden shacks and he could feel a small pulse beating in Yvonne's hand. Five minutes later they stopped in front of a shack, climbed out of the cart, and went inside.

Henri said something to Yvonne, shook Leo's hand, and left. As the door closed behind him, the girl turned to Leo, took his head in her hands, whispered something very softly in French, then kissed him, for real. Before he recovered, she was gone.

A few minutes later, two men, wearing high rubber boots and wide fishermen hats, came in. They closed the door behind them and looked at Leo, closely. He held out his hand, but they didn't make a move. Then he remembered the piece of paper. They both read it, then grabbed his hand, smiling in a friendly way. One of them brought out a bottle of wine from a closet. Leo was so glad to be friends with them, he drank half the bottle.

Exactly two hours after sunset, Leo found himself on a small fishing smack tied up at a near-by pier. He was hiding behind the motor below deck. Four Frenchmen had carried him on board, wrapped in a rolled fishing net, right past two groups of German sentries, and by ten o'clock, the boat had been drifted out on the tide and was on its way to England.

Cramped behind the chugging motor, Leo was suffering. It was the first time he had ever been on salt water, and the smell of oil was pretty thick, not to mention what the sour wine was doing to him. So he got sick, and didn't even care when they were just missed by a prowling Nazi patrol boat. He wouldn't have cared if they hit a mine. In fact, he couldn't even show any excitement when the Frenchmen stopped an English minesweeper, and motioned for him to climb aboard it up a ladder. He just barely made the deck, and got even sicker all the rest of the way to England.

All the while the English Intelligence officer was questioning him at Dover, Leo was in a daze. He could still feel the wine, his head ached, he had a running nose, and he couldn't stop burping. All he wanted was a bed or even a floor to go to sleep on, so when the officer got excited after the questioning, and ordered a plane to take them to Supreme Headquarters, Leo only felt more miserable. Too much had happened for one person in one day. He wished he were home.

"Of all the men who were shot down near that airfield," the Englishman said, pulling him along, "you're the first to get back. And you know what that means!" Leo didn't, and didn't care. He was dying to sleep.

A sergeant gave him some hot coffee and two doughnuts at Supreme Headquarters before he was questioned. But the coffee couldn't make up for the waiting and the rough flight, and Leo could hardly keep his eyes open. He barely got his arm up for a salute to the general and colonels who had been called in to hear his story.

WHAT he told them got them even more excited than it had the Englishman. They looked at the clothes he was wearing, smelled for the wine, and inspected at least a hundred times the small piece of paper the Frenchwoman had given him. All this while—for hours—Leo was trying to stand at attention, and not to burp.

"It's incredible," the general kept saying. "The underground must have just spread to that area. Incredible!" He looked around at the other brass hats. "Washington should hear this immediately."

Leo just shuddered.

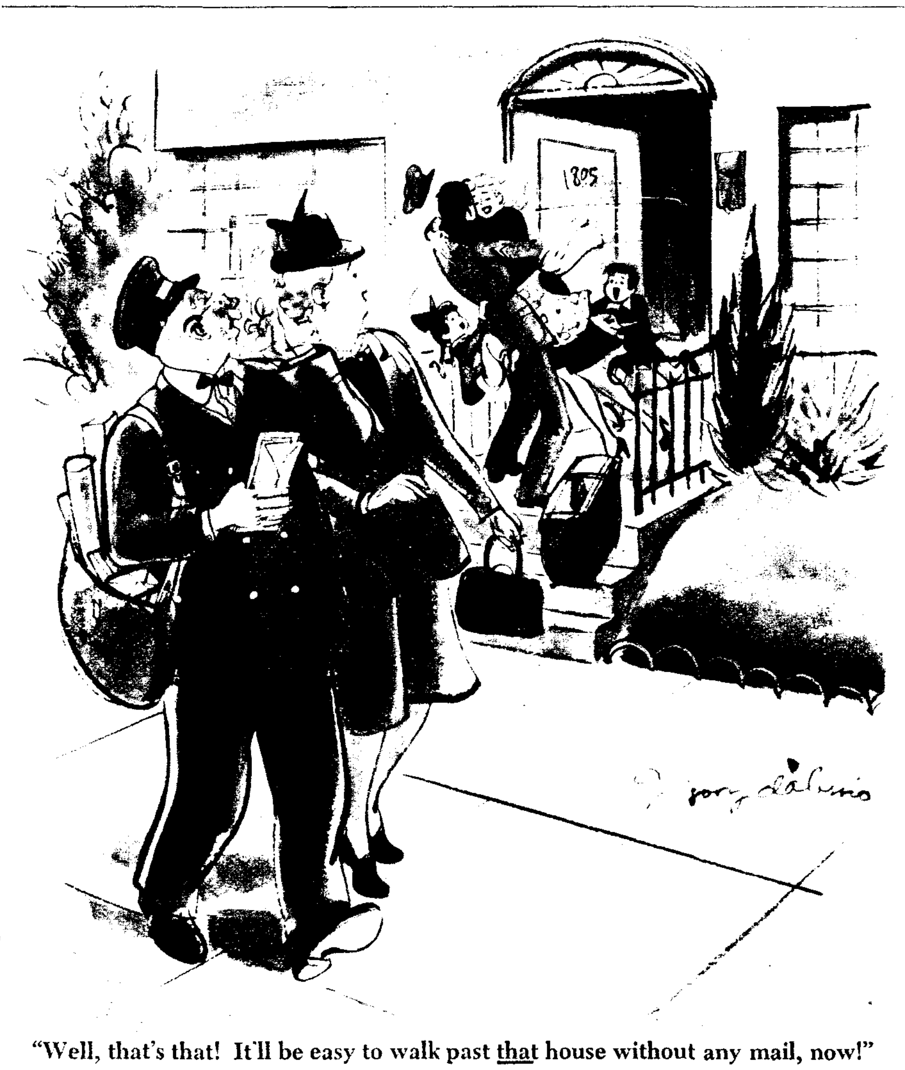
Six hours and a thousand questions later—after they had given him an OD uniform (without his Tech Sergeant stripes on it) to wear, and strict orders not to say a word to a soul before he got to Washington—Leo found himself in a refitted fighter, on his way back to the States. They crossed the Atlantic in less than nine hours, but Leo got airsick, so he didn't get any sleep, and his nose wouldn't stop running.

At the field in Washington, while he and the pilot were waiting for a jeep, Leo scribbled a postcard to his folks. (The general hadn't said a word about not writing. Only not to talk.) "Am back in the States," he wrote. "Can't say more. Will write." He mailed it just before they were taken to the Intelligence Headquarters. . . .

Back in Pennsylvania, that very minute,

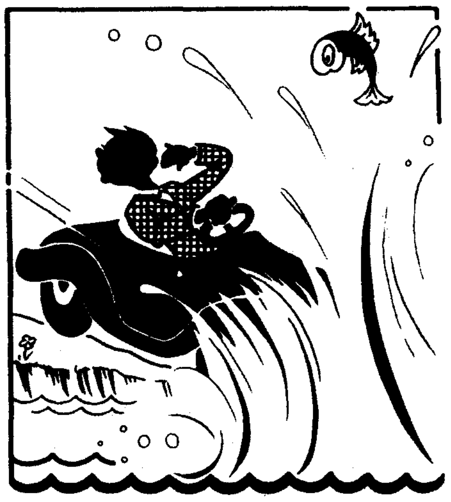
WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Well, that's that! It'll be easy to walk past that house without any mail, now!"

COLLIER'S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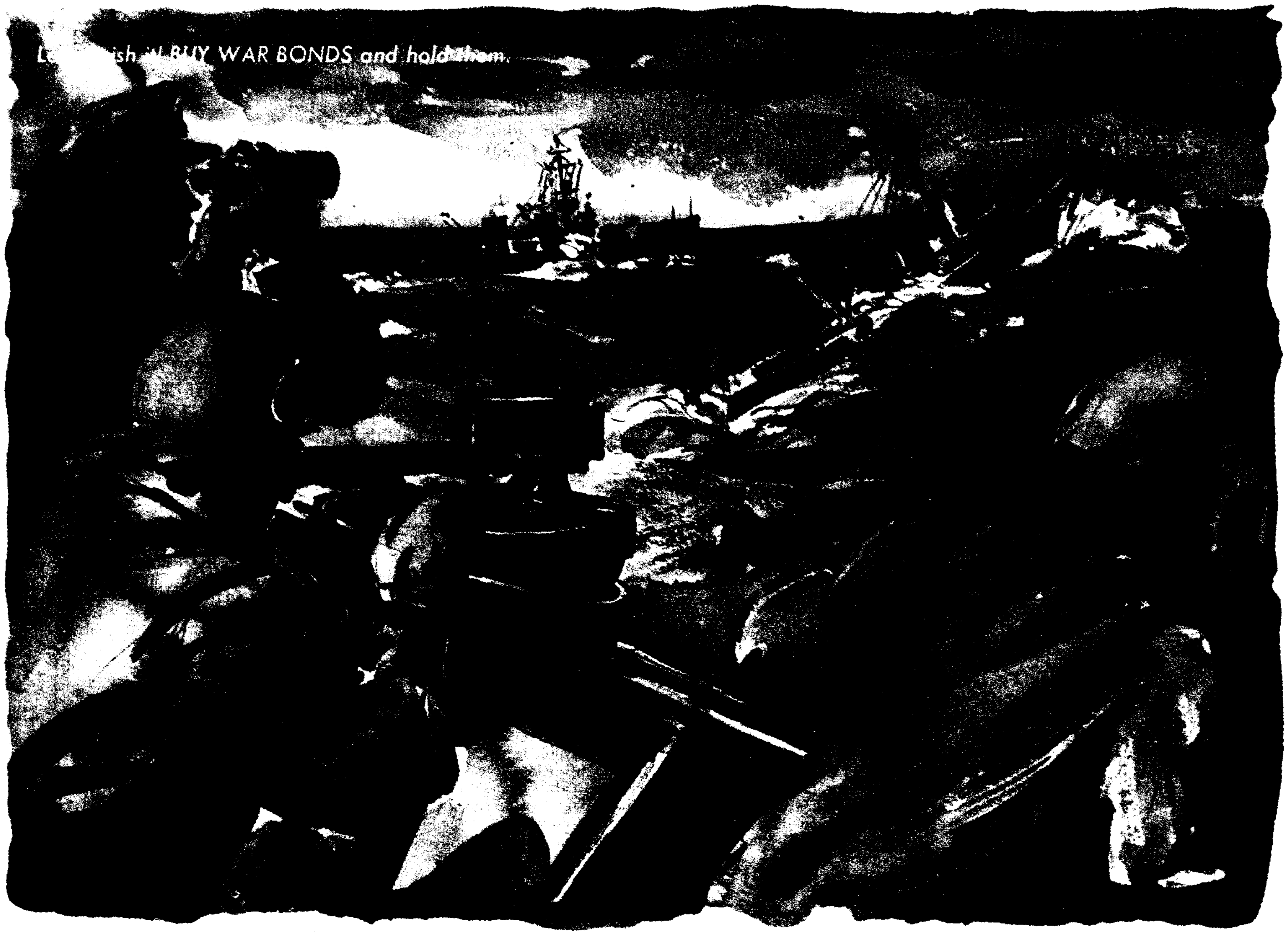
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his folks were reading the V-mail letter from Ireland to all the neighbors. It was an inspiring letter. Mr. Kluggs had to blow his nose twice while he read it out loud, Marge kept getting prouder by the second, and Mrs. Kluggs served coffee and doughnuts.

Meanwhile, Leo was being cross-examined. The news that he had arrived got Intelligence so excited, they didn't even give him a minute before they began shooting questions at him. He felt like a criminal under a third degree, but he told them everything; he showed them the paper, the clothes the French gave him; and he tried to remember aloud what had happened each minute he was in France while notes were being taken, files checked and recordings made.

By this time his throat began getting hot and cold, his eyes couldn't focus, and his feet started to itch. Also, he started to burp again. In fact, it was right in the middle of a burp that everything started to go black, and he passed out.

WHEN he came to, Leo found himself on a couch, and one of the Intelligence officers—a colonel—was talking to a major from the medics who had just come in.

"Sorry to hold you up, just when you were starting on your leave, Major," the colonel was saying, "but this is an emergency case." Then he said some more things to the major in a low voice.

The major nodded, then examined Leo. "He's just exhausted," he said; "nothing more. I'll give him a note admitting him to the hospital. A few days there should put him back on his feet."

The colonel called for a car, then gave Leo the doctor's note. "You'll have to use this to get admitted, since we have no orders for you to carry along. But remember this, whatever happens, don't tell a soul a single one of the things you told me. Nothing, do you understand? Nothing." Then he made Leo swear the secrecy oath before the car came to take him to the hospital. Leo would have sworn not to recognize his own mother, if it meant getting some sleep.

The lieutenant at the hospital read the note, then pulled out a form sheet and began asking some stock questions. Leo gave him his name, rank and serial number, fighting hard to keep from passing out again.

"Tech Sergeant Kluggs, you say?" the lieutenant asked, looking at Leo's bare sleeve.

"They gave me this uniform in England to replace the—" Leo stopped, remembering the secrecy oath. The officer waited a minute for him to finish. Then he tried a new angle.

"What air force were you with over there?" was the next question.

Leo shook his head, lips together.

"If you were overseas, how long were you there, and where are your ribbons?"

Leo didn't answer. He was afraid to say anything.

"Well, can you tell me what group you were attached to, or how many missions you flew, or when you came back from combat?" The lieutenant's voice was soft. "That isn't a military secret, you know."

Leo said, "No," and began swaying on his feet.

The lieutenant studied him for a moment, then pushed a buzzer. Two husky guys in white coats came in.

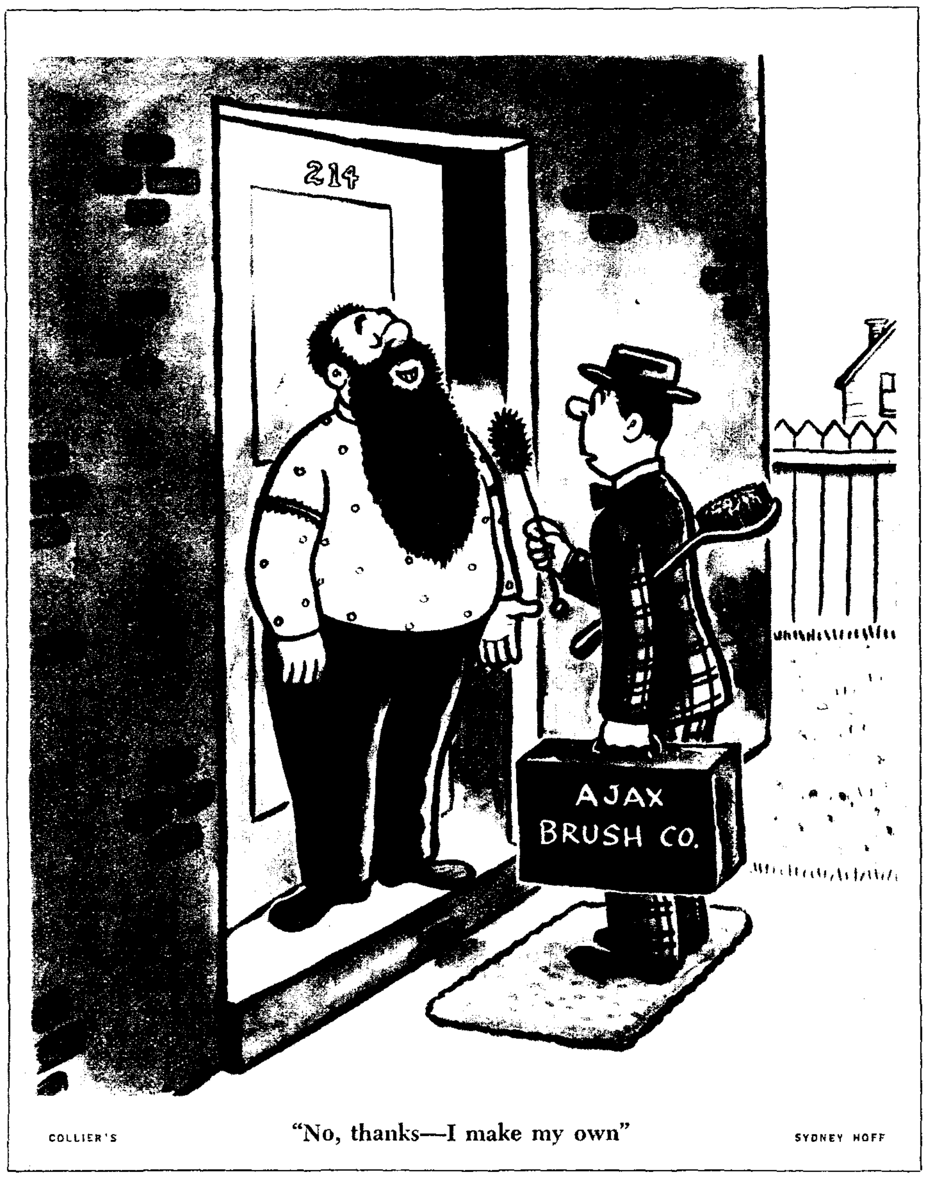
"Psychopathic," said the officer. "Ward seven."

That woke Leo up. "Psychopathic?" he screeched. "I'm not psychopathic! I'm exhausted!" He tried to push the white-coated muscle-men away. But they wouldn't go away. So it became a tussle. The lieutenant shook his head sadly and took a hypodermic out of a cabinet.

"Violent type," he said, jabbing Leo, who was busy trying to break out of a hammer lock. "Put him in room four."

After Leo was carried off, fast asleep, the lieutenant tried to get in touch with the medical major who had signed the note Leo brought in. But the major had already gone on his leave, and nobody in his office knew about a psychopath named Kluggs. So the lieutenant tore up the form sheet and made a note to prepare a special report, this being a very strange case.

The next day Leo woke up with a buzzing head. The first thing he saw, when he opened his eyes, was the bruiser in the white jacket, the guy who specialized in hammer locks.



COLLIER'S "No, thanks—I make my own" SYDNEY HOFF

And he was sitting right next to the bed, watching him. Leo moaned softly.

Just then the lieutenant came in and asked if he felt all right. Leo nodded, relieved that somebody else was in the room, somebody without so many muscles.

"You see, all I want to know," the lieutenant said softly, "is what you were doing overseas, and why you came back. That's all."

"But I *can't* tell you," Leo answered.

"Then I'm afraid you will have to stay with us until you can."

"That's what you think!" Leo yelled, waving his arms and starting to jump out of bed. "You wait until Intelligence hears about this!" He was going to say more, but the hammer-lock expert went to work on him.

One minute and a hypodermic later, Leo was on his back again, going crazy trying to keep his eyes open. . . .

At home his folks and Marge were going slightly crazy themselves, trying to figure out the post card they had received. What was Leo doing back in the country, three days after he had gone overseas? Where was he, if he was back? . . .

On his third day in the strait jacket, Leo begged the lieutenant to call the Intelligence Headquarters. "They can explain everything," he pleaded, "honest they can, sir. Please call them." The lieutenant had received his fill of strange requests from psychopaths before this. Yet Leo sounded so sincere.

But Intelligence was trying to find Leo, also. The hospital office had no record of Leo's entry, and no card on his case, since they weren't sure that even his name was right. (He didn't have his dog-tags. The French took those.) As yet the lieutenant had not turned in any report on him to the office. None at all.

The colonel at Intelligence was practically pulling his hair. If Leo disappeared, anything might happen. Then he remembered how tired and strange Leo had looked. Maybe he went home to his folks, the colonel figured, grabbing for a telephone. Ten minutes later, a telegram was on its way to the Kluggs.

Fifteen minutes after that, the lieutenant from the hospital called Intelligence and was transferred immediately to the colonel. When he mentioned Leo's name, the phone almost exploded in his hand.

"Psychopathic? Hypodermics!" a voice screamed back. "Get him out of that and over here in nothing flat, do you hear me?"

Back in Pennsylvania, Mr. Kluggs bit a hole in his lip trying to figure out why Intelligence should wire him to find out where Leo was. Marge didn't say anything. She was sure Leo had deserted. So she cried. Mrs. Kluggs was so upset, she burned the dinner, and they all had to go to a restaurant.

LEO was so thankful to be out of the hospital, he forgot to be mad, especially after the colonel told him they would send him home on a two-week furlough, once he was through being questioned a little more. They even let him send a wire, saying: "Will be home on a furlough soon. Love. Leo."

The Kluggs didn't know what to make of this telegram. They had already wired Intelligence they didn't know where Leo was. Now he himself wired that he was coming home, and the telegram had come from Washington, too.

Mr. Kluggs gave up and got drunk. Marge and Mrs. Kluggs were sure Leo was in some deep trouble which he would never straighten out. The neighbors didn't say anything. But the stories that started were all against Leo.

The "little more" questioning turned out to be three solid days of hard work for Leo. Intelligence wanted to know everything; and when they finally told him he could go, he was made to swear the secrecy oath again. "You must not tell a soul what happened to you. The lives of other Allied airmen forced down in France may depend on this." Leo swore the oath and ran for the train.

Leo arrived home on a Saturday night—nervous, excited and worried. He wasn't sure what kind of a reception he was going to get.

As he walked the half mile from the station, he racked his brain. His only slim, long-shot hope was that the V-mail letter from

Sh-h-h...I'm a Lady with a past!

AND I WANT TO FORGET about it, too! It all goes back to the time when Mother used to think a laxative had to be harsh and bad-tasting to do any good. She'd try to disguise the taste of the stuff with fruit juice, but it would upset me just the same. I guess she just didn't realize that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO STRONG!

MOTHER FINALLY GOT TIRED of the fuss I'd make whenever a laxative was "in order." She switched, then, to some "panty-waist" medicine that was *supposed* to be very mild. But all that did was stir me up inside, without giving me the relief I needed. I know now that

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WELL, MY PAST became a happy "present" the day Mother found out about Ex-Lax! One taste of that swell chocolate flavor and I was all smiles. I take Ex-Lax now, whenever I need a laxative, and it works just fine. Effective—yet, oh, so *gentle!* Not too strong, not too mild...

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Ireland hadn't reached his family yet. If it hadn't, and if he could get it from the postman, he was in—like a burglar. All he would have to do, then, would be to say his orders had been cancelled in Maine, and that he had come back through Washington, for reassignment to another crew.

But if they had gotten the V-mail, plus the post card, he was in a spot for real. And how could he explain? He couldn't say anything—the secrecy oath . . .

As soon as he walked into the house, Leo knew he was cooked! His folks and Marge were sitting in the living room—not talking, just sitting. When he came in, they all jumped up—then froze. The room was very quiet.

"Is . . . is this the way to welcome a guy home?" he asked. Mrs. Kluggs ran to him, tears in her eyes, but over her shoulder he could see his father's face. Mr. Kluggs looked angry and confused. Marge just stood where she was, trembling, her eyes wet. He couldn't tell, yet, how she felt.

"Are you all right, Leo?" his mother asked, holding on to his arms, tight. "We were so . . . so worried about you." Marge still didn't make a move.

"Did you get my letter, Mom?" he asked, knowing already what the answer was going to be.

"We got both of them. Then the post card, too. . . . And we couldn't understand what had happened, could we, Henry?"

Leo's father walked right up close to them and looked into his son's eyes. "There are a lot of things we couldn't understand," he said. "No one in town could. So we want to know what happened." His voice was tight, but shaky underneath, like the time Leo wrecked the car. Marge was sniffing a little by now.

"Are you . . . are you in bad trouble, Leo?" she asked, twisting a handkerchief to pieces. "That wire from the Intelligence headquarters the other day . . . asking where you were—"

LEO knew he was in for it. He sat down, while they all watched him. You could have heard a smoke ring drop in that room.

"I'm too tired to talk right now," he said, looking at the floor. "I need rest. I just got out of a hospital."

"Leo!" His mother sat down next to him. "What was wrong? Why didn't you let us know?"

"What I want to know," Mr. Kluggs interrupted in a loud voice, "is how you managed to get overseas and back in three days, and what in the hell you were doing in a hospital, and why the damned Intelligence was looking for you, and how you got a furlough eight days after you were supposed to be leaving this country to fight some place, and every other damned thing you did." His voice echoed for a minute, like the beginning of a landslide.

Nobody else said a word, for what seemed like an hour.

"I can't tell you," Leo answered, finally, and went upstairs to his room, his head bubbling, his knees weak. What was he going to do? What? . . . Downstairs, in the living room, it was deadly quiet.

That night, Leo didn't sleep very much. Just thinking about the next day—and what he would have to face—made him wish he was anywhere else, even back in the hospital, trying to break that hammer lock. For a while he thought about sneaking away, but he knew that couldn't help. And nothing else could, as far as he could see.

Nothing did, either. The next day was like a nightmare. His folks and Marge sat around all morning and all afternoon just waiting for him to say something. It got so he was afraid to look up from the Sunday paper, which he read about six times. When he would start a sentence, they all jumped. None of the neighbors came in, either, as they usually did on a Sunday; yet an awful lot of people seemed to be walking up and down in front of the house. Kids even peeked in the windows; but ran when Leo looked out.

By suppertime, Leo couldn't stand it any longer. He dropped his fork and pushed his chair back from the table.

"Look," he said. "I know what you're thinking, and I'm afraid of what you believe." They all just sat there and looked at him. Leo took a deep breath, and went on.

"I can only tell you this. I am not in trouble, and I didn't do anything to be ashamed of. But I can't say anything more, honest. You'll just have to trust me."

For a couple of minutes, no one said a word, or made a move. Then Marge let loose a big sob and ran out of the house. Mr. Kluggs put his spoon in his mouth, but took it right back out, with the soup still in it. Mrs. Kluggs reached for a napkin, to blot the tears that were already pushing their way out.

Leo got up from the table. They didn't trust him. Just because a few things beyond his control had happened before he went overseas, they thought he was either lying or bluffing. So he went up to his room and wrote a long letter to the Intelligence colonel, telling him everything, and begging for some way to get himself straightened out with the family. . . .

The next five days were the worst Leo could remember, much worse than the two he had spent in Europe. His father didn't even look at him. His mother was afraid to talk to him, because of his father. Marge stopped coming over from her house. And the town was full of rumors.

Some said Leo had been dishonorably discharged for refusing to go overseas; or that he had gone overseas but was sent back for refusing to fly a mission. The worst one was that he had never gone out on that B-17 last week, and had written the letters, which were mailed back by friends, just so people would think he was brave—and that now maybe he was a deserter, too. A lot of people claimed they were surprised that he hadn't thought of buying a row of phony combat ribbons to wear.

Leo heard all this from Willie Jensen, the fourteen-year-old kid next door. Willie loved Leo, and would have been his friend, even if he was a deserter. He said so, practically every day. And he was the only person who talked to him. But it would be impossible to convince even him, Leo knew, that a guy could go overseas, be shot down, helped by the underground and get back to the States—all in three days—without ever flying a mission. That kind of a story would be turned down by Ripley.

In town it was murder! People turned their heads away from him, when he met them on the street. Marge almost ran when she saw him. He noticed, also, that his picture had been taken out of the window of the Main Street Photography Shop.

That's how tough it was. . . .

Leo had just about given up, on the fifth night, and was packing his things—when two special deliveries arrived from Intelligence. One was for him, the other for his folks.

His letter ordered him back to Washington immediately, but from the way the colonel wrote, it looked like he might have a choice of going overseas again, or staying in the States.

But the letter to Mr. Kluggs—with an official stamp on it—said: "We are proud to inform you that your son, Technical Sergeant Leo Kluggs has performed a great service to his country, although what he did, while making his way through enemy-occupied territory, can not be made public until after the war. For his bravery, resourcefulness and courage, he is being recalled to Washington, to be decorated personally by the President of the United States. This much may be made public."

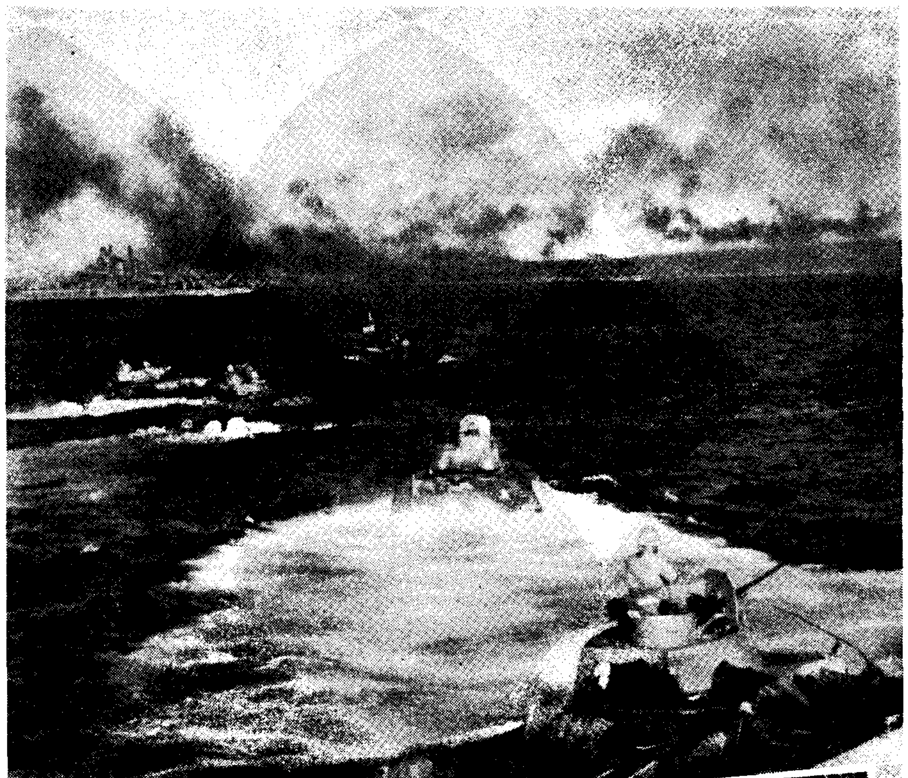
THERE were only three people at the station to see Leo off that night. How his folks felt can be imagined, easily. But Marge was in a funny position.

Leo kissed her goodby, all right, before he got on the train. When she asked if anything had changed between them, however, he didn't seem too sure. He showed her a French grammar book.

"I have to get back to France, somehow," he answered. "There is a little unfinished business waiting for me near the Channel coast."

The first thing he did on the train was to start studying the book. The next time he saw Yvonne, he wanted to be sure he knew what she was saying. He did not want to go back to "ding dong dungs." Not Leo Kluggs. No, sir, not any more.

THE END



Wave of Marine amphibious landing vehicles heads for Iwo Jima beach.

Marine phone booth in a fox hole on Iwo Jima.

Marines passing ammunition (football style) on Iwo Jima

U. S. Marine Corps photographs.

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We Beat the Dutch

Continued from page 48

Northwest valleys, the Puyallup in Washington and the Willamette in Oregon. Some of our tulips come from Puyallup farms and some from Michigan. At war's outbreak the Hollanders still had the edge in tulips and hyacinths, which love the moisture of the Netherlands, but the Americans were beating the Dutch in the daffodil and bulbous iris fields.

Curiously enough, earnest, slender and blond Mr. Jan de Graaff, whose forebears launched a famous bulb dynasty two and a half centuries ago at Noordwijk, Holland, typifies the American end of this lively rivalry. He is this country's largest bulb grower. His one hundred twenty-five acres of bulb farms yield over four million daffodil and Dutch iris bulbs each year. He sells the two million roundest, fattest bulbs, keeps the rest for next year's parent stock. On his farm, and most other Northwest bulb farms as well, a weird-looking tractor, with plowshares fore and low platforms aft, chugs at a snail's pace of 1,500 feet an hour down the field, digging three furrows into which the bulbs topple. Men on the low platform reach down, set the bulbs nose up, just as a scraper covers them with soil. With this strange mechanical apparition, three men plant four acres of bulbs a day, fifty thousand bulbs to an acre.

It is a dozen years now since Mr. Jan de Graaff burned all his bridges with Holland and became an American citizen. Over in Noordwijk, where before the war the De Graaffs were still the largest of the twelve thousand Dutch bulb farmers, the family patriarchs shook their heads forebodingly at the sacrilege of planting bulbs, and digging them, with tractors. It isn't done that way. The right way to grow bulbs, Mynheer, is in the garden plots a yard wide and fifty feet long. First you go out with a spade, and turn the sandy soil two feet deep, down to where the water level stands. Then you take a trowel and plant bulbs every three inches in three-foot rows six inches apart. That way, Mynheer, you plant one hundred fifty thousand bulbs to the acre. When it comes to digging, you do it with a fork, and not with a tractor. And you dry the bulbs in the sun, then gather them up and ship them, without all that nonsense of Jan's about running them through a vapor bath to de-pest them. Where does he get those ideas?

When it comes to bulbs, Mr. Jan de Graaff has ideas, all right. He has to have them, and so do the other Northwest growers, because, with less expensive labor, the Dutch growers used to be able to land bulbs in New York and Philadelphia and other Eastern centers by boat cheaper than the Westerners could deliver them by rail.

The Northwest growers have one decided advantage. On the Oregon and Washington farms, carved out of evergreen forests, the soil and climate form just the right combination to grow fatter, more solid bulbs than the market ever knew before. Most gardeners like to plant fat bulbs.

The Bulb is All That Matters

It is one of the curious turns of the deal that few home gardeners have ever heard of Jan de Graaff, whose bulbs flourish in just about every garden in the land. The same is true of Frank Chervenka, or George Lawler, or any of his competitors in the Northwest, for that matter, because most bulb farmers do their stuff incognito. They ship by the carload to the big seed houses, such as Max Schling's in New York, or Vaughan's in Chicago, which divvy the King Alfreds, the Silver Stars, the Moonshines, the Wedgwoods over the counter to hurrying commuters and shoppers.

But among the commercial greenhouse men and the professional gardeners who grow cut flowers for the florists, the names of the bulb men are legend, like the tales of famous scoops and lucky strikes. Some of these legends they tell date back to the hectic days of the great Dutch bulb bubble, when otherwise sane men gambled madly on bulbs, often betting their lifetime's accumulations on a single bulb. In those days, tulips were as cherished as jades and diamonds and brought equally fabulous prices. Mr. Jan de Graaff recalls how his forebears plunged with the rest of them. And survived, by luck or thrift, or both.

Take Poeticus Daphne, an astonishing new white daffodil with multiple petals resembling a gardenia's, for instance. It first appeared in Frederick Culpin's garden in Lincolnshire, England, about 1914, and won the Royal Horticultural Society award of merit. George Monroe, London's leading wholesale florist, offered Mr. Culpin five thousand pounds for a handful of bulbs. And got them. Bulb men tried frantically to cut in on the prize, including Jan de Graaff's father, who finally raised the ante to $20,000 for a half interest. George Monroe accepted. De Graaff hoarded bulbs to build up a stock. But not for long. One day a syndicate of rival Dutch bulb growers called at the De Graaff farm at Noordwijk to see the new wonder daffodil. Fearing they would talk him into selling, the elder De Graaff remained in the house. But determined Dutchmen are not turned away so easily, and the spokesman for the group walked up to the house, raised his voice and shouted, "Name your price, De Graaff."

A Fortune for One Flower

"All right, one hundred thousand dollars," called De Graaff *père*, setting a figure so high he knew the others would never pay it.

Jan de Graaff recalls how they stood behind a big tree and talked. Finally, the spokesman came back to the house and yelled, "Ninety thousand is our top, De Graaff."

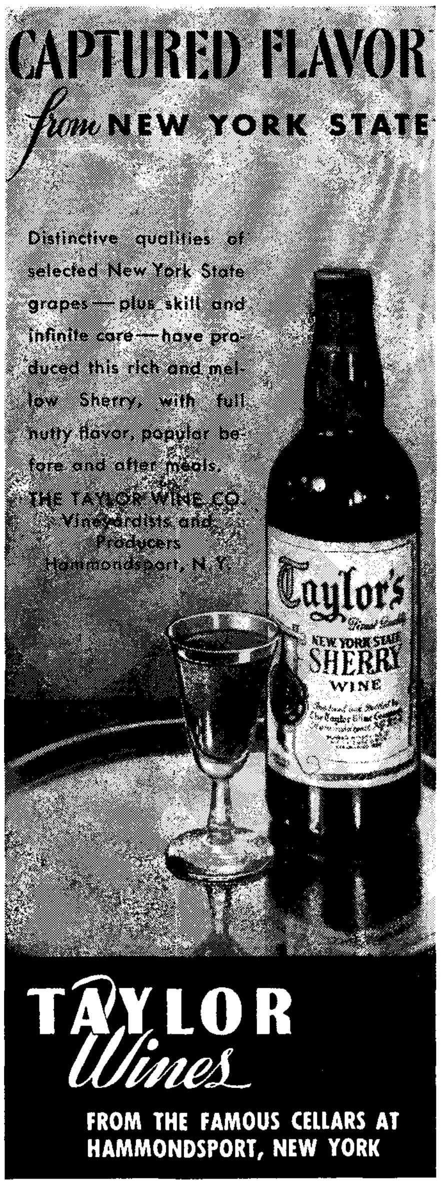
The elder De Graaff took the ninety grand. He soon regretted it, because his unexpected profit invested in good sound securities was caught in the market crash while the offspring of Poeticus Daphne soon sold for six figures each year.

The De Graaffs don't often come out second best in a bulb deal. They seldom sell a promising bulb outright. When the first pure white trumpet daffodil occurred in the garden of Jan's grandfather, an English firm offered five hundred dollars for a single bulb. But Simon Adrian de Graaff said, "No." And meant it. Four years later, when his stock had increased to about thirty bulbs, he sold half of them in England at five hundred dollars per bulb.

The family bought in on King Alfred, greatest of the trumpet series, and in King Arthur and King Lear, Alfred's offspring. They had a slice of Fantasy, of Twink, the best double in its day, of La Vestale, of Aerolite, of February Gold, of Darwin tulips, of Wedgwood Dutch iris and other big-money bulbs. But when Jan de Graaff grew up, the elders decided it was time to spread out and plant some De Graaffs in other lines of work. They trained him for the diplomatic service.

Finishing his studies, Jan came home and went to work in the bulbs, then packed his bag and sailed for America, to find more customers in the United States. It was in the blood. Those were the days when the American embargo against foreign bulbs was tightening. Bulb men in this country were scrambling around trying to grow bulbs here and there. On Long Island, in Michigan and out in the Northwest, bulb farms sprang up. Oregon and Washington had the edge because of the long, mild, moist springtimes. That's when the old bulbs split noses and each nose grows into a new bulb.

Jan de Graaff encountered a group of college professors who wanted to go into the bulb-growing business in Oregon, and induced his family to supply breeding stock and lend them money. The professors were experts at horticulture, but weak in business methods. They failed, and young De Graaff had to take over the Oregon Bulb Farms to get his family's money out. He speeded up production, invented labor-saving machinery, developed markets and coaxed the business out of the red. From time to time different members of the family came over from Hol-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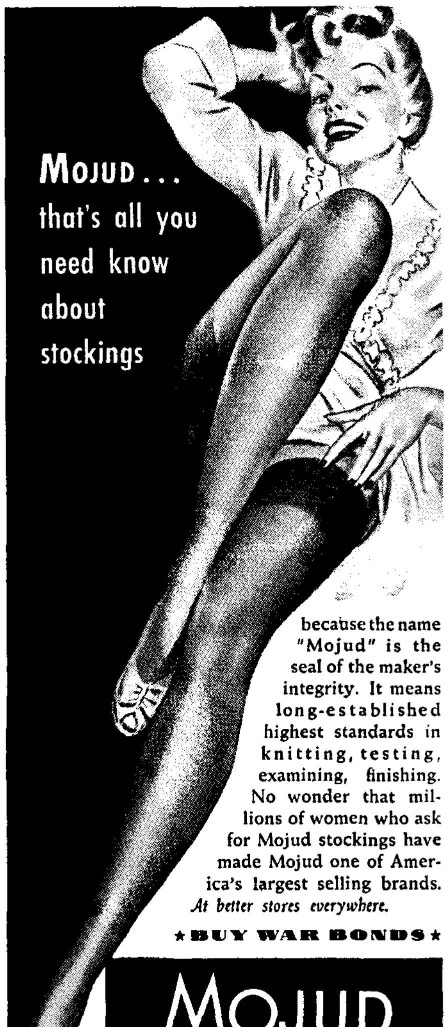
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land to see what the youngster was doing. They were flabbergasted, to put it mildly.

His harvesting was even more outrageous than his bulb-planting methods. Instead of digging the bulbs carefully with spades and stacking them in the sun, the irrepressible Jan rolled out a tractor equipped with a revolving disk which sheered the soil about an inch above the top of the bulbs, followed by a scoop which lifted them out of the earth, tossed them onto a revolving chain that shook the loose dirt off and dumped them on a table from which they rolled into trays. The trays were stacked in the field two weeks for the bulbs to cure, after which they were hustled to the warehouse, where a vapor bath killed any clinging larvae of the daffodil fly or the microscopic eel worm, both of them voracious borers in bulbs. This was a ticklish business, because at less than 111 degrees some larvae might survive and at 114 degrees some bulbs might cook. In between, the insect life dies and the bulbs thrive.

The various Old World De Graaffs who looked this mechanical business over decided that it certainly did beat the Dutch and, furthermore, they didn't want any of their money tied up in such crazy machines. So they sold the whole Oregon layout to Jan, who forthwith took out American citizenship papers, married an American sweetheart, and struck out on his own. The elders recall their skepticism now with regret, because Jan's machines have made bulb growing profitable in spite of the higher wage scale paid in this country.

Where the Dutch still have the edge is in originating and developing new varieties. This is a job calling for infinite patience.

"It takes the Old World viewpoint," as Mr. de Graaff says. "Americans don't have time."

New varieties of daffodils, jonquils, narcissuses, or what will you, including bulbous iris, occur only when bulbs are grown from seed. The first-year bulbs are little peanut affairs, hardly worth noticing. The next year they increase about fifty per cent in weight, and keep it up, if carefully planted each spring and lifted each autumn, until about their sixth or seventh year, when they flower for the first time. So, if you're a hybridizer, it's seven years from the time you cross two varieties by hand pollination until you know whether or not you have something.

The star bulb originators have been the English, especially the clergymen. In Britain, bulb men always make it their business to peek over the fence into every vicar's garden, hoping for another Rev. George Herbert Engleheart of Appleshaw, or Rev. John Gudgeon Nelson of Albrough Rectors, or Rev. E. Eugene Bourne of Dunston Vicarage, Lincoln, to mention only a few noted English hybridizers.

On this side of the water, the ministers don't seem to stick long enough in any one parish to cut a figure in the bulb deal, and the originating job has to be done by growers or home gardeners.

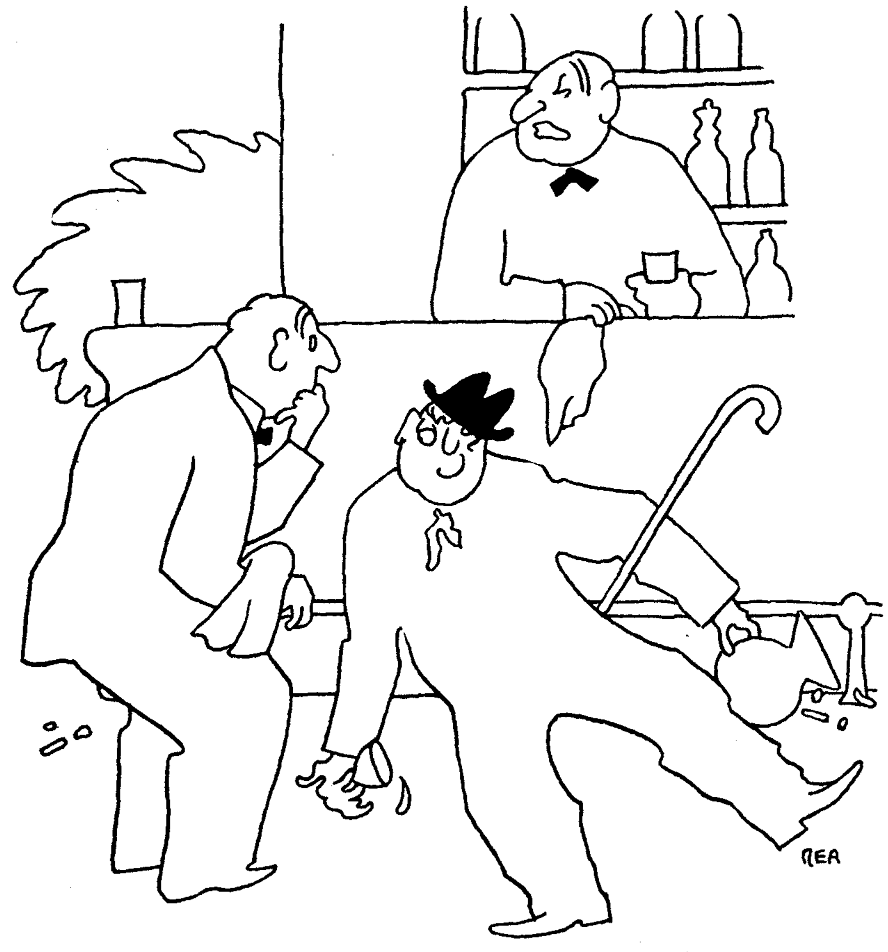
It's a bit of a trick, in case you're intrigued into trying for a lucky strike in bulbs. You pick out your best flowers, tickle the pollen from one to another, with a fine camel's-hair brush, keeping a careful record of the crosses. Then gather the seeds before the birds get them. Then keep on planting the first year's bulblets for seven more years. In a special garden on Jan de Graaff's home farm, he makes around two thousand crosses each summer. Each cross is good for about twenty seeds. That's forty thousand seedlings a year, or around a quarter of a million bulbs in the whole trial garden.

A Job for Patient Men Only

Out of forty thousand seeds, Mr. de Graaff figures he's shooting par if he gets one new variety showing definite improvement over the parent stock. Of course, that's only the beginning of the business, because the one new bulb is just a "single-nose," a round, fat bulb, with facilities for only one stem of blossoms. By the end of the next season it is a "split," meaning its nose has divided to bear two stalks of flowers. There may be two or three small bulblets around the roots, in addition. Each half of the "split" and each bulblet will make a new bulb, which in another year will repeat the process. It takes about ten years to run a "single-nose" into a stock of perhaps two thousand bulbs, at which time, if the new variety is fortunate enough to win an award at a national flower show, the originator can begin to sell bulbs, maybe at one to five dollars apiece. Gradually, as the variety becomes common, the price tapers off to as little as a dime or a nickel a bulb wholesale.

"Trial gardens are expensive," warned Mr. de Graaff. "In my case, instead of spending my profits on yachts, I spend them on bulbs."

THE END



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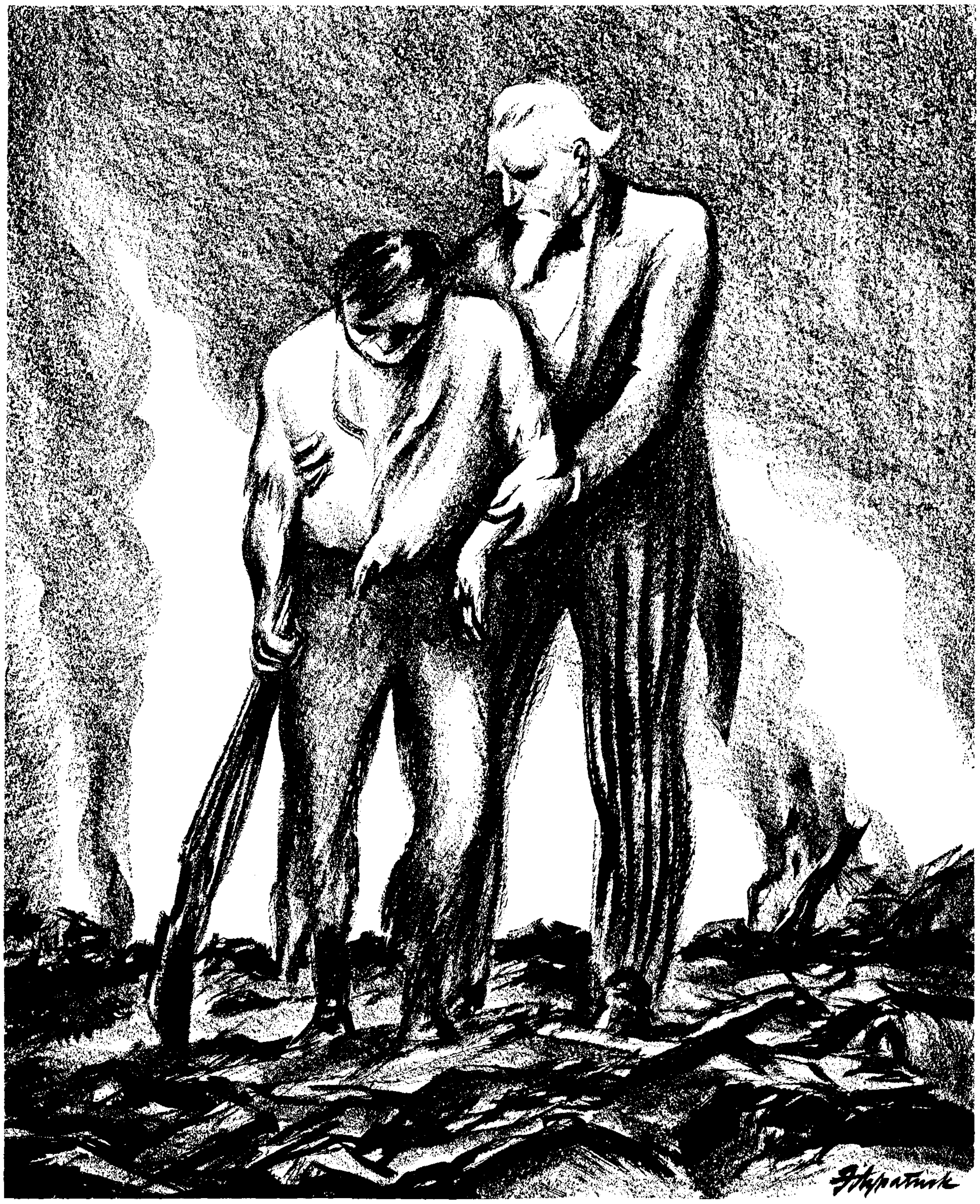


OUR FRIENDS THE FILIPINOS

WE MOVE, and rather confidently expect plenty of seconds, that the United States do just about everything it can do for the Philippine people in this time of their liberation and reorganization. The Filipinos need many kinds of help. The Japs robbed them systematically of their sugar, copra, hemp, tobacco, etc., for three years, and have burned or blown up everything they could as General of the Army MacArthur's men have booted them off island after island. Various consumer-goods shortages and food shortages afflict the Filipinos, and inflation threatens.

These people have proved themselves our friends—which is the main reason why we should help them in every way we prudently can. The Japs rampaged into the islands yelling "Asia for the Asiatics" and making promises of Filipino happiness in the Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere. Only a few Filipinos fell for this propaganda.

The great majority of them remained loyal to the United States. Thousands got busy as guerrillas, saboteurs, spies, etc., on our side within a short time after MacArthur was ordered out of Corregidor to Australia to organize the Allied Southwest Pacific counteroffensive. That Filipino loyalty made the reconquest of the Philippines a good deal easier than it would have been if the Filipinos, by and large, had been as glad to see the Japs move in as were large numbers of the Burmese, Malayans and Dutch East Indians.

But while the Filipinos can use plenty of American help, we also need their continued friendship and esteem. As the Pacific war looks now, it seems beyond dispute that our power in the western ocean will have to jut farther west than Pearl Harbor if Japan is to be kept under control after it loses this war. Guam, Saipan, Tinian, Iwo and other islands we may take along the road to Tokyo are all right as far as they go. But the Philippines are a great, sprawling group of islands—several of them big—on which we can mass and maintain all the air, sea and land power and power reservoirs that we want in the far Pacific.

Anything we can do for these true friends of ours will be a good investment for our own future, as well as a gesture of present gratitude to some 16,000,000 people who stood by us when we were being kicked all over the far Pacific and it looked as if we might lose the war.

Various measures have been suggested: extending tariff preferences to the Filipinos after granting them their independence July 4th, 1946, or sooner; long-term, low-interest loans for Philippine reconstruction; an offer of U.S. statehood if the majority of Filipinos want it; and so on.

The main thing, we think, is to give the islands all feasible help now, and openhandedly. We should, in short, take up our 40-year policy of liberality and generosity toward the Filipinos where the Japs broke it off in 1941-42.

We should on no account make such mistakes with the Philippines as we have made in the past with Cuba, a small and friendly near-by nation with whose economy our tariff gyrations have now and then played unholy hob—to the hurt of plenty of Americans as well as of most of the Cubans.

MR. HOOVER SUGGESTS

EX-PRESIDENT HERBERT HOOVER, whose views on how to keep the peace always make sense, recently suggested some additions to the Dumbarton Oaks plans for world security organization after this war. We'd like to spotlight this Hoover proposal:

> Provision for revision of onerous treaties between nations at, say, 10-year intervals, in order to assure that the peace settlements are dynamic and not static.

That sounds like clear common sense to us, if the coming peace is to be any more durable than the Long Truce of 1918-39.

For one thing, such a provision would put a sort of psychological brake on some nation's impulse to rush to war over a treaty by which it felt itself injured. The mere fact that at some set date it would have its chance to state its case for treaty revision ought to handicap its war merchants and fire-eaters.

This provision, too, would emphasize the proposition that the peace settlements were not intended to freeze things forever as of the time they were signed; that the peacemakers recognized the fact that nothing in the world is changeless, or should be.

That, in turn, would point up another highly important fact; namely, that after the peace documents and world security agreements are all on file, they will not work automatically. There will have to be a world of persistent effort, good will, give-and-take, co-operation, and so on—by peoples even more than by politicians—if the peace machinery is to be kept oiled, tuned up, improved from time to time and operating all the time. Unless that fact is planted deep in the collective mind of mankind, we can see little chance that the planned peace machinery or any other can work for long.

A DRUNK VS. A DRINK

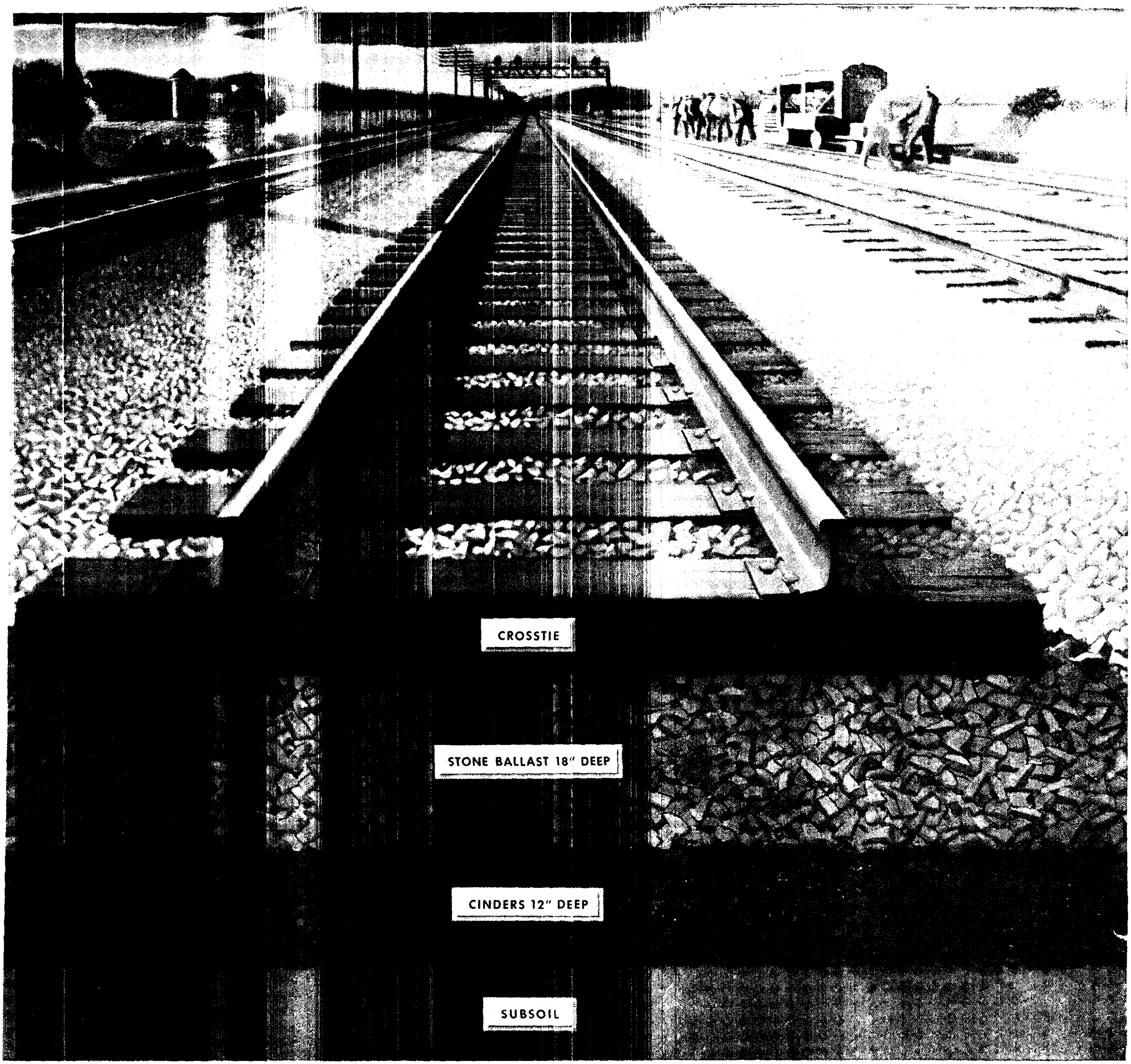
SPEAKING of liquor shortages—as who isn't?—we're reminded that Texans have a saying that "you can buy a drunk in Texas, but not a drink."

What they mean is that under Texas law you can buy a bottle of liquor but you can't buy single drinks. There are similar laws in some other states—all hangovers, we believe, from the days of prohibition's repeal in 1933, when the drys were battling in the state legislatures to water down repeal as much as they could.

The consequence of these bottle-or-nothing laws is that most bottle buyers drink up the entire bottle at a single session after buying it—or as much of it as they can down before they fall on their faces. We have yet to hear of anybody who makes it a practice to take one or two nips out of a bottle, smack his lips and throw the bottle away.

Such laws are particularly unfair at this time, when liquor is continually running low because the government can't see its way clear to granting the distillers enough vacations from war-alcohol production to keep up with the demand for beverage alcohol. These laws not only prevent moderate liquor drinking, to a large degree, in the states where they prevail, but they also work heavily against fair distribution of what liquor there is.

It's another ironic commentary on the folly of the whole prohibition philosophy. The more the drys try to regulate people's conduct toward alcohol, the more absurdly they fail. Can't we get rid of the rest of our hang-over from federal prohibition before too many more years?



Grounds

Millions will be needed for "Deferred Maintenance"

TODAY'S mighty war loads are riding on foundations like that pictured . . . "highways" into which the railroads have put more than 4 billion dollars for improvements since the last war. This groundwork is the necessary basis for carrying the greatest load in history.

Wear and tear on roadway, bridges, locomotives, cars and equipment have been terrific. And material and labor for needed maintenance are not obtainable now beyond the minimum necessary for safe, continued operation. As a result, much work that should be done has had to be deferred. So the railroads are wearing out 25 per cent faster than they can be restored.

If permitted, railroads would put aside money from current revenues for postwar replacement of things that are worn out in earning that revenue. But the tax law forbids. If money for needed repairs cannot be spent for those repairs as it is earned, it is considered "profit" and practically taxed away.

Money that should be spent for maintenance isn't profit. Actually it is "repair money" that ordinarily would be spent for that purpose. As such, it is the lifeblood of the railroads. To tax it away, simply because it cannot be spent now because of war conditions, threatens the backbone of American transportation.

Congressional amendment of the tax law to permit this money to be put aside for repairs and replacement would mean strong postwar railroads and thousands of jobs for returning fighting men in furnishing materials and restoring the railroads for the needs of tomorrow.

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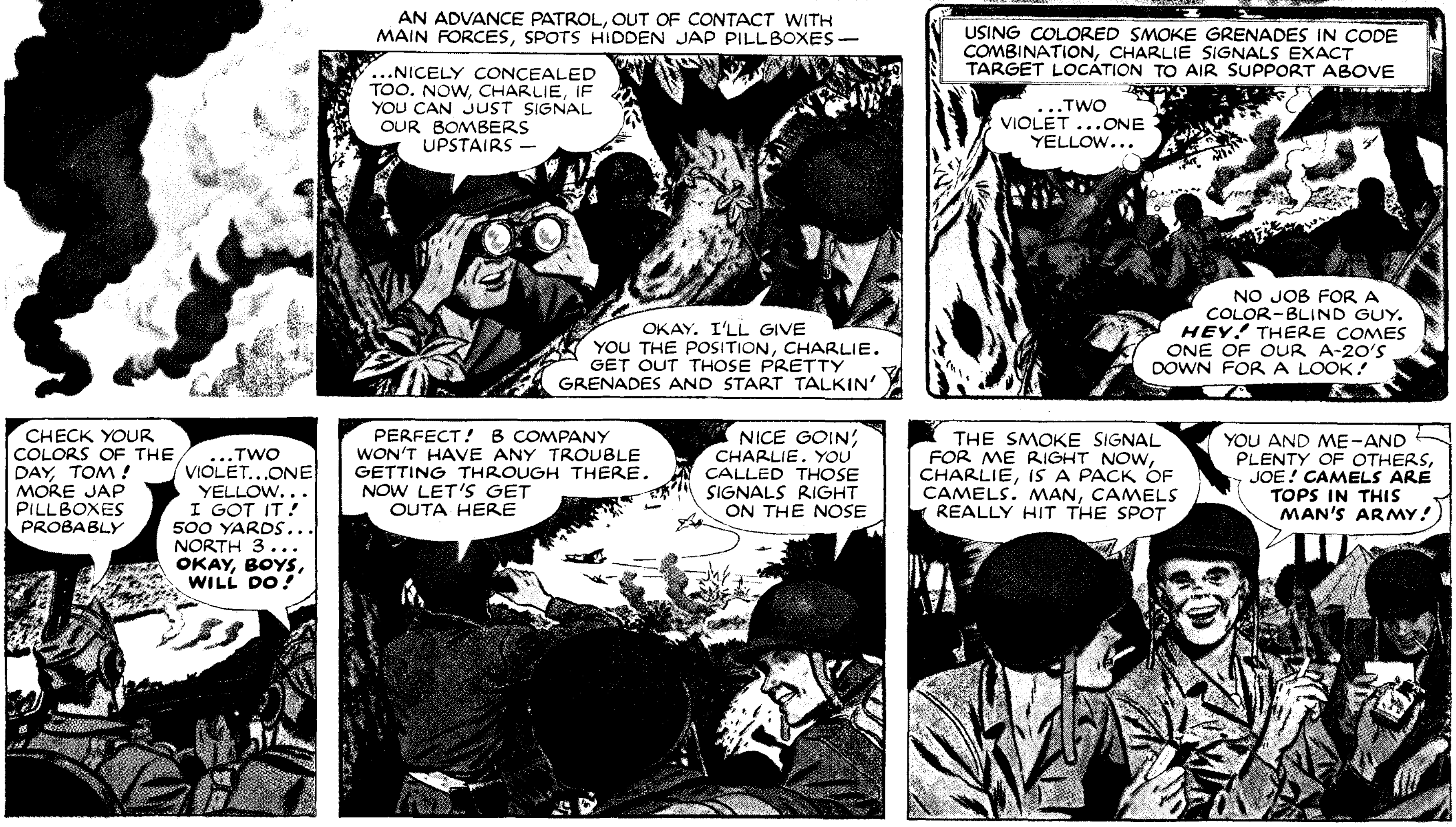
AN ADVANCE PATROL, OUT OF CONTACT WITH MAIN FORCES, SPOTS HIDDEN JAP PILLBOXES—
...NICELY CONCEALED TOO. NOW, CHARLIE, IF YOU CAN JUST SIGNAL OUR BOMBERS UPSTAIRS—
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USING COLORED SMOKE GRENADES IN CODE COMBINATION, CHARLIE SIGNALS EXACT TARGET LOCATION TO AIR SUPPORT ABOVE
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CHECK YOUR COLORS OF THE DAY, TOM! MORE JAP PILLBOXES PROBABLY
...TWO VIOLET...ONE YELLOW... I GOT IT! 500 YARDS... NORTH 3... OKAY, BOYS, WILL DO!
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NICE GOIN', CHARLIE. YOU CALLED THOSE SIGNALS RIGHT ON THE NOSE
THE SMOKE SIGNAL FOR ME RIGHT NOW, CHARLIE, IS A PACK OF CAMELS. MAN, CAMELS REALLY HIT THE SPOT
YOU AND ME—AND PLENTY OF OTHERS, JOE! CAMELS ARE TOPS IN THIS MAN'S ARMY!

CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T.' PLENTY MILD AND PLENTY OF FLAVOR
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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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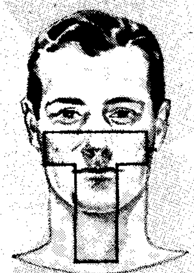

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